

FRONTISPIECE.



Contrasted Sketches of MIRTH & ENNUY.

ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS

OR,

LITERARY & PICTORIAL

Sketches
of

Countenance, Character & Country

in different parts of

ENGLAND & SOUTH WALES.

Interspersed with Curious Anecdotes.

Embellished with upwards of One Hundred

Characteristic & Illustrative Prints.

By G.M. WOODWARD.

*"I pity the Man, who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, & cry 'Tis all barren! and so
it is, and so is all the World to him, who will not cultivate the Fruits it offers."*

Sterne.

London:

Published by C. Allen & West, 15, Paternoster Row.

1796

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DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM WOODWARD, Esq.

STANTON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,

AS a Parent, you have a natural claim on the first fruits of every honourable endeavour of my life.

Encouraged by Public favour, shewn to some less connected Sketches, I have been induced to attempt
the

the combination of Literary Remarks with Illustrative and Characteristic Designs.

Having been taught to believe them not unworthy the protection of the Public, I feel it both a duty and a gratification, to procure for them the patronage of my Father.

I am, Sir,

With all due respect,

Your dutiful Son,

G. M. WOODWARD.

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ECCENTRIC

ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

The Author announces his Design—The Pencil a necessary attendant on Description—Extract in favour of Caricature—Qualities requisite for a Characteristic Traveller—The Author proposes setting out in a manner somewhat Methodical.

IN addition to the various productions already published, relative to Travels, *sentimental, philosophical, political, and whimsical*, I make an humble offering of the following observations to the Public, as one link more to the long chain of *et cæteras*.

An attempt to produce *variety and originality* in a work of this kind, must of course render it frequently necessary to *deviate* from a *fixed center*, on which account I shall introduce my Sketches to the Public, under the Title of ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS, comprising a variety of observations on *Countenance, Character, and Country*, in different parts of England and South Wales.

B

“ What

“What a title is here!” cries some affected female novelist, “gross and envious reflections on *us* people of fashion I make no doubt, intermixed with illiberal remarks on our favourite amusements.—What a degeneracy in the pursuits of literature!—no delicate distress!—no sentimental scruple!—nothing now is written to the heart; and the vibrating chords of sympathy are no more!”

Be not alarmed gentle reader, for if *dulness* has charms be assured thou shalt frequently be gratified; though *Eccentric*, I do not pretend to be *infallible*. I shall, in all probability, like many of my travelling brethren, sometimes prove a potent auxiliary to the consoling powers of Morpheus; yet notwithstanding I hope occasionally to raise a smile at the various follies of mankind, and at my own follies in particular:—and they who are not in a peculiar degree attached to a regular detail of remarks, *Geographical, Astronomical, Astrological, Physiological, Chronological*, and *all the rest of the logicals*, may occasionally laugh at me, if they do not laugh with me.

The public have been highly gratified by the works of an able and elegant author descriptive of the picturesque beauties of *landscape* and *cattle** illustrated by suitable designs:—then why should not the variegated forms of Nature, in the *physiognomy* of the human race in respect to countenance and character, afford subjects equally worthy the exertions of the pen and pencil?

The pencil is universally allowed to be a great help to the understanding, when employed in the embellishment of books, as it conveys a more perfect idea to the mind than can be given merely by description; yet as many of the sketches in this work may be thought exaggerated, and

* Pictorial Beauties in a Tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland—Remarks on Forest Scenery, &c.—by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin.

pronounced by some able *picture-dealer* as bordering on *caricature*, to such a decision I cannot produce a more able reply than in the words of the late ingenious Captain *Große*, taken from his admired *Essays on Caricature and Comic Painting*.

“ The art of drawing caricature, is generally considered as a dangerous acquisition, tending rather to make the possessor *feared*, than *esteemed*: but it is certainly an unfair mode of reasoning, to urge the abuse to which *any* art is liable, as an argument against the *art* itself.

“ In order to do justice to the art in question it should be considered that it is one of the elements of satirical painting, which like poetry of the same denomination, may be most efficaciously employed in the cause of virtue and decorum, by holding up to public notice, many offenders against both, who are not amenable to any other tribunal! and who though they contemptuously defy all serious reproof, *tremble at the thoughts* of seeing their *vices* or *follies* attacked by the *keen shafts* of *ridicule*.”

Another remark is in this place necessary!—The reader must not expect to be entertained with *bull feasts*, *bash'd lions*, or *fricasseed crocodiles*, but in lieu of such *sumptuous* fare, endeavour to make himself content with a few *home-made dishes* of *observation*, and a short trip *across the Severn* by way of *bonne-bouche*.

Though I am conscious I do not possess in myself the requisities necessary for forming a perfect *Characteristic Traveller*, yet as the natural bent of my mind has through life led me into scenes from which I have reaped some experience, I hope I shall not be considered as an *egotist*, if I pronounce myself capable of informing the world what such a traveller ought to be.

In the first place he should divest himself of all common prejudices and tormenting ideas of inconvenience, and studiously endeavour to conform to the manners of the places he may happen to visit. When at *sea* to be equally careless whether he is on *deck*, or in the *cabin*; he must be capable of *walking* and *riding* long journies, on good roads or bad, and when in a *stage coach* to be able to sit *forward*, or *backward*; to *swing on the roof*, or *mount the box* as occasion may require: but always to avoid rapidity in the extreme must be a standing rule; for it is impossible he can succeed in his pursuits, unless his motions are *steady* and *deliberate*.

An *equality of temper*, *generosity*, *candour* and a *convivial disposition*, with a *moderate* share of *satire*, and a scourge for *vice* and *folly*, ought carefully to be cherished.

His *common place book* must be appropriated to *variety*; from the rustic peculiarities of the visitors of an hedge ale-house, to the assumed pomposity of temporary residents at an inn; and the *plain frugality* of the *honest farmer*, must be noted down in contrast with the *ostentatious display* of grandeur at the *neighbouring mansion*.

Lavater observes every man without exception is a *physiognomist*; a *Characteristic Traveller* should possess that quality in a superlative degree, as he is particularly liable through the nature of his pursuits to be led aside by the cant of the *designing hypocrite*, or the smiles of the *cringing sycophant*. In order to prevent these evils in a great measure, he should be capable of delineating the *outline of the human countenance*, which will improve his knowledge by contemplating the *leading features* of a character when the *original* is withdrawn, and help to regulate his judgment by *comparison* on future occasions.

I cannot close this Introduction without observing, that the nearest approach to the character in question is the justly celebrated Mr. PRATT,

as

as a perusal of his * “Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia” will clearly evince; for though he has not delineated characters by the pencil, yet the pleasant, and pathetic portraits conveyed by his *pen* make him highly pictorial, and the manner of his setting out on his *old horse* with the other peculiarities and events of his journey, cannot fail to convey his memory to posterity as a Characteristic Traveller.

I shall now proceed to my first chapter, and however I may deviate from *regularity* in future, I shall commence my observations in the County of MIDDLESEX, as the most considerable places for observation, that naturally present themselves are the cities of London and Westminster.

* Some Critics have asserted that this elegant and original writer has *imitated* the manner of Sterne in this deservedly admired and popular work, which is certainly unjust; for besides that the humour and pathos correspond with his other numerous productions, such an idea would extend the charge of *imitation* to every work flowing from the dictates of the heart, and an inventive imagination.

C H A P. I.

MIDDLESEX.

London and Westminster—The Metropolis the chief seat of Physiognomical enquiry—The author seemeth to understand something of that science, and taketh great pains to make his country readers understand it also—Points out insurmountable difficulties in walking the streets—Different methods of carrying a stick illustrated—Describes the Cockneys Circuit, and various characters on the road—He turneth his head towards town, and seemeth offended with the smell of the brick-kilns—Somers-Town, St. Pancras Church-yard—Epitaphs—Sir Richard Steel's country house—Prospect from Primrose Hill—Hampstead—Characters resorting there—A shilling ordinary—And information for Historians, and Antiquarians.

TO give a minute account of this over-grown Metropolis, would be foreign to my purpose, Mr. Pennant and other able writers will amply gratify every minute inquirer on that head; I shall consider it merely as the seat of CHARACTER.—What man with the smallest penetration can walk from Islington to Hyde-Park-Corner, and say *Lavater* studied in





Designed by Woodward

London Pub Aug 1, 1796 by Allen & West.
Physiognomical



West, 15. Palace Noster Row

al Studies.

Etched by Cruikshank

in vain ; every countenance speaks to the soul, from *purse-proud Ignorance* swelling with conceit,—to *modest Merit* shrinking neglected from the eye ; but as volumes of description are not adequate to convey an idea equal to actual survey, I have for the benefit of my *country readers*, who have not an opportunity of *contrasting* a variety of different features, annexed the Plate (No. I.) sketched at a coffee house in the City, representing various remarkable countenances *in the room*, and others as they *passed* and *repassed* the window in uninterrupted succession.

I shall leave my readers to make their *own comments*, respecting their different *destinations, situations in life, ideas, and occupations* : it is probable amidst this *motley group*, they may meet with *known outlines* of features, with whose characters they may be *thoroughly acquainted* ;—this will prove a great help in determining the true Physiognomy before them.

In London there are various impediments to the researches of a *Travel-ler* whose pursuit is Character, exclusive of the *odours* arising from the numerous *common sewers, tallow dipping and stale fish* ; the dangers of *open cellars, cranes, drays, ropes, and barrels*. There is one particular obstacle which requires an *immediate reform*, namely, the prevailing manner of *carrying sticks* in a croud in every direction but the right, *that of supporting the body*.

But on the contrary, as many gentlemen may be unwilling to relinquish their favourite methods, and others not yet *initiated* may wish to be taught the most *approv'd fashion*, I shall in order to do away the character of a *Cynic*, lay before them *six different methods of carrying a stick* ; (illustrated by Plate II.)—viz.—The *Swing in Style*—The *Horizontal Guard*—The *Foot Compressor*—The *elevated Ferrule*—*A Guard in the Rear*—and *Club-Law*.

The *Swing in Stile* may be practised with a small cane, switch, or whip, giving the arm full play. The practitioner should be a young giddy fellow about one and twenty, who must always remember when in action to *sing* or *whistle* a tune, in order that the swing may be kept in proper time. By carefully observing these rules, great execution may be performed on the *ankles* and *shins* of every person within the sphere of attraction.

The *Horizontal Guard*, cannot be too much admired ; what can be more *elegant* or *graceful* than a stick carried under the arm in a straight direction, (as in the second figure of Plate II.) ? But if the *ferrule* is not kept well *plaster'd with mud*, a great part of the effect will be lost ; as the daubing a clean *white waistcoat* or a lady's *handkerchief*, are matters not to be overlooked : it is very useful in breaking a *shop window* on turning the corner of a street, or throwing a *tray of provisions* from the head of a *butcher's boy*, with many other services equally entertaining ; but as there are persons in the world of so *unfortunate* a taste as to receive little pleasure from a recital of such *laudable atchievements*, I shall proceed to the third Compartment.

The *Foot Compressor*.—The person who has a desire to put this *grace* in practice must be conscious of possessing an unconquerable habit of *talking incessantly* ; if that is not a leading trait in his character, he had better decline the study, but if he finds himself master of so necessary a qualification, he may proceed as follows. Provide a good *stout stick* (the *heavier the better*) well *loaded with iron*, and fall forth at the busiest time of the day ; (I would recommend change hours,) as the *route* may be taken through *Fleet-Street*, and *Cheapside*, to the *Bank-Buildings*, through one *continued crowd of passengers*.—The first friend you meet instantly seize by the *button* to prevent his escape, and be sure to stand directly in the *middle* of the pavement ; which will of course prove an impediment to people passing and repassing : when a *sufficient stoppage* is effected begin the operation.

The Swing in stile



Compartment 1.

The Horrified Guard



Comp. 2

The foot compressor



Comp. 3.

The Elevated Female



Comp. 4

The guard on the rear



Comp. 5

Club Law



Comp. 6.

Six different methods of carrying a Stick with their EFFECTS

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operation. Enter on a long story, and at the end of every *mark'd sentence* make a *sudden plunge* with your stick downwards : which must be managed with great velocity and at proper periods.

By these means, your friend cannot fail *feeling* the *force* of your *observations*, and every person's *toes* must suffer, that come within the *reach* of the *argument*.

The *Elevated Ferrule* chiefly belongs to *men* of *consequence* of every denomination, and sometimes to those *thoughtful* gentlemen, called ABSENT MEN ;—it does less execution than any of the former, though properly managed, it is capable of lifting up the *veil* of a tall lady, or throwing off a *bat*, as occasion may require.

The *Guard in the Rear* goes *soberly* to work ; in a declining position under the arm, *well bemir'd at the end*, it stops in a peculiar manner any *hasty* approach, and never fails doing execution in turning to the *right*, or *left*.

Club Law is the last distinction, and most to be dreaded.—A *little stick* well knotted about a *foot* in length, or *shorter* as may be found convenient, must be provided ; the manner of using it is the *fashionable swing*, as directed in the *first article* ;—it may be necessary to observe, that the practitioner should be a person of some *rank in life* to give the *proceedings* an *éclat* ; this with a proper portion of *common assurance*, aided by *inebriety*, will enable him to knock down men, women, children, and apple-stalls with impunity, and at the same time preserve a perfect *sang froid* on the occasion.—This is a *pleasing study* for city apprentices, who wish to ape the *fashionable* manners of the West end of the town.

By a proper attention to the short rules here laid down, a proficient in the art may probably so far improve on the *theory*, as to introduce the *Graces of Stick-carrying*, as a conspicuous article in some future edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: it would at least prove as useful as many treatises incorporated under the *general titles of Arts and Sciences*.

People from the country ought to be guarded against every possible inconvenience in traversing the crowded streets of London. They are taught to beware of the *snarles of sharpers* and *pick-pockets* by *bustling straight forward without turning their heads* till they reach the *place of their destination*. Thus while the *honest rustic* is endeavouring to secure his *leathern purse with his hand*; his eyes may be endanger'd from the *pointed direction of the Horizontal Guard*!

I shall now (by way of variety) bid a short adieu to the *hurry of the town*, and enter on the more *tranquil scenes* of the COCKNEYS CIRCUIT, for such I *denominate* the *following route*, from the numerous Londoners that take the same walk (particularly on a Sunday.)

From King-Street, High Holborn, you are led to what is called the *Long Fields* *. I shall first describe the *characters* usually met with in this excursion by explaining the different Compartments in Plate III.

Compartment 1. Represents a *thin looking Tradesman* with a Child in his arms, and a bulky Spouse displaying a fair prospect of an increasing addition to the family; by their side is a little Boy riding on a walking cane, and in front an ill favoured Dog, and a little Girl sucking an orange.

* These fields, within a very few years, have been nearly cover'd by buildings, particularly the Duke of Bedford's private road, and from thence to Grays-Inn-Lane.

Compartment

Compartment 1



Comp. (4)



Comp. (5)



Woodward del.

Characters sketched in the

London Pub. Aug. 1796 by Allan & Co.

Comp. 2



Comp. 3



Comp. 6



Grubshanks Sculp.

The morning of London

at 11 o'clock

Compartment 2. An Apprentice Boy with (what is *universally allowed* in the *neighbourhood*) his SWEETHEART !

Compartment 3. Two *profound politicians* arm in arm settling the affairs of the nation in a walk to the *Bowling-Green*, at which place the anxiety attending the *right bias* of the *bowl* towards the *jack* is represented in Compartment 4.

Sunday idlers, and a *curd* and *wehey woman*, the constant attendants on this small portion of the habitable globe, are the subjects of the Compartments 5, and 6.

The town prospect from the road leading to Battle-Bridge presents the houses of the Dukes of Bedford and Bolton, with the British Museum, and Queen's-Square ; these with that truly noble and benevolent institution the Foundling Hospital*, the new buildings in Gower-Street, and Bedford-Square, aided by the spires of Islington and Bloomsbury churches, form together a *coup d'œil* not unpleasing to the most rigid observer ; and to a *Londoner* (when the effluvia from the *brick kilns* is in *full force*), the effect is truly charming ! But as I must own I never greatly admired this *agreeable scent*, to many I hope to be excused for turning my back, and crossing the road to Sommers Town.

The large space of ground on which this town is built, was covered with buildings, forming spacious streets, &c. in the course of two years ; —the estate belongs to the Duke of Bedford.—Tea-gardens, bowling-greens and boarding-schools, as is usual in places adjoining the metropolis, are the *principal characteristics*.

* In the Foundling Hospital is preserved, the Original Painting of Hogarth's March to Finchley, presented to the charity by that inimitable artist.

The parish church is St. Pancras, which a few years since was situated a considerable distance from town, but since the rage for building has become so prevalent, London and Pancras nearly join.

The burying ground at this place is chiefly used for persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and here is interred (beneath a plain stone, merely describing his age, and the time of his decease) the remains of that excellent and regretted artist *Woollett the Engraver*, whose plates of the *Death of Wolf*, *Ceyx and Alcyone*, and the *Fishery*, will eternally immortalize his name.

The following whimsical Epitaph is nearly obliterated :

“ Here lies one—deny it if you can,
 “ Who though a Lawyer, was an honest man.
 “ The gates of Heaven to him will open wide,
 “ But shall be shut to all the tribe beside.”

Before I introduce the following beautiful Epitaph, it may be necessary to observe, that notwithstanding the principal intent of this work is meant to create an occasional smile, yet as many of my readers may consider *walks amongst the tombs*, &c. of too *serious* a complexion for the plan proposed, I can only refer them to my *Introduction*, agreeable to which I have full liberty to proceed,

“ From *grave* to *gay*—from *lively* to *severe* ;”

and if I overlook *merit* in whatever shape it may present itself, I hope it will be considered as the fault of the head, and not of the heart.

On

On a plain but handsome monument erected to the memory of a young lady, of the name of Bafnet, the following lines are inscrib'd :

- “ Go—spotless Honour, and unfullied Truth,
 “ Go—smiling Innocence, and blooming Youth,
 “ Go—female Sweetness join'd with manly sense,
 “ Go—winning Wit, that never gave offence ;
 “ Go—soft Humanity, that blest'd the poor,
 “ Go—saint-ey'd Patience, from Affliction's door ;
 “ Go—Modesty, that never wore a frown,
 “ Go—Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
 “ Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse ;
 “ The friend inscribes thy tomb, whose tears bedew'd thy hearse.”
-

From St. Pancrass, the walk is very pleasant to *Hampstead*, and on a holiday the characters highly entertaining :—near Haverstock-Hill on the left, is a farm-house formerly the country residence of that celebrated wit of his time *Sir Richard Steele*.

From *Primrose-Hill*, the view of London is truly magnificent ; the variety of its edifices, towers, and spires, with *St. Paul's Cathedral*, and the *Monument* proudly eminent, form together a grand and pleasing assemblage of objects.

At Hampstead, the sign of *Jack Straw's Castle*, and the house called the *Spaniard*, are universally known to every Citizen of London. Here you may observe select parties from that worthy community, descanting on the *political state of Europe* with the most *imaginable importance*, while the volumes of smoke issuing from their *respective pipes*, evinces the *strength of the argument*. In these assemblies the *full dress'd wig*, the *jet*

E

black

black shoe, and *shining silver buckle*, seem to emulate each other, in displaying the outward signs of *probity* in their owners, whose happy and smiling countenances sufficiently inform the physiognomist of the inward serenity of their minds.

The adjoining skittle ground (*) is filled with people of the *lower order*, (according to *fashionable denomination*), but whose honest faces, intent on the event of *tipping all nine*, are of too much consequence to be overlooked by a *Characteristic Traveller*.—(The two latter groups are illustrated in Plate IV. Compartment 1 and 2.)

I shall conclude this chapter, with informing the historians and antiquarians of what in all *probability they are already acquainted with*, that a few years since there resided at this place two ladies of the name of *Cromwell*, reported to be the sole remaining branches of the family of the *Protector*.

* The game represented in the Plate is termed Dutch-pins.

Compartment 1st



Compartment 2nd

2



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C H A P. II.

MIDDLESEX concluded.

Tyburn Turnpike—Paddington—Sterne's Tomb and Epitaph—The Author seemeth inclined to be sentimental—Bayswater—Very severe Remarks on the Fish-pond at that Place—Characters delineated—Acton—Some unpardonable observations on Tradesmen retiring from Business—Old Hats—Uxbridge—Ideas created by a peep from a Bow-window—A French Ordinary, or Table d'Hôte—Summer and Winter Scenes in Hyde-Park—How to appear ridiculous on the Ice—Kensington-Gardens, and a Royal Anecdote—Holland-House—Chiswick—Sion-House, and Brentford—New River Anglers—Islington—Country-boxes and their Owners—Highgate—and Swearing at the Horns.

THE three principal outlets from London are Hyde-Park-Corner, Islington, and Tyburn Turnpike. The latter is called the Uxbridge Road, on the right of which is Paddington, formerly a village, but now like all others in this vicinity converted to a regular arrangement of houses, which join, and make part of the metropolis. On this road in the burying ground belonging to St. George's, Hanover-Square, are deposited the

remains of POOR YORICK!—a man whose heart was fraught with the tenderest sympathy and unaffected sentiment.

I flatter myself it will not be unacceptable to many of my readers to present them with a copy of the lines inscribed over the grave of this great and original genius.

Near this place lies the Body of
LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.

Who died *Sept.* 13th 1768*.—Aged 53.

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unfollied worth, and soul without a stain;
If mortal powers could ever justly claim
The well-worn tribute of immortal fame,
Sterne was the man, who with gigantic stride
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide:
Yet what though keenest knowledge of mankind,
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind,
What did it boot him——ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd.
In *his*, mild reader, view *thy* future fate,
Like *him*, despise what t'were a sin to hate.

* This date, though transcribed from the grave-stone, is evidently erroneous, as that truly original and pleasing writer, died at his lodgings in Bond-street, March 18th, 1768.

“ This

“ This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased
 “ by *two brother Musons*, for although he did not live to be a member of
 “ their society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him
 “ to have acted by *rule* and *square*. They rejoice in this opportunity
 “ of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.”

Garrick's lines on the delay of a *monument* being raised to his memory, are too beautiful and well applied to escape notice in this place, though already printed in a variety of publications.

“ Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise
 “ Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
 “ And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
 “ Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with Sterne?”

To one who has experienc'd the effects of the magic powers of Sterne, what will be his sensations, when he stands on the very spot, where the heart and hand which evinced such exquisite sensibility are now mingled with the dust?

Such a man will fancy he beholds Tristram's amiable and benevolent Uncle Toby bending over the stone, and behind him (at a respectful distance) he will perceive the honest corporal, divided in which to participate, the grief of his master alone, or the general sorrow for him, from whom they imbibed spirit and animation. At his side the venerable Monk supports the grief-worn *Maria*, while the shades of his be-

F

loved

loved *Eliza*, and the worthy *Le Fevre* flutter over the grave, upborne by the recording Angel.

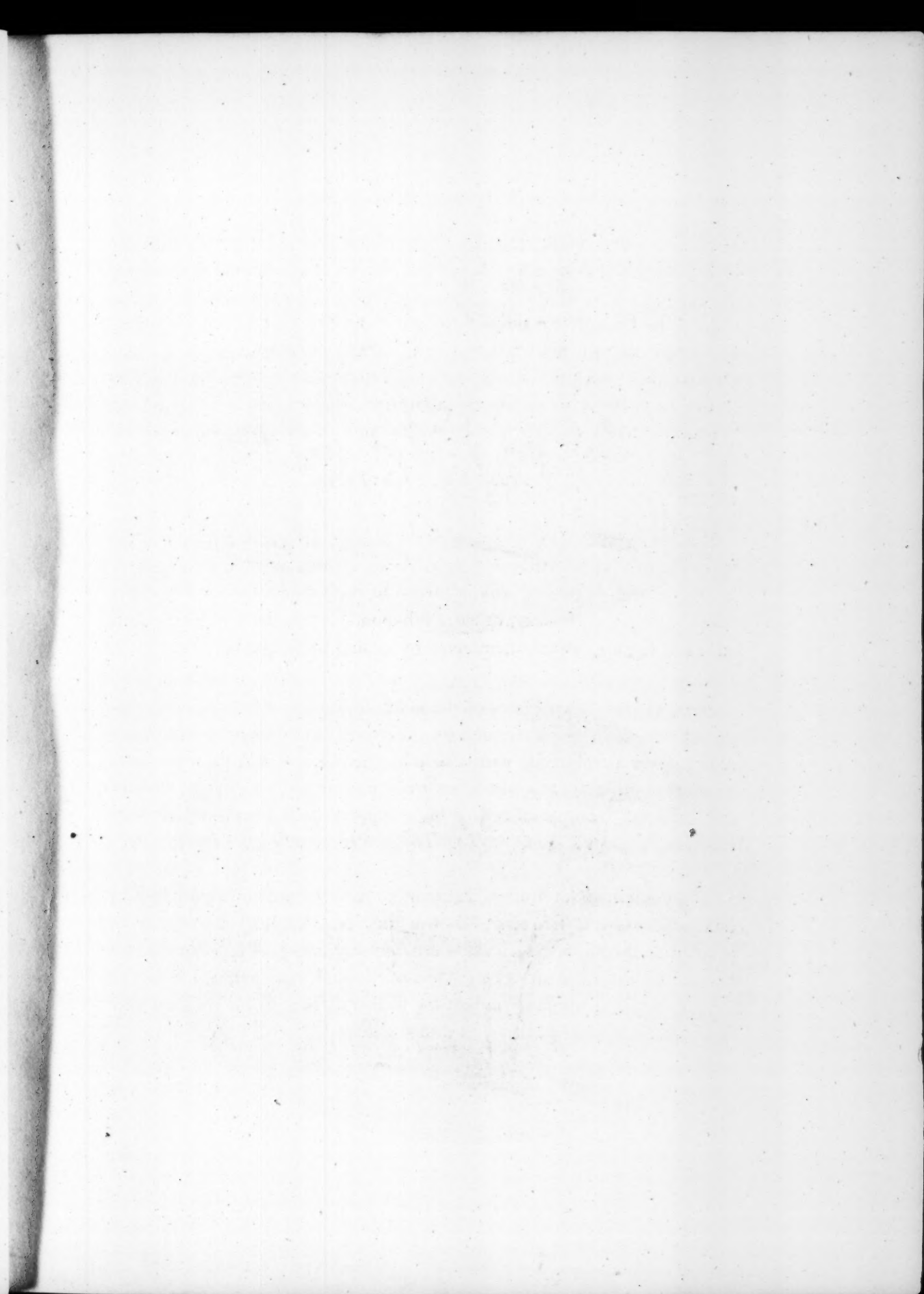
It is to be regretted that *Shakespear's expressive line* to which *Sterne* was so partial, was not engraven on his tomb; for then, according to his own words "ten times a day would *Yorick's Ghost* have the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with a variety of plaintive tones, and each, as he walked on, would sighing exclaim,

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"

BAYSWATER is chiefly known by its tea-gardens, to which the inhabitants of *Oxford-Street* and its environs swarm in myriads, in order to imbibe what is termed *country air*.—In these delectable gardens, there is a straight piece of water, called a fish-pond, where the London anglers, male and female, amuse themselves by annual subscription.

Here, as in all other places of the kind, appropriated for the consumption of hot rolls and butter, and tea, one particular caution is highly necessary to be attended to, particularly by men of a studious cast of mind, who are commonly too much absorbed in thought to attend to trivial circumstances; simple as it may at first appear, it is in reality of infinite moment, I mean a *severe scalding* from the contents of a tea-kettle!

The carelessness of waiters, running to and fro on full swing, render such accidents very frequent; 'tis true they have a set of *warning words*, peculiar to themselves, such as "*ware kettle, scaldings*," &c. but they are similar to the carman, crying "*below!*"—and the porter, "*by your leave!*" while at the same instant the former discharges his coals on your head, and the latter pushes you into the kennel.



Companions 1st



Comps 2



In order to root this necessary caution more strongly in the mind, I have given a sketch on the subject in Plate V. Compartment 1.—the second Compartment in the same Plate is a tea-party *al-Fresco!* at *Bay-water*.

From these gardens in order to pursue your route in stile, you must pick out one of the *hottest of the dog days*, and proceed by the side of a *burning* brick wall to Acton, which is a long unpleasant town, but on account of its favourable situation in respect to distance from London, is the usual place on this road for *agricultural* and *political* enquiry.

The visitor from Thames-Street, who pines for a snug rural box in the country, loses no opportunity in gathering information from his friend at Acton, to retail to the club in town of which he is a member,—such as the *state of the country?* whether the *hay was well got in?* how the *corn* looks? whether likely to turn out a *good harvest?* And a variety of similar questions, to shew the amazing depth of his *agricultural* knowledge, though at the same time he can scarcely distinguish oats from barley, or a bean-stack from a hay-rick.—On the other hand, his wealthy friend, who has for some time quitted the pleasures of his twelve o'clock luncheon at the Cock behind the Exchange, and a beef-steak at Dolly's, is equally solicitous after anecdotes of his old companions, and the news of the day, as if he was situated in the East or West-Indies.

Thus do these people render themselves eternally discontented. Before they are in proper circumstances to retire (as their *wives* term it *genteelly!*) and which must always be at an easy distance from town, they are in general from age and infirmities inadequate to the fatigue of a *long walk*;—to *riding on horseback* they are not accustomed, and though most commonly the newly acquired income will not admit of the expences attendant on a *carriage*, yet his consequence would suffer by entering a *common stage*.—Amidst all the once fancied charms of a rural box,

their hearts yearn after the scenes of their earlier days which formerly they despised, and thus continually on the rack of suspense, they experience no sort of comfort till the arrival of a friend, or newspaper, affords a temporary relief.

On this road there is a kind of half-way-house called the *Old Hats*. This is a general *sauntering place* for men and cattle, and the different mixtures of farmers, landlords, postillions, stage coach passengers, &c. broiling in the sun, form together a humorous group, of which I have attempted to convey an idea, in Plate VI.

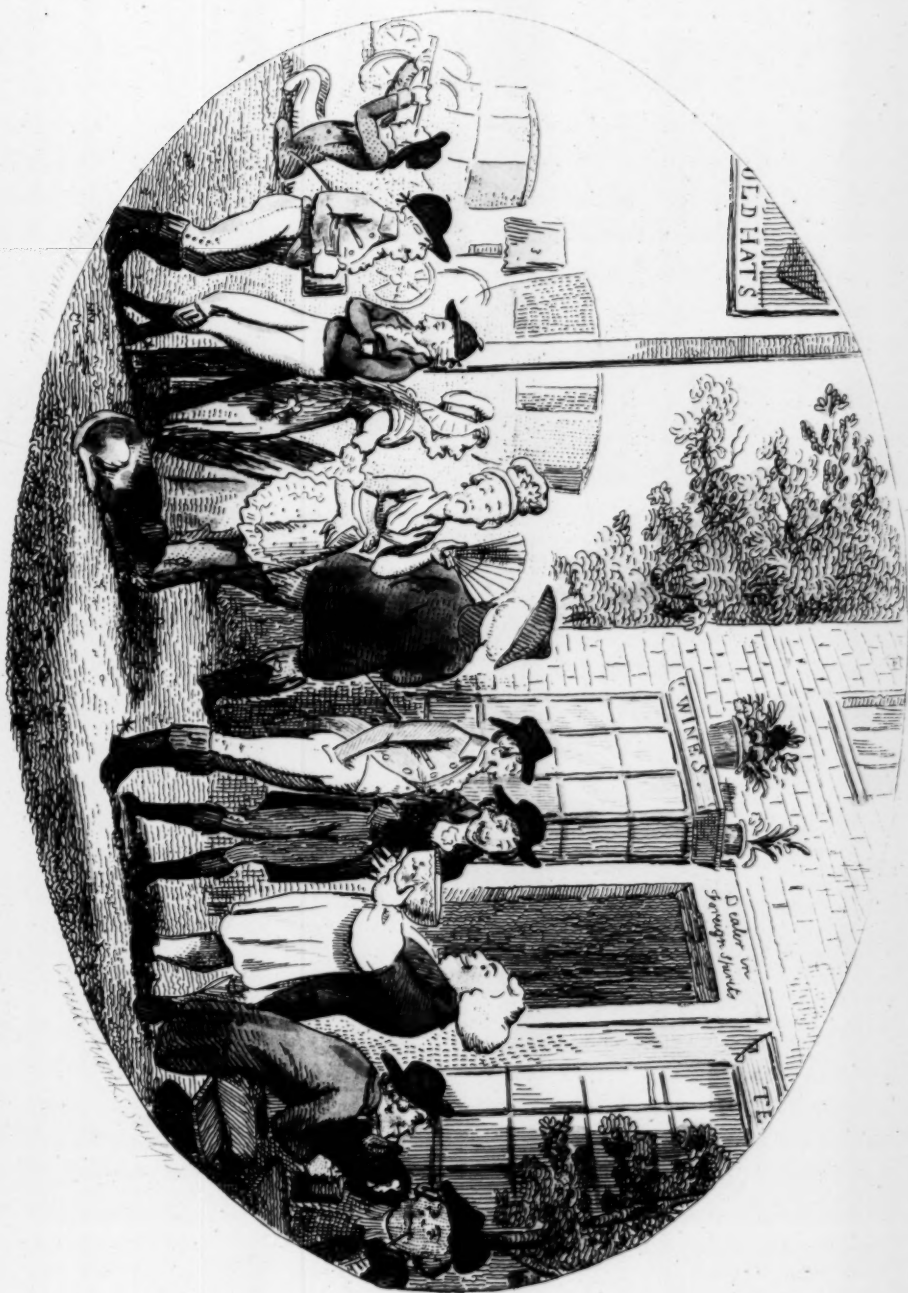
There is nothing particularly worthy notice from this place till you arrive at *Uxbridge*: here the *town* and *country* characters begin to be so much blended, that it is difficult to judge where the one ends, or the other begins.

The bow window at the *Crown and Cushion*, is from its situation, an excellent spot for making observations.—The shining face, and greasy coat of the ruddy farmer, form a striking contrast with the fashionable gait, and pale countenance of the dissipated beau.

Should a meeting of these opposite characters take place at a greater distance in the country, it could not fail causing mutual surprize, but *here* from the vicinity of the sources whence each derive their pleasures, they pass each other with the utmost indifference.

This reflection ended in sketching the characters in Plate VII. Compartments 1 and 2. representing a *Countryman* in *Town*! and a *Londoner* in the *Country*!

I shall now turn my pen to those well known asylums for keen appetities, called *ordinaries*, having reserved a sketch on that subject for an



London Pub: Aug. 13, 1796, by Allan & West, 15, Pall-mall Row.





W. L. ABLE D. HOTEL

Concordia

Trucks & Trucks

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side:

...the

an illustration of a *Table d'Hôte* ! which will be very necessary to introduce in this place, for two sufficient reasons : first, that my readers may be informed that I am returned to town, which from my abrupt departure from Uxbridge they might not have supposed ; and secondly, to vary the scene as much as possible, till I enter on the second principal outlet from this country, at Hyde-Park-Corner.

On entering a room where a mixed company are assembled at a *Table d'Hôte*, Lord Chesterfield's maxims, and the impulse of Nature, are immediately at war ! the former tells you, you must only *smile* and the latter forces you to *laugh* ; I would advise a stranger to keep a medium between both.—Here the English and French characters are united, and each nation endeavours to imitate the manners of the other. *John Bull* in general comes off the worst, whose ardent curiosity for tasting every thing on the table, is frequently attended with violent distortions, and wry faces :—To illustrate these assemblies in the best manner in my power, I have endeavoured to convey an humble idea of a French ordinary in Plate VIII.

I should not wish to be thought guilty of *National Reflection* on any particular set of people, as it is well known to every calm observer, that the peculiar manners of a foreigner, in a strange country, are equally as remarkable in every part of the globe.

At Hyde-Park-Corner the new gate-houses have a pleasing effect ; it is much to be regretted that similar plans are not put in execution at some of the principal towns in England, as the entrance into many of them is an absolute disgrace to their respective corporations.

On the right of the turnpike is Hyde-Park;—here on a Sunday the infinite variety of all ranks, equestrian and pedestrian, arrayed in *stars*, *garters*, *feathers*, *wash'd ribbons*, and *dirty gauzes*, form together one of the most grotesque scenes in nature; in addition to which, should a lowering cloud happen to discharge its contents, or a sudden gust of wind dislodge the studied arrangement of finery, it must inevitably cause risibility, even in the muscles of a Hermit!

This scene seems to demand the exertions of the pencil, but as it has been so *characteristically* delineated by the ingenious Mr. Rowlandson, it would be arrogance to attempt even an imitation of the same subject.

The *Serpentine-river* in the winter season affords an appearance highly diverting; Lords and Commoners repair to the ice, which cracks and bends incessantly beneath its motley load, while on every side, *gin* and *gingerbread* are liberally distributed for *ready money only*, the salubrity of which instantly dispels the effects of *cold*, *falls*, and *contusions*.

Scating when well executed is pleasing to the spectator and performer, but where the attempt is made by a *fat* unwieldy man, writhing his body into a variety of postures, and unsuccessful efforts at agility, the effect is truly ridiculous; this I have endeavoured to represent in Plate IX. displaying six of the *most approved* methods of *appearing ridiculous on the ice*!

Proceeding on the banks of this river, a pleasant road leads to *Kensington-Gardens*; the first long walk is selected for the public promenade, well known for its brilliant display of beauty and fashion.



Woodward del.

Cruikshank sculp.

SIX of the most approved methods of appearing ridiculous on the Ice.

London Published by Allen & West, 6, Pall-mall, Nov. Aug. 11. 1796.

2

The outward appearance of the palace is remarkably heavy, inferior to Buckingham-House, but much superior to St. James's; the piece of water is formal in the extreme, as indeed are most of the walks, and out-buildings (not excepting the green-house.)

This spot was the favourite residence of George the Second, and has afforded many anecdotes of that Monarch;—one of the most humorous related by the wits of the day is the following.

“ A labourer employed in the gardens encouraged by his Majesty’s familiarity towards him one day, took the liberty to ask him for a little money; the reply was that he had no coin about him, upon which the fellow exclaimed in his native Irish accent,—‘ By my soul, that’s a bad hearing, for if *you have none*, nor I *have none either*, I wonder where *the devil all the money goes to*!’—This freedom however was so little relished, that shortly after the man was removed from about the palace.

Between Kensington and Hammer-smith is Holland-House, a fine piece of antique building, and at Chiswick a beautiful seat belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. Sion-House on this road, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, is also well worthy notice.—Brentford is no way remarkable, but for a long dirty street with a wretched pavement, and large signs glaring with red lions, and other monsters*.

The *third* principal outlet from London, is *Islington*.—On the left is Sadler’s Wells, and Islington Spa; the former is appropriated to the amusements of rope-dancing, tumbling, finging and pantomime;

* There are many other places well worthy observation in this part of the country, but they did not come under the view of the Author. This note will equally serve for future omissions in the course of the work.

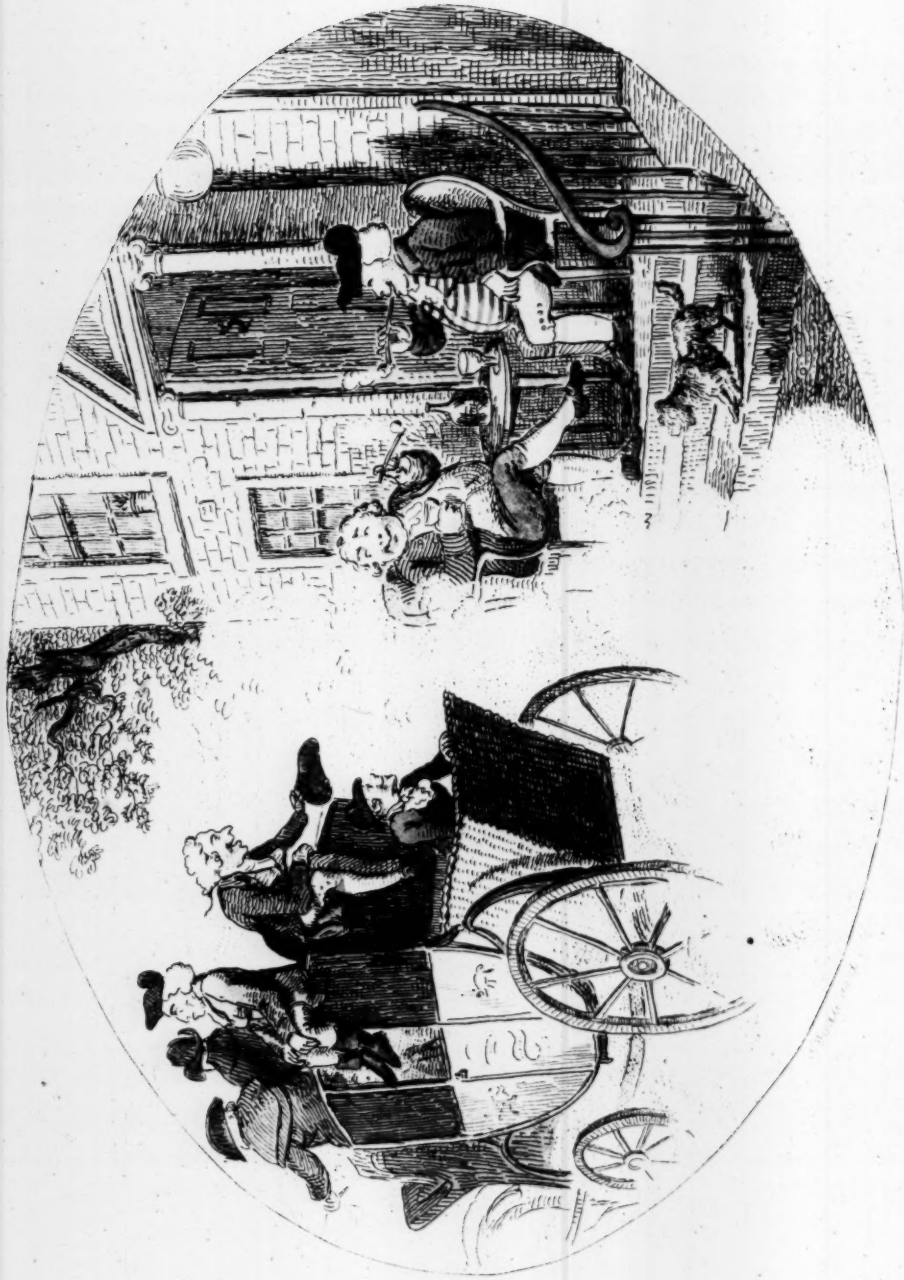
and the occasional theatre for the exertions of dancing dogs, learned pigs, &c.

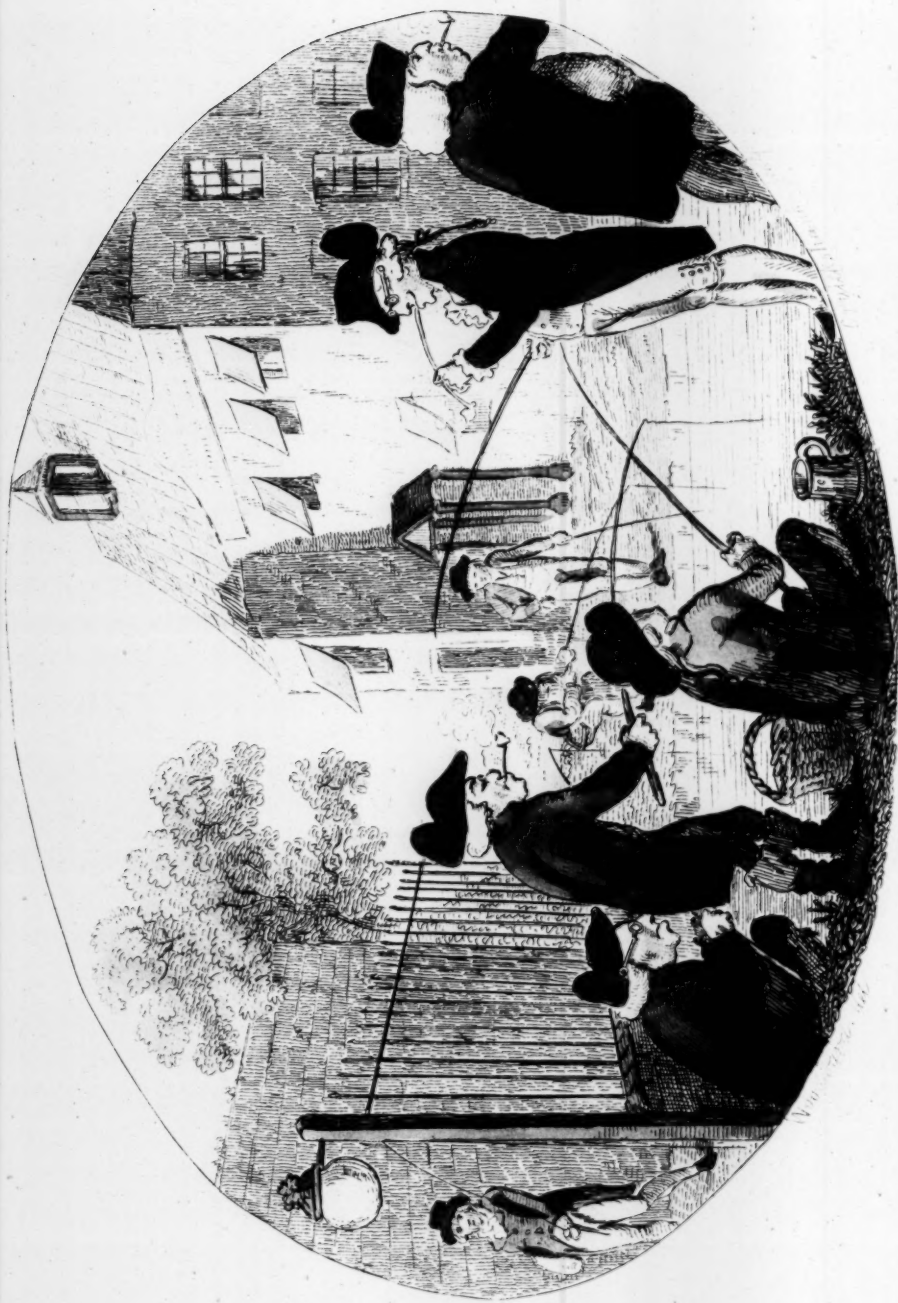
In respect to the *Spa*, there are so many waters in this neighbourhood called *mineral*, and so much has been said about them, that it is very difficult to start any thing original on the subject ; I shall therefore take the liberty of quoting a passage or two from the works of Bonnel Thornton ; who observes, “ it has long been a doubt with him whether his majesty loses more subjects in the year by water or by “ spirituous liquors.” Speaking of mineral waters, in another part of the same letter he says, “ he cannot come into the notion that prevails “ among many persons, that some of the faculty in London divide the “ fees with those they recommend in the country, like the lawyers “ who deal in agency ; but he is induced to think, that as they are “ conscious the waters are out of the case, they hope the exercise and “ change of air in a long journey, will lay the ground-work of that “ cure, which the temperance and dissipation prescribed by the doctor may possibly perform : on this account they decline sending their “ patients to Sadler’s Wells, Powis Wells, Pancrass Wells, Acton “ Wells, Bagnigge Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Islington Spa, which “ are as salutary as those of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live “ at a distance, and who can receive no benefit from the Wells and Spa’s “ in their own neighbourhood.”

A wonderful example of patience presents itself at the *New River Head* in a variety of characters sitting *angling* on the banks, fancying a *bite* in every curling eddy which sets the *float* in motion.

There cannot be a more whimsical scene : *with expectation in their eyes, and pipes in their mouths*, they wait whole hours, in hopes of sport, in a place where perchance some poor solitary inhabitant of the stream







London: Pub. by Allen & West, 35, Pall-mall. See Aug. 23, 1879.

stream may have been caught in the course of a season ! (A sketch taken on the spot is represented in Plate X.)

ISLINGTON is the favourite place of retirement (after the labours of the day) of the wealthy Citizen, and abounds with what are termed snug boxes. Leaden mercuries, harlequins, columbines, circular grafts-plats, gold and silver fish, cut yew trees, and garden-tubs seem emulous in giving delight to their *happy possessor* ; and that *he is happy*, when seated with a friend facing the turnpike road, every puff from his pipe will testify, while the contents of his rummer washes down the clouds of dust that fly to him in salutation. A sketch from memory is given in Plate XI. The two following are meant to illustrate a humorous description in the periodical work called the *Connoisseur*, with which somewhat abridged from the original I shall conclude my observations on the snug boxes of Islington.

A CITIZEN'S COUNTRY HOUSE *described.*

“ I went last Sunday in compliance with a most pressing invitation
 “ from a friend to spend the whole day with him, at one of these
 “ little seats which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week
 “ from business ; it is pleasantly situated about two miles from London,
 “ on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry
 “ ditch, over which is a little bridge, consisting of two narrow planks,
 “ leading to the house. From the lower part of the house there is no
 “ prospect ; but from the garrets, indeed, one *may see two men hanging*
 “ *in chains on Kennington Common*, with a *distant* view of *St. Paul's*
 “ *cupola* enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out in the morning
 “ with my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide. When I came to
 “ the house, I found my friend in a black velvet cap sitting at the door
 “ smoking, he welcomed me into the country ; and after having made

H

“ me

“ me observe the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my
 “ right, he conducted me into the house, where I was received by his
 “ lady, who made a thousand apologies for being *caught* in such a
 “ *disbably*.

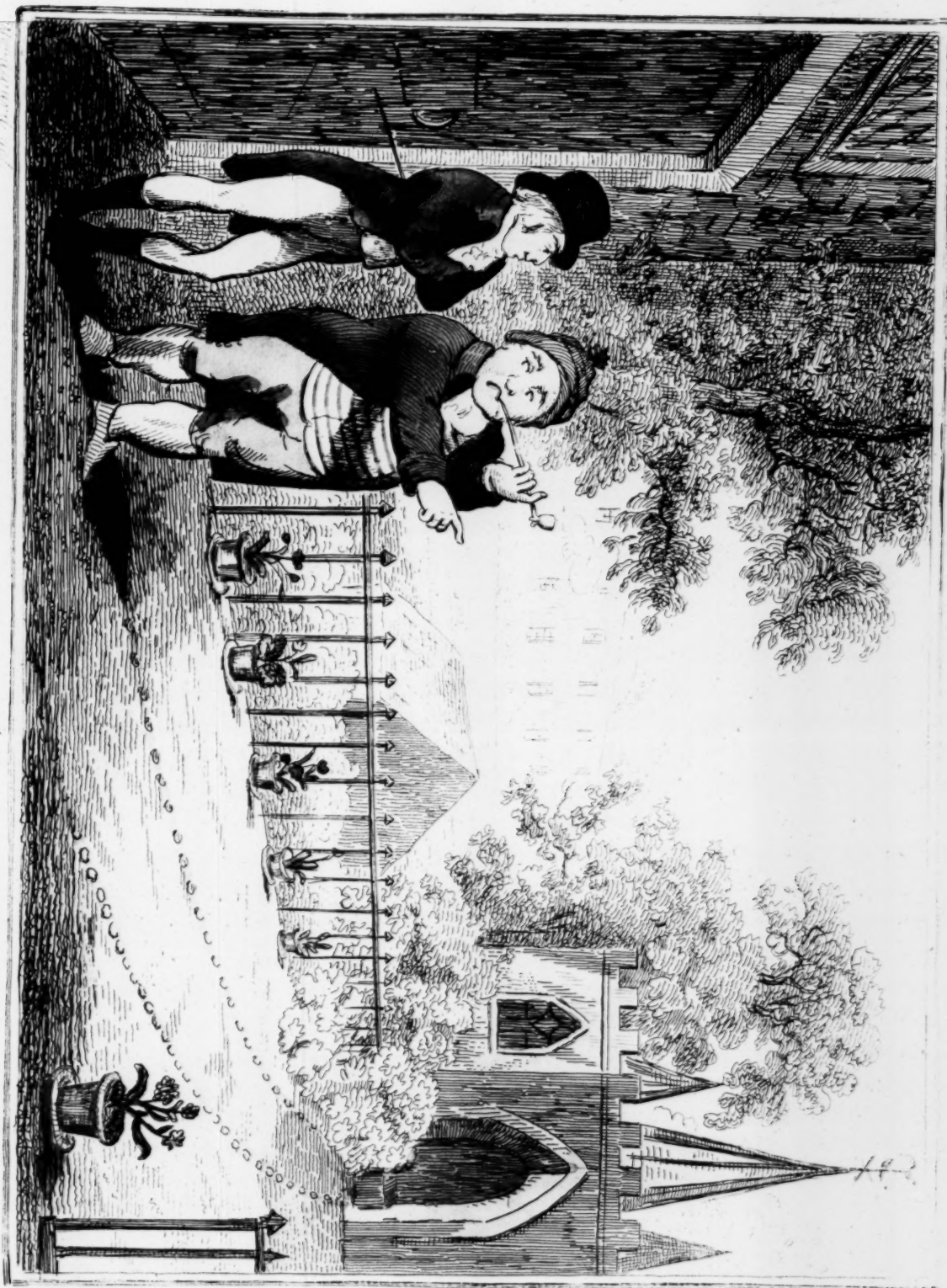
“ The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost
 “ hid by a curious collection of prints, and paintings: On one side
 “ was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion
 “ House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls:
 “ on the other was the death of the stag, finely coloured by Mr.
 “ Overton: close by the parlour door there hung a pair of stag's horns;
 “ over which there was laid across a red roccelo, and an amber headed
 “ cane. Over the chimney piece was my friend's picture, who was
 “ drawn *bolt upright* in a full-bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat with
 “ the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a snuff coloured
 “ velvet coat, with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with
 “ gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding
 “ out a letter with this superscription ‘*To Mr. ———, common coun-*
 “ *cilman of Farringdon Ward Without.*’ My eyes were then directed to
 “ another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed, was my friend's
 “ wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the
 “ reign of King James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel
 “ on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess smelling to a
 “ nosegay, and stroking a *ram* with *gilt horns*. (See Plate XII.)

“ I was then invited by my friend to see what he has pleased to call
 “ his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in
 “ length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side
 “ with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green
 “ with bowls of tobacco pipes on their tops. At the end of this gar-
 “ den he bade me take notice of a little square building surrounded
 “ with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had
 “ turned



SHEWING the FAMILY PICTURES.

London: sold by Adam & Widdie, 15 Pall-mall, near St. James's Church, 1796.



Showing the Garden

Published by J. B. G. & Co. 1840



Swearing at Highgate.

" turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of
 " painted wood on the point of it: but concluded with a hint, that
 " I might retire to it upon occasion." (See Plate XIII.)

From HIGHGATE is a beautiful view of London and the course of the New River; the numerous objects which present themselves on this hill in excursions from town are very amusing. I shall conclude this chapter with a description of the ancient custom of *swearing* persons from the country previous to their launching into the wiles of the metropolis:

A pair of horns, affixed to a long pole are held over the head of the novitiate, while the landlord administers a ridiculous oath, such as
 " *he is bound never to eat brown bread when he can get white;—never to*
 " *drink small beer, when he get strong;—to kiss the mistress in preference*
 " *to the maid,*" &c. &c. The ceremony usually ends in the forfeit of a bowl of punch. (For a Representation see Plate XIV.)

C H A P. III.

S U R R Y.

The author beginneth to be sublime, and occasionally very dull, as many authors have been before him : by sublime the matter-of-fact reader will please to observe, that he does not mount on his Pegasus, but on the top of a house ! and from thence giveth a pretty description of London—Parkinson's Museum—The Royal Circus—Tabernacle, and Magdalen Hospital—Remarks on building in general, interspersed with characters—Vauxhall Gardens, and an anecdote of a West Country Farmer—Croydon—Country assizes—Rather too severe on assize balls—The custom of meeting the judge—A Law Anecdote—And a contrast between successful, and unsuccessful Law Hunters !

THE Balconies of the houses at the foot of Blackfryars bridge where this county begins, command one of the most magnificent views imagination can conceive.—The principal object is the bold meanders of the Thames, over which are seen its three superb bridges ; from Westminster

minster the eye is carried along its banks to those noble piles of Architecture, the *Adelphi* and *Somerſet Houſe*: the gardens at the Temple afford a pleaſing relief to the ſurrounding buildings. Looking downwards the variety of people, carriages, horſes, &c. paſſing and repaſſing, in one continued line of great extent, heightens the general effect, and brings *Milton's* deſcriptive lines in full force to the memory:

“ Populous cities pleaſe me then,

“ And the buſy hum of men.”—

To the right is London Bridge, St. Paul's, the Monument and Tower, which together with the pleaſure-boats and ſhipping on the water, the numerous churches, and other edifices (amongſt which the venerable Abbey of Weſtmiſter proudly diſplays her ancient towers,) form with the ſurrounding landſcape, a ſcene perhaps ſcarcely to be equalled.

I cannot help noticing in this place an ingenious improvement in the art of taking views from an eminence, of which there is a public Exhibition in Leiceſter Square, called the PANORAMA, which takes in the whole of the ſcene juſt deſcribed; the ſpectator is ſo far deceiv'd as to ſuppoſe himſelf on the top of the * Albion Mills. The painting is on a ſemi-circular canvafs, and ſo contrived, that ſcarcely a building is omitted. The place for viewing the whole, is formed in the imitation of leads on the roof of a houſe, from which the eye is carried to the ſurrounding proſpects, in the ſame manner as in nature; the deception

* Theſe mills were deſtroyed by fire a few years ſince.

is very curious and has deservedly met with general encouragement. The truly ingenious artists are Mr. Barker and Son.

Parkinson's Museum, late Sir Ashton Lever's, is the grandest assemblage of the productions of nature and art in the kingdom (the British Museum excepted) though in many parts it is allowed to be superior to that collection. The artists who designed and executed the different apartments, with their opposite mottos, are worthy every praise for the elegance of their taste.

The *Royal Circus*, though deficient in many rules of Architecture, is a handsome and neat structure. This Theatre is appropriated to Ballets, Burlettas, Pantomimes, &c. with Horsemanship between the acts. Not far from this spot is a handsome brick building appropriated to the reception of the female children of Free Masons: this laudable charity is very ably supported.

Astley's Amphitheatre is rebuilt in a nouvelle, and pleasing manner: the exhibitions are on the same plan as the Circus.

It is a frequent remark made by Englishmen that it is wonderful how so many places of public amusement can possibly be supported in the metropolis, while on the other hand a foreigner wonders there are no more. In Paris there are regularly opened every evening upwards of twenty Theatres, and in London, confining it to Evening Exhibitions, there are but *two* regular Theatres in Winter and *one* in Summer, which with the addition of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Riding-Schools,

Schools, Sadler's Wells, &c. do not amount to above *half* the number supported by our Gallic neighbours.—I mention this merely from reading the statements of the cases published in a variety of pamphlets, respecting the proprietors of the Circus and Royalty Theatres, particularly the latter ; as the part of the town where it is situated seems to demand some public amusement, and the stage in all ages has been deemed the most rational.

The increase of buildings in *St. George's Fields* are astonishing.—Any person who visits the same spot where a few years back he enjoyed *something like fresh air*, now finds himself bewildered in the midst of streets, lanes, and alleys.—Indeed, this violent *penchant* for bricks and mortar seems daily to gain ground in every part of the kingdom. *Tontines* for raising houses, are now as common as *pharo banks* for retrieving *lost fortunes* ; and Crescents, Squares, Hexagons and Circuses, spring up like mushrooms.

It is difficult to judge whether this passion, carried to the extreme, is not nearly as injurious to individuals as that of *gaming* ; a tradesman at present, in a bye street in London, would be thought extremely *unfashionable*, if he had not an *incessant hammering* and *sawing* about his house, if it was only to shew his *taste* in forming a *ben coop* in the corner of his yard into the elegant symmetry of a *Chinese pagoda* !

The characters on this road are very similar to those delineated in page 10, Chap. I. except that the walk across Blackfryars-bridge affords greater variety than that under the title of the *Cockney's Circuit*.—Here you behold the *gamester*, full of anxiety, hastening to his evening rendezvous; behind him the City Apprentice is seen gaily pursuing the *road to ruin*, in search of the meanders of the inviting tea gardens. The sailor full of honest vivacity, takes *Sue in tow*, and *steers right a-head* to the shilling gallery at Hughes's; and the haberdasher, and silk mercer repair to *Johnny Groats* for a glass of ale.

The *Magdalen Hospital* is one of those praise-worthy institutions, which will ever do honour to the hearts of the promoters and supporters of so benevolent a foundation. This charity and the *Asylum*, are alone sufficient to spread the humane character of the British Nation.

There is scarcely a place of amusement in the vicinity of the metropolis that has improved so rapidly as *Vauxhall-Gardens*. A few years has entirely changed the face of the scene, and a resident in the country, who makes it an invariable rule to visit this place on his arrival in town, can with difficulty be persuaded he stands on the same spot of ground. These alterations frequently occasion many ludicrous situations; amongst an infinite variety the following is a recent instance.

An

An honest West Country Farmer, after an absence of several years, was called to town on urgent business, which having finished he was resolved to gratify himself with two favourite amusements; an *historical play*, and, as he termed it, *Fox Hall*! Of the latter he had a *confused idea*, and remembered something about eating a *bearty supper* with some friends when last in town, but inebriety on the evening and the time elapsed since the adventure took place, had considerably blunted his recollection; he however particularly remembered paying a *shilling* at the door, that being the *only* part of the expence he bore on the former occasion.

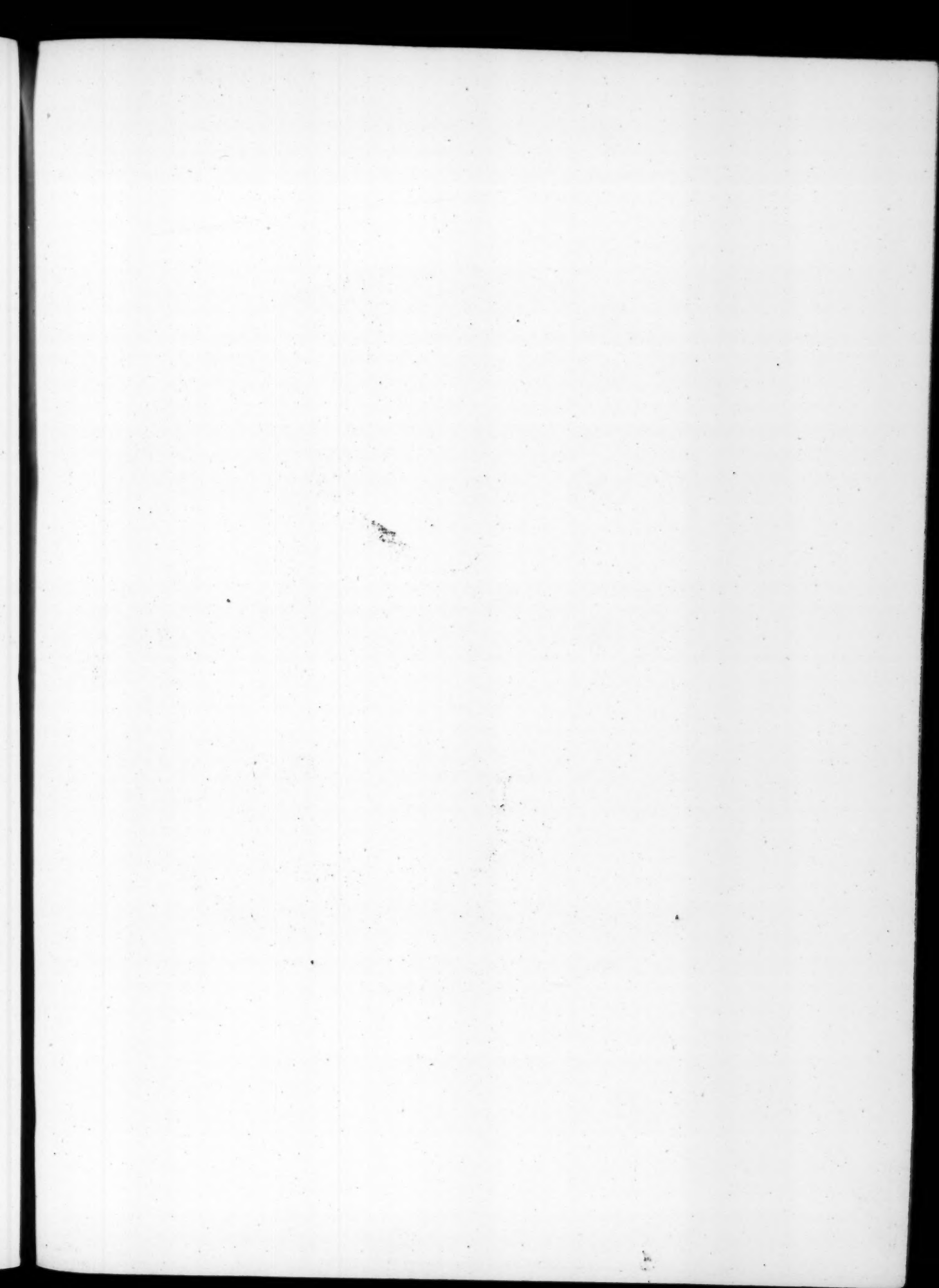
Of course the first altercation took place at the bar,—*three shillings* were demanded!—"Three what!" replied the farmer;—"Three shillings sir!"—"Three devils! why dost think I'm mad, I never paid but *one shilling* in the *best of times*, so if thee can't let me in for that, I'll e'en turn back without seeing the *show*."—With this determined resolution he was returning to his inn, but enquiring at a neighbouring ale-house the reason of the advance in the price of admission, he was informed of the *wonderful improvements*!—new cascades!—horizontal lights!—Turkish pavillions!—tea and coffee *gratis*, and a variety of other inducements, that on consideration of receiving his *penny-worth* for his *penny*, he resolved to return to the gardens.

Every thing fully answered his expectations, and he began to think his money well laid out, but this sudden change in his principles must wholly be attributed to the liquor drank through mortification at his disappointment at the place from whence he gathered his

K

information,

information, considerably aided by the dazzling splendour of the variegated illuminations. His dress was far from being the most elegant in the assembly, as the most conspicuous part of it was a *thick blue coat*, *flouch'd hat*, and *dirty boots*, which occasioned many sneers from the *City beaux* during the course of his perambulations, which were very little attended to on his part, being too much absorbed in the reflection of relating to his wife Molly his London adventures, to pay any regard to their superficial observations. After hearing the various songs, staring at the lamps, crowding to view the waterfall, and enjoying the rest of the amusements, his ears were saluted by sounds much more congenial to his home-spun notions, than the empty display of gorgeous machinery; in short, the hurry of the waiters, rattling of plates, and smoothing of table-cloths, informed him that something *substantial* was going forward. After a few moments reflection he resolved as he had begun, to go through with the whole, and once in his life, do *the genteel thing*: he accordingly seated himself in a box, and called for the waiter. Being always possessed of a communicative and open disposition, it is not surprizing that in a few minutes he found out the man's name was *Richard*, and that he had been in the capacity of a waiter about a twelvemonth, that he was *unmarried*, and such like *important intelligence*, for which in return he *politely* favoured *Dicky* (for so he familiarly called him) with the outlines of his *own history*; where he was born, at what place he lived, and that he was resolved for once by the way, to spend a little money as well as his neighbours, hoping that *Dicky* would not forget to call and take a *pipe* and taste his *tap*, if he should chance to travel through his country, assuring him it would be worth





*I - n thee dont play thy tricks with me.
but bring me the gammon!*

worth his while, and that he should have a hearty welcome! After many eulogiums on his wife Molly's *brewing*, he concluded by enquiring what there was in the house for supper?

Two large wax candles being placed on the table, the bill of fare was produced; after casting his eye over several articles and smacking his lips, as he *spelt* the words in rotation, he fixed on *ham* and *fowl*, because he said "it put him in mind of *whoame*; " for though he said it that should not say it, *Molly* had as pretty " a method of *cutting up a pig*, and *fattening poultry*, as any " *Duckess* in the land, let her be who she would;—and d'y'e hear " *Dicky*, bring in some *home-brew'd*—none of thy London tricks for " me—I've *seen the world lad*, so bustle about mun, and let's have " some'at to begin with, for by *th' dickens* I'm almost *famished*!"

After waiting a considerable time supper was brought in—the *fowl* met with some degree of approbation, but the *ham* changed his countenance to muscular expressions of the greatest surprise and astonishment! He called loudly for his friend the waiter (whom he now believed to be little better than a *rogue*) and holding up a slice on the end of his fork, he vehemently exclaimed, "What the " devil dost thee call this?—why I could eat *seven* such little *par-* " *ings* at a mouthful—D——n thee don't play thy tricks with me, " but bring me the GAMMON!" (See Plate 15.)—"The gammon " your honour!" replied the waiter, "I don't rightly understand you, " but I'll go and enquire at the bar." On saying this he slipped out, glad of an opportunity of making his *escape*, for the *enraged*

countenance, and *doubled fist* of the farmer, began to wear a formidable appearance.—After giving him a little time to compose himself, the man returned, and with the utmost diffidence, “assured
 “his *honor*, that his master would be happy to accommodate him,
 “but that such *requests* were foreign to the rules of the gardens.”
 —“*Rules!* don’t tell me of *rules!* I fancy thee and thy master
 “make it a *rule* to starve people, and pick their pockets at the
 “same time; and let me tell thee, such doings is a burning *sin*,
 “and a *sheame*, and thee’ll both have to answer for it.”——“I’m
 “sure that is not our intention your *honour*, would your *honour* chuse
 “any thing else?”

So many *honours* began to soften our country hero into a tolerable good humour; and to make some amends for the loss of the *gammon* he ordered an additional fowl, with a few tarts and cheese-cakes, and at the same time a bottle of the best old port, a pipe, a paper of tobacco, and a lanthorn.—The refusal of the latter articles, on account of *smoking not being allowed*, had nearly occasioned a fresh gust of passion, but on being clearly convinced that it was not *genteel*, he reconciled himself to his fate. After enjoying himself about an hour and a half (by which time he had completely finished his bottle) he deemed it necessary to know what he had to pay. When the bill appeared the different items were truly alarming! but what seemed most to command attention was *three shillings* for *wax lights!* This last charge produced the following elegant address to the waiter: “*Thou Rascal!* if thee com’st into our
 “country I’ll have thee hang’d,—don’t think I am in a passion!—
 “but



Woodward. Del.

Law Sketches from Nature

Cruckshanks, sc.

London. Pub'd Sept. 22. 1796: by Allen & West 15 Paternoster Row.

“ but mind what I say.—I don’t care for thy *long bill* half a farthing,
 “ because why ? I’ve got money in my pocket to pay for it (more than
 “ thee hast I’ll be bound); yet at the same time I *canna* but say that
 “ it hurts me sorely to pay three shillings for these two *farding can-*
 “ *dles* !—but however thee shalt get nothing by it, so bring me in an-
 “ other bottle, for here I’ll sit till they are burnt down to their sockets !
 “ and if ever thee catchest me doing the *genteel thing* again, may I
 “ never more see my wife Molly, nor enjoy the comforts of my own
 “ *whoame* !” He kept strictly to his word in every particular, and
 curses FOX HALL ! in his chimney corner to the present hour.

CROYDON* is far from a disagreeable town, the walks and rides about it are very pleasant, but I was prevented from making farther observations it being the time of the assizes, and of course the streets and houses for accommodation were crowded with *Lawyers* and *Law-hunters*, of every denomination:—there is something so *peculiarly characteristic* in the dress and manners of *Counsellors* in general, that I cannot, conformable to my plan, omit giving a few *Law sketches from Nature*, in this place. (See Plate 16.)

There are few situations in which a Country Town is viewed, that affords more humour than at the time of the assizes: the word *humour* will no doubt be considered by many of my readers as ill applied in this instance, but it must be considered I speak merely as

* Croydon is distant from London about ten miles, and is situated on the edge of Banstead Downs. Here is a large palace belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

a *Characteristic Traveller*, though at the same time I do not profess to be so great a devotee to mirth, nor am I quite so *Eccentric*, as to experience the smallest degree of pleasure at an *Affise Ball*; on the contrary I consider such assemblies as a *disgrace to a nation*; for what can be more reprehensible than to devote an evening to public festivity, which for the cause of humanity, and the nature of the institution, ought to be dedicated if not to solemnity, yet to decency of manners.

This kind of *Jubilee* to the inhabitants of most towns, usually commences with a ludicrous procession of all *ranks of people*, on all *sorts of horses*, and in *vehicles of every description*, *setting out to meet the Judge!* The *white wand* of the under sheriff is always particularly conspicuous, and to so notorious an extent is this *enviable* mark of distinction sometimes carried, that at a town in the north of England, where a dispute arose concerning who were the persons properly appointed, *two wands* appeared in the procession, one carried by each party: but as words are inadequate to convey an idea of the scene, I have endeavoured to aid the description by a sketch. (See Plate 17.)

Another prominent feature of humour frequently presents itself through the *awkwardness of witnesses* and *mutual misunderstanding*. The following is a short specimen illustrated by a sketch. (Plate 18.)

The trial was for *sheep stealing*, and the first witness called was the owner of the property which he had discovered in Smithfield Market: he

was



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Woodward del

J. W. Cropper



Woodward del

J. G. Sculley

was a very good kind of man, but unfortunately his head was rather *too thick* for *re* *g*, or rather *comprehending* the usual rules of *Law Etiquette*. On the first question asked him by the Judge, he raised his eyes, and opening his mouth, seemed fixed to the spot, with amazement; at length he stammered out *What d'ye say?*—On the matter being explained to him, and that he should address the Judge by the title of *my Lord*, he endeavoured to recollect himself, and being called on to mention his name, he boldly replied “*Thomas Blunt.*”—“Well, Mr. Blunt, where was you at the time you discovered your sheep?” (it must be observed the Judge was rather hard of hearing)—“At Smithfield your honour—*my Lord* I mean.”—“At *Smithfield*, very well, and what did you do then?”—“I went to *handle 'em* my Lord.”—“*Handlum!* where's *Handlum?*—where do you say you went?”—“I went to *handle 'em* your *Worship.*”—“*To Handlum!* what have we to do with *Handlum*; I tell you fellow keep at *Smithfield* where you began your story; stay at the place where you found your property till further orders; when we want you at *Handlum*, we'll call upon you.” This mistake was cleared up by one of the counsel informing his Lordship (in a whisper) that the man's meaning was, that he *handled the sheep*, in order to ascertain their value, by which means he made the discovery. The first whisper was rather too low, and the Judge was not quite clear in the case; but on a closer application to his ear, and a greater elevation of voice, his Lordship perfectly understood the matter, and every thing went on in a tolerable smooth channel to the conclusion.

There is not a point of view in a scene of this kind, that seems to demand the exertions of the pencil, more than the different aspects of Sorrow and Exultation displayed in the various countenances concerned in law-suits, after their respective causes are determined. I shall therefore dismiss this chapter with a sketch, (Plate 19.) representing a *law-suit* gained, and a *law-suit* lost.





Woodward Del.

Cruikshank Sculp.

C H A P. IV.

K E N T.

The Author sets out in compliance with the humour of John Bull—Very learned on the Occasion—Gravesend Boat—Its origin—A serious Reflection, but rather too flowery: in which due Deference is paid to the sublime and beautiful Language of Mr. Burke!—Gravesend—Cheap travelling—Gads-Hill—Sir John Falstaff—Stroud, Rochester, and Chatham—Satirical Verse—Remarkable Inscription—Rochester Bridge and Castle—Chatham Dock-yard—Greenwich—Easter and Whitsun Mondays—Observatory—Hospital—New Chapel—Mr. West's Altar Piece—Deptford—Origin of the Word—Quotation from Cowley—Sir Francis Drake, and his Ship.

JOHN Bull from his frequent aquatic excursions to and from Margate, Gravesend, &c. forms a kind of natural attachment to the scenes he has so often visited; on which account it may not be displeasing, at least he will excuse the author if he appears rather

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more

more *learned* than usual in tracing the etymology of the title of the county.

Julius Cæsar calls it *Cantium*: Lambard in his perambulation made in the year 1570, deduces it from *Caine* (simply a *green leaf*, in the ancient British tongue) it being at that time covered with woods, of which the deception of the *moving grove* is an instance, which so much alarmed William of Normandy, that on the Kentish men throwing aside the boughs by which they were concealed, the effect was so sudden and unexpected, that they gained a confirmation of their ancient laws before they would acknowledge the Conqueror as their sovereign:—but the most probable derivation is to be found in the works of Camden, who conjectures that it was so called, from Britain in this place stretching out into a *large corner eastward*, and the word *canton* or *cant* signifies a *corner*, and is still so used in heraldry, which might easily in the course of time have gained the English sound of *Kent*.

The fertility of the county cannot be more forcibly expressed, than in the following lines of Drayton:

“ ————— O famous Kent,
 “ What county hath this Isle, that can compare with thee!
 “ That hath within thyself as much as thou canst wish;
 “ Thy rabbits, venison, fruits, thy sorts of fowl and fish;
 “ As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood,
 “ Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.”

KENT

KENT is situated opposite to France, from which its nearest limits are about twenty one miles. It is bounded on the east by the sea, and partly by Suffex, from which the river Rother divides it. Suffex and Surry are its western limits, and the Thames is its northern boundary; from whence I shall proceed (if the reader's notions are not too much refined *à la Chesterfield*) in what is termed the *Gravefend boat*, of the origin of which Harris gives the following brief narration.

“ The manor of Gravefend being in possession of the abbot of Tower Hill, and he being willing to promote the interest of the town, obtained of King Richard the Second, a grant to the men of Gravefend and Milton, of the exclusive privilege of conveying passengers from thence to London on the conditions that they should provide boats on purpose, and carry all persons either at two-pence per head with his bundle, or the whole boat's fare should be four shillings.”—This charter has been confirmed under proper regulations to the present time.—The fare is now nine-pence each passenger, the bell rings at Billingsgate, opposite Darkhouse Lane, a quarter of an hour, which is the signal for departing with every ebb, and they return again to London with every flood, on a like signal at Gravefend.

A Traveller of my description, must not be afraid of *soiling* his coat by a tar-barrel, or hurting his *dignity* by mixing occasionally with the *canaille* ! or according to the modern acceptation of the word the *sans culottes* ! or still more fashionably speaking in the sublime and beau-

tiful language of Mr. Burke, the *character* may be gleaned, which gathered from the *higher orders* of to form a perfect *republican bouquet* productive parterre of human nature on board, and in the course of (Plate 20.)

Gravesend is famous for its not only supply a great part of the *able quantities* to London;—the 'Thatch'd House Tavern to the with the peculiar flavor of *C* of the boats, coaches are provided Chatham, &c. at 1*s.* 6*d.* each, for London to Chatham, upwards one of the cheapest instances of the Windmill near Gravesend is Nore, &c.

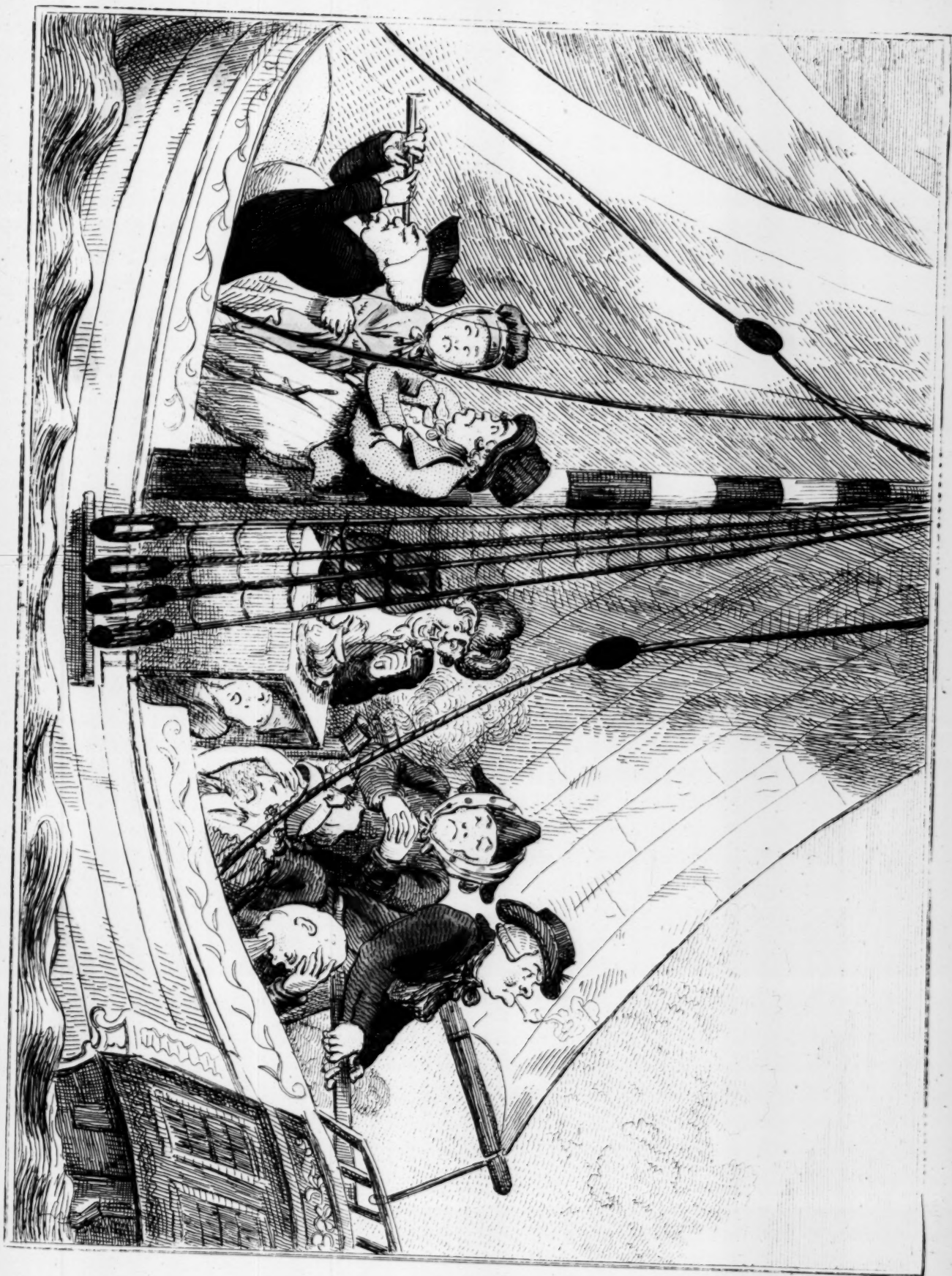
On the road to Rochester, is mentioned by our immortal *Bat* dations of the Prince of Wales fligate companions; the most cetious Knight yclep'd *Sir John* much regretted *Henderson* in smallest share of a fanciful imagination.

ERIC EXCURSIONS.

ke, the *Swinish Multitude*!—for even there which set off by a few *sprigs of folly* gardeners of society, enables the diligent collector *al bouquet*: selected from the extensive and man nature.—With this reflection I stepped off the *voyage* sketched the annexed scene,

or its gardens, which are so rich that they part of the shipping, but send considerable;—there is scarcely an epicure from the to the Mansion House, but is acquainted of *Gravesend asparagus*.—On the arrival e provided to convey passengers to Rochester, ach, so that a person may be conveyed from wards of thirty miles, for 2s. 3d. which is nces of travelling in the kingdom. From end is a beautiful prospect of London, the

fter, is the famous *Gads Hill*, so frequently rtal Bard, as the spot famous for the depre- Wales (afterwards Henry V.) and his pro- most conspicuous of whom was that fa- *Sir John Falstaff*. Whoever remembers the on in that character, if he possesses the ful imagination, cannot help bringing to his mind



mind, the *unwieldy braggadocia* of Shakespeare's invention, puffing up the hill in search of his horse, "and cursing the stony hearted villians for leaving a man of his bulk to rob on foot."—It is said that a few years since there was a sign of Falstaff, at a little alehouse of great antiquity on this spot, which was afterwards changed to the Plough, but for what reason it is hard to determine; at least it conveys but a poor idea of the taste of the owner, who had he caught but one spark of the gratitude belonging to the Knight's *old hostess*, such an alteration could never have taken place.

The three towns of Stroud, Rochester, and Chatham join each other, and have proved a subject of wit for *glafs window Bards*, and *inn scribblers*, time immemorial:—as every wall, shutter and casement, in houses for public reception can testify.—The following is the most humorous, said to have been written extempore, after a short residence in the neighbourhood.

A DESCRIPTION OF
STROUD, ROCHESTER, AND CHATHAM.

" THE people of *Stroud*,
 " Talk long, and talk loud,
 " And herd in a crowd,
 " Traducing their innocent neighbours;

N

" While

“ While Envy by fits
“ Mid the congress fits,
“ Gives a whet to their wits,
“ And smiles on their scandalous labours.
“ This place, like an eel,
“ Where the publican’s steal
“ Is dirty, base, long, foul, and slippery ;
“ And the belles flirt about,
“ With their persons deck’d out,
“ In run muslin, and second-hand frippery.”

“ *Rochester’s* a town
“ Of specious renown,
“ Full of tinkers and taylors,
“ And fopmen and failors,
“ And magistrates who often blunder’d;
“ Coquettes without beauty,
“ Old maids past their duty,
“ And Venus’ gay nymphs by the hundred.
“ Vile inns without beds,
“ And men without heads,
“ By which poor Britannia’s undone ;
“ Extortionate bills,
“ Anti-venery pills,
“ And *port* manufactur’d in London.

“ Honest

" Honest DICK WATTS of Yore,
 " Their good name to restore,
 " Decreed (such enormities scorning)
 " Each travelling wight,
 " A warm couch for the night,
 " And four pence in cash in the morning."

" *Old Chatham's* a place,
 " That's the nation's disgrace,
 " Where the club, and the fist prove the law, fir;
 " And Presumption is seen
 " To direct the marine,
 " Who know not a spike from a hawser.
 " Here the dolts shew with pride,
 " How the men of war ride,
 " Who Gallia's proud first-rates can shiver,
 " And a fortified hill
 " All the Frenchmen to kill
 " That land on the banks of the river!

" Such towns, and such men,
 " We shall ne'er see again,
 " Where smuggling's a laudable function;

“ In some high windy day,
 “ May the de’el fly away
 “ With the whole of the dirty conjunction !”

The lines in the writer’s stanzas respecting Mr. Watts alludes to a house at Rochester, appropriated for the reception of six poor travellers, over the door of which is the following curious inscription.

RICHARD WATTS, ESQ.
 by his will dated 22d. of August, 1579,
 founded this charity,
 for six poor travellers,
 who not being *rogues* or PROCTORS,
 may receive gratis, for one night,
 lodging, entertainment,
 and four-pence each.

From Stroud you enter Rochester by a beautiful stone bridge, with iron palisades on each side erected across the Medway, which has a considerable fall through the arches.

Notwithstanding what has been said by the gentleman just quoted, there are few views more pleasing than the present, particularly when seen from a boat on the water;—the picturesque serpentine turns of the river, the men of war riding at anchor, and the venerable

ble

ble and bold ruin of Rochester Castle, are the most striking objects ; indeed it is scarcely possible to do justice to the effect of the latter. This noble tower stands in the south-east angle of the building, and is so situated that it may be seen at a great distance ; it is of a quadrangular form, and about seventy feet square at the base.

At *Chatbam* there is nothing particularly remarkable except the Dock-yard. The Rope-house is seven hundred feet in length, in which cables have been made one hundred and twenty fathoms long and twenty-two inches round. In the smith's forge are twenty-one fires constantly burning, from whence *anchors* have been produced weighing nearly *five ton*.

On the road to town is *Greenwich*, well known as a place of resort for the confined gentlemen of the counter, and their favourite ladies ; who are regularly let loose every Easter and Whitsun Monday, to partake of the invigorating beverage of punch and ale, to roll down the hill, run races, and other elegant amusements, till the dusk of the evening breaks the magic of the charm, and shews the vain delusion of all sublunary enjoyments !

The roads at these stated periods display one continued floating mass of disorder and confusion, yet as it paints *joy* in the *physiognomy of thousands*, and renders so large a body of our fellow creatures a temporary happiness, it would appear harsh, (to a cool observer) even for a *rigid cynic* to moralize too seriously on the subject.

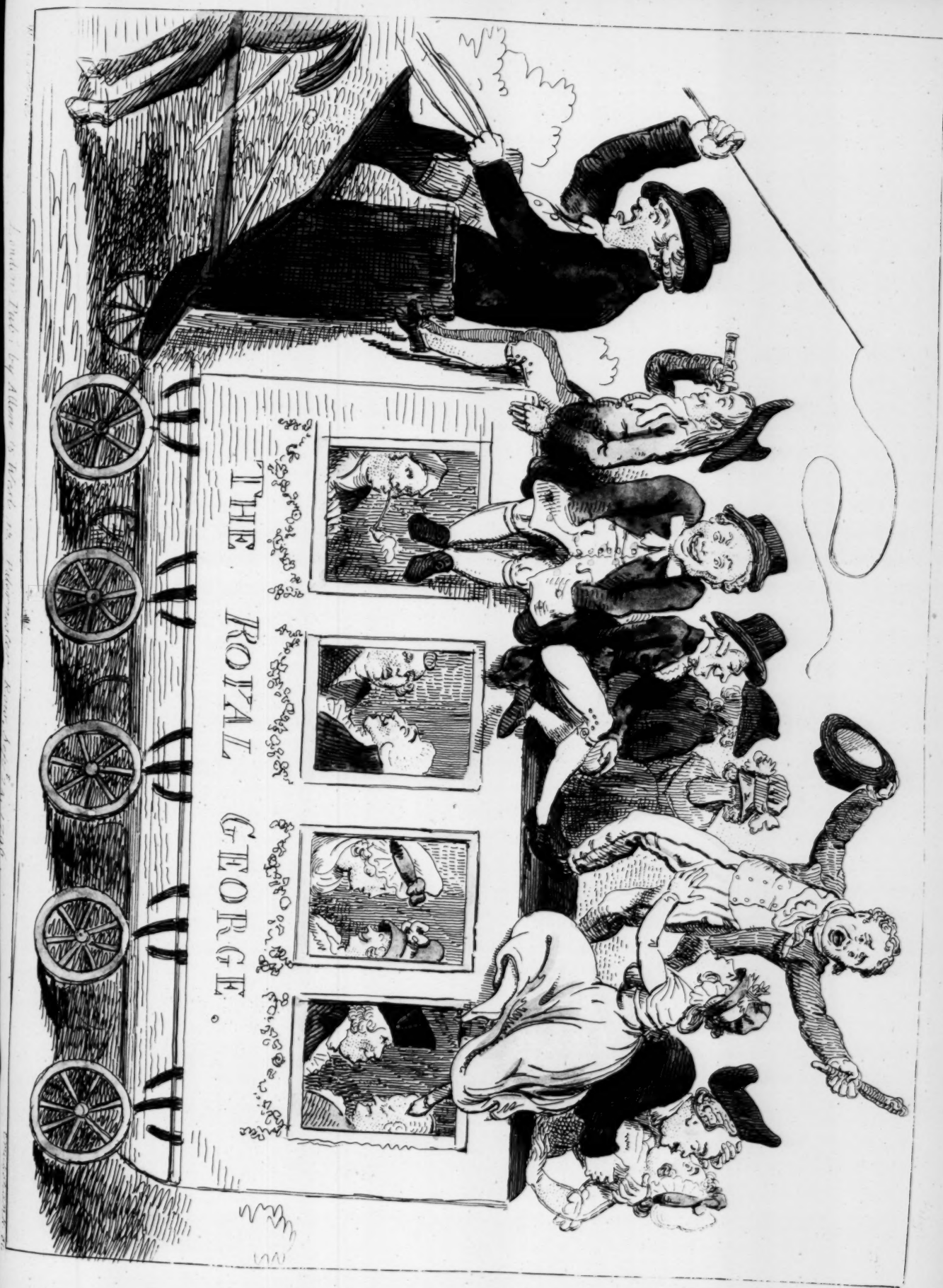
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I sincerely hope there is not so unsocial a being amongst my readers ; but if there should I must impute it to his never having been present through *distance*, or *prejudice* ; or else consider him as a mere *careless*, *unthinking* *spectator*. To convey some idea of the subject in the first instance, and refresh the memory in the second, I have selected a few *merry faces*, on Easter Monday, repairing in the *long coach* to Greenwich. (Plate 21).

The prospect of London, from One-Tree-Hill has been admired for ages, and the famous Observatory forms a beautiful object in one part of the surrounding scenery. The Hospital is truly magnificent ; King Charles the Second who built the first wing, intended to have erected a palace, and indeed from the grandeur of the architecture, it has more that appearance. King William the Third erected the other wing ; Queen Ann, and George the First continued the work, and George the Second finished the grand design. There are above a thousand disabled seamen amply provided for in this royal asylum *, besides an hundred boys, the sons of seamen, educated and trained up for the sea. Towards the support of this hospital every seaman, whether in the royal navy or in the merchants service, pays six-pence per month. This is stopped out of their wages, and paid to the Treasurer of the Six-Penny Office on Tower Hill. There are considerable estates belonging to this institution, and it has at different periods received large benefactions. On the same

* There is a similar hospital at Chelsea near London, for disabled Soldiers, which does equal honour to the nation.



London: "Punch," by Allen & Ward, in "Punch," 1877, p. 10.

spot formerly stood a palace built by Humphry Duke of Gloucester, brother of Henry the Fifth, in which were born the two Queens Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Henry the Eighth, and there the pious King Edward the Sixth breathed his last.

What is called the Painted Hall, is so well known that description is unnecessary.

The *New Chapel* built within these few years, is perhaps without exception the neatest, and best finished building of the kind, in England:—The medallions in oil colours representing basso-relief, are executed in a very masterly stile and the subjects well chosen, as are all the inscriptions. The altar-piece by Mr. West must not be forgotten, representing the *shipwreck of St. Paul*. The principal faults that have been found in this picture are, that the group is carried in too *perpendicular* a direction; and some of the figures *enormously large*, while the principal, that of St. Paul, which ought to be the most conspicuous, is very diminutive in proportion to the rest, and seems to have little to do with the general business of the piece.

Though this criticism is far from just, yet allowing it to be true, the *fine drawing* throughout, the warm glow of *colouring*, and the *bold distribution* of *light* and *shade*, must to a judicious eye make ample amends for trifling inaccuracies. The beautiful piece of inlaid marble on the floor representing an *anchor* and *cable*, is a curious and admired piece of workmanship;—indeed the design and execution of

every part of the chapel, is so chafely correct and pleasing, that nothing but actual observation can poffibly convey to the mind its *numerous beauties*.

Deptford is fupposed to have acquired its name from the deep channel of the river at the paffage of it in this place ;—in the dock-yard, the royal yachts are generally kept, and here Queen Elizabeth ordered the fhip Pelican, in which Sir Francis Drake failed round the world to be laid up ; a *chair* was made of part of her remains, and prefented to the univerfity of Oxford : to which Cowley alludes in the following well adapted and pleasing lines.

- “ To this great fhip, which round the world has run,
- “ And match’d in race the chariot of the fun :
- “ This *Pythagorean fhip* (for it may claim,
- “ Without prefumption fo deferv’d a name),
- “ By knowledge once, and transformation now,
- “ In her new fhape, this facred port allow.
- “ *Drake* and his *fhip* could not have wifh’d from fate
- “ An happier ftation, or more blefs’d eftate :
- “ For lo ! a feat of *endlefs reft* is given,
- “ To her in *Oxford*, and to him in *Heaven*.”

C H A P. V.

 B E R K S H I R E.

Characters on the Road to Windsor, described—Windsor Castle—Terrace—St. George's Chapel—Parks, and Forest—Stratum of Oyster Shells—Ditto of Peat—Cross Keys at Newberry—Stage-Coach Travellers at Supper—Lord Craven's Seat—A Miller and his Horse—Saxon Antiquities.

THE road to *Windsor* is in general crowded with so numerous an assemblage of *Equestrian* and *Jebu* characters, that it is impossible for any pen but that of a *Gambado* to enter into the true spirit of the scene *. *Five shillings worth of blood!* is frequently seen, straining every nerve to keep pace with some *well known pedigree!* while each of the riders conscious of the superiority of their cattle above the *common vulgar*, turn round their heads, and seem to court applause from their *passing brethren of the turf!*—behind them come

* *Geoffry Gambado's Annals of Horsemanship, with Sketches by Mr. Bunbury.*

a *fat upholsterer* and his wife, in a *striped gig*, from *Seven Dials*, who are almost choaked by the clouds of dust following the wheels of an elevated *Pbaeton*,—then smack goes the whip, and a *curricie* and *ponies* dash by like lightning! and now the *sounding horn* foretells the coming of the *mail*; every thing gives way, and the rapid conveyance leaves every thing behind in an instant;—then comes a *chaife* post from *Maidenhead*, laden with *demi-rips* for the *Windsor Market*, accompanied by a party of *modern Greeks*, well mounted, and reeling ripe from the tavern.

In this heterogeneous collection, it is impossible to fail meeting with a *Goldfinch*, and his *Mistress*, whom the former so emphatically describes as being “sister to the Irish Giant! *Six feet* in her stockings!—*Sleek coat, flowing mane, broad chest, all bone!*—*Dashing figure* in a *pbaeton!*—*Sky blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribbands, white feathers, gold band and tassel!*”—*That’s your sort!*—(Vide Holcroft’s *Comedy of the Road to Ruin*.) For a representation of similar characters, see Plate 22.

WINDSOR is the occasional residence of their Majesties.—The *farm house*, &c. in the neighbourhood has received perhaps too warm a colouring from the witty *Peter Pindar*.

The Castle is about a mile in circumference, and consists of two *square courts*, one to the east, and the other to the west, with a circular tower between them. The *terrace* (built by Queen Elizabeth,) is much admired for the variegated and extensive prospect it affords;

it



it is faced with free stone in the manner of ramparts, and covered with fine gravel which is kept constantly dry, even after the heaviest rains, being well furnished with drains for that purpose.

The general form of the castle is much the same as in the time of Edward the Third, who was born here, and made considerable improvements to the ancient fabric; he also fortified it with walls, ditches, and a rampart. The architect employed by the *King* at that time was William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, after whom one of the towers is still called Winchester Tower. Almost every succeeding prince has taken a pleasure in contributing to the grandeur of this place. Very great additions and improvements have been made during the present reign.

St. George's Chapel is well worthy the notice of a traveller; it was built by Henry the Fourth, and is one of the most beautiful pieces of ancient workmanship in England. In this chapel the knights of the order of the garter are installed; and in the choir each of them has a seat or stall, with the banner of his arms fixed over it. Here is also a throne for the Sovereign, and stalls for the poor knights, who live in a sort of hospital, or college, on the south side of the square.

To what has been said of this beautiful palace, it may be added, that though it wants a garden, its two parts, and its forest, abundantly supply that deficiency. One of the parks called the Little

Park is above three miles round, the other is about fourteen miles ; and the forest between thirty and forty ; which latter will ever be held in veneration, while the Muse of Pope is remembered by the British Nation.

Near *Reading* in this county, is a continued stratum, or layer of oyster-shells, found at a great depth from the surface of the earth, and between forty and fifty miles from the sea ; they lie in a bed of greenish sand, upon a hard rocky chalk, and are often dug out entire by the men who work in the chalk-pit. The shells are brittle, and easily separated from each other.

On each side of the river Kennet near *Newbury*, there is a stratum of peat, which is from about a quarter to half a mile wide, and many miles long. Peat is a composition of the branches, leaves and roots of trees, with grass, straw, plants and weeds, which having lain long in water, are formed into a common mass, so soft as to be cut through with a sharp spade. The colour is a blackish brown, and it is used for fuel : the depth below the surface of the earth, at which it is found in this place, is from one foot to eight. Great number of entire trees are found lying irregularly in the true peat ; they are chiefly oaks, alders, willows, and firs, and appear to have been torn up by the roots. Many horses heads, and bones of several kinds of deers, the horns of the antelope, the heads and tusks of boars and the heads of beavers, have also been found in it.

Not



Not many years ago, an urn of a light brown colour, large enough to hold about a gallon, was found in the peat-pit in *Speen-moor*, at about ten feet distant from the river. And four feet below the level of the neighbouring ground, just over the spot where the urn was found, an artificial hill had been raised, about eight feet high; and as this hill consisted both of peat, and earth, it is evident that the peat was older than the urn.

The Cross Keys at Newbury, is the usual place appointed for accommodating the coach passengers on the Bath and Bristol road with supper. On account of the constant succession, a *plentiful cold collation* is always in readiness: and it is truly humorous to observe with what *fervent adoration* the hungry disciples pay their devotions at the shrine of Epicurus; the most experienced lose no time in their oblations, while the uninformed are *sauntering in the yard*, watching every *movement* of their *luggage*, or holding a long discourse with the coachman till the guard arrives displaying a face descriptive of the utmost impatience, with the gloomy observation that *all is in readiness for departure!* This direful call must be obeyed, and many a *supperless wight* re-enters the machine, grumbling at his own folly during the remainder of the journey. The moment of the summons is frequently productive of many *laughable effects*, from the *consternation* and *burry* thrown into the *different countenances!* (For a representation, see Plate 23.)

The road from Newbury to Hungerford is delightfully pleasant. At about the distance of three miles, I was much pleas'd with a superb gateway, and lodges, leading through a beautiful plantation, to

a modern and elegant mansion, which I found to be one of the seats of the Craven Family—the principal residence of the husband of the present Margravine of Anspach. His Lordship displayed much ability in laying out the grounds, in various parts of the neighbourhood; but the little buildings erected at the different turnpikes, in the *shape* of *castles*, *summer-houses*, &c. (whoever were the projectors) strike the mind too forcibly with the *juvenile astonishment* formerly experienced in viewing the *admired monuments of taste* exhibited at White Conduit House and Bagnigge Wells Gardens!

The manner in which I gained information respecting the owner of the seat was somewhat curious. A *poor Miller*, and a *very lean Horse*, presented themselves before me on the road; the man was jogging carelessly on to the jingle of his bell, when I awoke him from his reverie, by making the necessary enquiry. With a look of the utmost astonishment and simplicity, he told me “that his worship Lord Craven *lived there, but he was dead!* There was something so peculiarly characteristic about this poverty-struck pair, that I shall *take the liberty* of laying the *Miller* and his *Horse* before the public in Plate 24.

I cannot dismiss the very few observations I have had an opportunity of making in this county, without noticing that remarkable *Saxon* monument, situated in the place, known by the name of *White Horse Hill*, of which animal it is a rude representation, cut in a chalky soil, and situated near *Upper Lambourne*. A horse is known to have been the *Saxon* standard; and some have supposed that the figure



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figure was made by Hengist, one of the Saxon kings; but others are of opinion, that it was made by order of *Afred*, in the reign of his brothers *Ethelred*, as a monument of his victory gained over the Danes, in the year 871, at Ashdown not far from this hill.

Whatever is its true origin, the appearance has a singular and pleasing effect, but what more particularly marks it as a Saxon antiquity is a *similar figure*, south of Kington in Warwickshire called the *Red-Horse*, from being cut in a red soil, near which is a military entrenchment, containing about twelve acres, where in the last century, were found a sword and a battle-axe.—The trenches which form the figure are trimmed, and kept clean, by a freeholder in the neighbourhood, who enjoys his lands by that service.

It has also been a custom time immemorial for the neighbouring peasants to assemble on a certain day, about Midsummer, and clear away the weeds from about the White Horse, and trim the edges to preserve its colour, and shape; after which the evening is spent in mirth and festivity.

C H A P. VI.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Road to Bath from Devizes—Bath-Easton—Bath—Remarks on Inns in general—Recent Improvements—Bath Waters—King Bladud—Characters from Macklin's Man of the World—Fashionable Information from Bath addressed to elderly Ladies—Road to Bristol.—The Bush Tavern—Christmas Larder—Mr. Weeks's Mungo—The Author rather Sentimental, on viewing the live Turtles at the Bush—A News Vender, and his Customers—St. Vincent's Rock and Hot-wells—Serious remarks and observations on different Characters—Mrs. Yearsley, the Bristol Milk Woman—The fate of Chatterton—Lines to his Memory by Philip Thicknesse, Esq.—The Theatre, and Performers—Taunton—Dulverton—and Minehead.

THE road to Bath, from Devizes, in Wiltshire, upwards of seventeen miles, exhibits a *delightful specimen* of deep ruts, furrows, sharp stones, and dirty water ; near Bath, it wears rather a better appearance ; it is carried over very steep hills, but is kept in tolerable repair.

The

The village of *Bath-Easton* did not answer the *wonderful encomiums* I had heard lavished in its praise; the houses in general are very irregularly built, and nothing remarkably picturesque, or pleasing in the situation. What stamped its popularity, was the villa either now, or within a few years, the seat of Sir John Miller, Baronet, where the company resorting to Bath made occasional parties, and those of *poetical talents* wrote verses on a given subject, which were put into an antique vase, from whence they were drawn out and read to the company, who decided which piece had most merit. The author was then called upon to avow it, and thereupon presented with a *wreath of laurel* by the lady of the villa.

I do not know whether the custom is still continued, but I am informed that the elegant patroness is no more!

There are few places more resorted to (particularly in the winter season,) than Bath, and very deservedly, for the beautiful stile of its buildings, and the improvements which daily take place in every part of the city, independent of its waters, and salubrious air, are sufficient inducements for every person of taste to make it their occasional residence.

INNS are the guiding stars of travellers, and the general receptacle for all ranks and conditions, consequently one of the *principal seats of character*, and of course a *leading feature*, in a work like the present. It is natural for any man, who has met with *good accommodations* and *civility* in houses of this kind, to make it as public

as possible, particularly when he reflects on Smollet's observation, that "Landlords are the same rapacious animals all over the globe," which must be allowed is in general too true; it is therefore necessary that every *high-priest* of these *frequented temples*, should be on their guard, for the eyes that are continually directed towards them are as numerous as those of Argus.

This city is well furnished with inns, the *White Lion* and the *White Hart* are the principal; but for attention, neatness, and reasonable charges, none are more conspicuous than the *Lamb* in Stall Street.

The Crescent, Circus, Parades, Repository, &c. are so well known, it is unnecessary in these pages to enter into a particular description; most of the views have been accurately delineated by the ingenious Mr. Malton, particularly that admired building, the Bank in Milson Street. The Abbey Church is a noble and venerable structure*. Amongst the recent improvements and alterations are the following: a new Crescent, Pultney Bridge, and Laura Place; the latter is truly superb, exhibiting a chasteness of design, that reflects infinite credit on the abilities of the architect;—a new Pump-room is also erected, and a commodious entrance made from Stall Street, with a beautiful range of houses.

* In this Abbey is interred, James Quin, esq. the celebrated Comedian, that was wont to set the table on a roar.

The manner of living, the amusements, lodging, &c. of Bath, are so admirably set forth in the poetical composition of the *Bath Guide*, that notwithstanding the work has been almost universally read, and published several years since, yet it would be injustice in this place, not to notice so valuable a *satire on popular follies*;—it has never been known for a certainty who was the author, but it is generally believed to be Mr. Ansley of Bath.

The springs from which this city takes its name, are five in number. As Bath lies in a valley surrounded with hills, the heat of these waters, and their milky detergent quality, are ascribed to the admixture and fermentation of two different waters, distilling from two of those hills; one called Clarton-Down, and the other Lansdown. The water from Clarton-Down is supposed to be sulphureous, or bituminous, with a mixture of nitre; and the water from Lansdown is thought to be tinged with iron ore.

These waters are grateful and warm to the stomach, have a mineral taste and strong scent; they are of a bluish colour, and send up a thin vapour. After long standing they deposit a *black mud*, which is used by way of cataplasms, for local pains; and proves of more service to some, than the waters themselves. This mud also they deposit on distillation.

They are beneficial in disorders of the head, in cuticular diseases, in obstructions of the bowels, which they strengthen by restoring their lost tone, and are used as a last remedy in obstinate chronic diseases which they sometimes cure.

In each bath there is a pump for applying the water in a stream upon any particular part of the body, when it is required ; and each is furnished with benches, rings to hold by, and proper guides for both sexes.

The principal bath is sixty feet square, and supplied by many hot springs that rise in the middle of it. Contiguous to this bath is the Pump-Room, where the company meet to drink the waters, which is conveyed from the springs by a marble pump, and served in glasses by persons appointed for the purpose. In the middle of this bath there is a figure of an ancient British King called *Bladud*, of whom there is a tradition, that he discovered these springs, three hundred years before the Christian æra. Having been driven from his court, on account of a severe leprosy, he was obliged to turn *swine-herd*, and was here miraculously relieved from his loathsome distemper, by the accident of his hogs being cured of a similar disorder by wallowing in the stream.

These hot springs were fenced in by the Romans, when they were in possession of this country, with a wall to separate them from the common cold springs, with which this place abounds ; and there is a tradition that they also made subterraneous canals, to carry off the cold waters, lest they should mix with these. Whatever appearance of truth this may carry it is however certain that these springs were in the greatest estimation among the Romans. *Antoninus* styles them *aquæ solis*, the waters of the sun, and the Saxons called this city, the City of *Valetudinarians*.

So



Woodwards del

Cruikshank sculp

London Pub. Oct. 22. 1846. by Allen & West 13 Paternoster Row.



W. Woodward Del.

London. Pub. by Allen & Ward, 15, Paternoster Row, October 8, 1796.

Caricatured by



Woodward del

Grubshank sc

London Published by Allen & West 15 Paternoster Row Oct^r 8 1796

So many views of the Pump-room and the company have been sketched and laid before the public, that any thing *new* from that quarter cannot fairly be expected. I shall therefore select two characters, from a description of Bath, in Mr. Macklin's comedy of the Man of the World—A *Jew* and a *Bishop*! which Sir Pertinax Mac-Sycophant pronounces “a *devilish good connexion!*” The *Bishop* is striving to *convert the Jew*, while the *Jew* on the other hand is *flily sifting the Bishop*, respecting the change of the ministry, in hopes of putting something in his pocket, through the medium of the stocks! (See Plate 25.)

The Assembly-rooms were never better regulated than at present, not excepting the days of the glorious Beau Nash; the Masters of the Ceremonies are Mr. Tyson, and Mr. King.

I must here again borrow two more groups from the veteran Macklin, first a *Peer* and a *Sharper*;—a *Duchess*, and a *Pin Maker's Wife*—a *Boarding School Miss*, and her *Grandmother*—a *Fat Parson*—a *Lean General*—and a *Yellow Admiral*, quarreling about an odd trick at a game at whist. (Plate 26.) And the second a party called the CABINET COUNCIL! composed of a *Duke* and a *Haberdasher*;—a *red hot Patriot*, and a *sneering Courtier*—a *discarded Statesman*, and his *scribbling Chaplain*;—with a *brawling Prerogative Lawyer*, quarrelling about *Politics*. (Plate 27.)

S

During

During my stay at Bath, the following curious hand-bill was distributed among the company at the Pump-room.

“ FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF TRADE. Be it known to all
 “ *Maiden Ladies of ancient date*, who have retired from Bath in
 “ *disgust*; that notwithstanding *brocades, tabbies, velvet, rich sattins,*
 “ and such expensive articles, are no longer worn in the *polite assem-*
 “ *blies*, yet for those who wish to make themselves AGAIN BEAU-
 “ TIFUL IN THE EYES OF MEN, there are now upon sale, in the
 “ different parts of *this city*, a choice assortment of *fashionable arti-*
 “ *cles*, particularly *habits, hats, feathers, sandals, robes, fustes, rouge* and
 “ *cosmetics of all kinds*, MERRY THOUGHTS, and PADS, by which
 “ they cannot fail of APPEARING PARTICULARLY ALLURING !”

From Bath there are hourly conveyances to Bristol, which is distant about ten or twelve miles; but the road is not so good as might be expected between two cities, so eminently conspicuous in a survey of the Island. Near Bristol, on the right, is a row of stables, formed into temples or towers, and upon the whole has a tolerable effect.

Like most cities in England, the entrance of Bristol has nothing very prepossessing, but the general bustle and business-doing faces crowding the streets, raise the spirits, and give cheerfulness to the scene;—like London, every thing is in motion, and the stage coaches as usual hurry rapidly over the pavement, in order to shew the
 wonderful

wonderful velocity with which they have travelled from the last stage. The *cargo* is generally *discharged* at the *Busb*, or *Rummer Taverns*; at the former, is one of the best stocked Larders in England, of which the Landlord (Mr. Weeks,) makes an *annual exhibition* about Christmas, when the quantity of articles in the *bill of fare* surpasses credibility!

There is as much civility to be met with in this house as the *burry* attendant on a multiplicity of business will allow, and the charges remarkably reasonable. *Mr. Weeks* gained much deserved popularity by performing the part of *Mungo* in the Padlock at the Theatre, for the benefit of the Infirmary, for which the managers gave a play gratis, which jointly produced a considerable sum towards the fund, for supporting that laudable institution. *Jack's Coffee-house* is part of the premises, where the daily papers are taken in for the benefit of subscribers.

The Tavern appears to be the general *slaughter-house* for the *demolition* of *Turtles*, for it is scarcely possible to step without stumbling over three or four of these *wide mouth'd* inhabitants of the deep, struggling on their backs, and piteously lifting up their large fins for relief, while their full eyes seem directed to the long range of white pots delicately filled with the variegated remains of their brethren.

The *Rummer* is a good Inn, on a fimilar plan; from whence the Haverford-West mail, from London, proceeds across the New Passage to South Wales.

Opposite the Bush is the *Exchange*, a neat stone building, fronting which a variety of *News-venders* attend daily in order to dispose of their politics, and chronicles of events, to the surrounding and anxious Citizens. (See Plate 28.) The stands appropriated to this purpose are very ancient and curious*.

St. Vincent's Rock, adjoining the Hot-Wells, raised majestically to an astonishing altitude, and beautifully reflected on the transparent bosom of the Avon, aided by the delightful situation of Clifton, and the numerous vessels on the river form together a rich assemblage of magnificent scenery.

At this place the beautiful fossil called Bristol stone is found in great abundance; similar stones are said to be frequently found at

* They were originally erected by the merchants for the benefit of writing, or counting money, before the Exchange was built; and stood at first on a place called the Tolzey, from whence they were removed when the Exchange was built, and injudiciously fixed in the front of the edifice towards the street instead of being placed where business was designed to be transacted; the consequence is, few merchants are to be found *within* the Exchange, but crowd the street on the outside, to the no small inconvenience of passengers. This made a wag say, "that though a *stye* had been built for the *hogs*, they were so beastly they would not use it."

Dunstaburgh



Woodward Del.

Gruckshanks Sc.

London Pub. by Allen & West 15, Paternoster Row. Octr 22. 1796.

Dunstaburgh Castle, near Alnwick in Northumberland, and in other parts of England and Scotland.

The *Hot-Wells* is so called from its medicinal spring, the rise of which is about a mile from the city near this place, and much frequented from April to September. The water is very light, pure, and soft, and has a gentle degree of heat; it is principally prescribed for consumptions, internal hæmorrhages, &c. It retains its virtues longer than most medicinal waters, and is remarkably clear, and pleasant to the taste. Adjoining are convenient lodging houses, a neat piazza, pleasant walks, and an Assembly-room, with a regular Master of the Ceremonies, and in the season well attended.—Yet notwithstanding this outward gaiety, the man blessed with health receives but little pleasure from scenes of light amusement, when he reflects on the numerous examples of worth and beauty which have passed away at this place never to return! and views the constant succession of *suffering objects* hourly arriving buoy'd up between *hope* and *resignation*.

On the other hand many have by these waters been restored to their friends and society; and *cheerfulness* has ever been considered with great justice as a chief promoter of medical success.

Among the most beautiful and amiable sacrifices to the silent approaches of dissolution, who have sought these springs as a last resource, are to be ranked Mrs. Mason, and Mrs. Sheridan.

T

From

From the known literary abilities of the husband of the latter, the world has every reason to expect a tribute to her memory, equal to the following admired Epitaph by Mr. Mason on his wife in the Abbey Church at Bristol.

- “ TAKE, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear,
 “ Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave ;
 “ To Bristol’s fount I bore with trembling care,
 “ Her faded form.—She bow’d to kiss the wave—
 “ And *died*.—Does *youth*, does *beauty* read the line ?
 “ Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
 “ Speak dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine ;
 “ E’en from the *grave* thou shalt have power to charm.
 “ Bid them be *chaste*, be *innocent* like thee ;
 “ Bid them in *duty’s sphere* as *meekly* move ;
 “ And if so *fair*, from *vanity* as free,
 “ As *firm* in *friendship*, and as *fond* in *love* ;
 “ Tell them, tho’ ’tis an AWFUL THING to *die*
 “ (’TWAS EV’N TO THEE) yet the *dread path* once trod,
 “ Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 “ And bids the “ *pure in heart* BEHOLD THEIR GOD.”

Notwith-

Notwithstanding these charming lines have been so frequently read, I flatter myself no reader of taste will be displeased at my encroaching so far on the originality of my plan, as to give another copy of the best composition of the kind in the English language. After the above may be ranked the following:

The production of Miss Hannah More, on the Reverend Samuel Love, A. M. &c.—who died at the age of twenty-nine, on the 18th of October, 1773.

- “ WHEN worthless grandeur fills the embellish’d urn,
“ No poignant grief attends the fable bier;
“ But when distinguish’d excellence we mourn,
“ Deep is the forrow, genuine is the tear.
- “ Stranger ! should’st thou approach this awful shrine,
“ The merits of the honour’d dead to seek ;
“ The Friend, the Son, the Christian, the Divine,
“ Let those who knew him, those who lov’d him speak.
- “ Oh ! let them in some pause of anguish say
“ What zeal inspir’d, what faith enlarg’d his breast ;
“ How soon th’ unfetter’d spirit wing’d its way
“ From Earth to Heaven, from blessing to be blest.

In the same church are interred Sterne's Eliza, Mrs. Draper, and Powel the comedian.

Clifton, (properly in Gloucestershire, though adjoining this city) is one of the most fashionable places of residence in the environs of Bristol; the walks and rides are delightful. A new crescent is building on a Tontine scheme, which plan seems very prevalent in a variety of places in this neighbourhood.

About two years since died at the Hot-Wells, and was deposited in a vault, in the church belonging to this place, *F. G. Byron, esq.* nephew to *Lord Byron*, and the *Countess Dowager of Carlisle*;—the merits of this young man were not so generally known as they deserved.—As an Artist, he had a wonderful genius, by which in a great measure he supported himself several years;—and in private life the amiableness of his disposition, will never be forgotten by his friends. His principal forte was *landscape*, and *humorous designs*. Many of his drawings are in high estimation, particularly his representation of the Fœderation at the Champ de Mars, in the year 1790, which for accuracy, and delineation of character can scarcely be surpassed; it is on a large scale, and taken on the spot.

There are few persons but what have read the poetry of Mrs. Yearsley, the Bristol milk-woman, and I am informed she met with deserved encouragement; but what, alas, was the fate of poor Chatterton, the author of *Rowley's Poems*! also a native of this city,

city, and one of the greatest examples of genius that has appeared for ages.—I shall not enlarge on the particulars, as so many books have been recently published on the subject; it would in some measure be insulting to the understanding of my readers. I shall only observe, that this wonderful boy was suffered to live unnoticed, and at length, *through want*, put an end to his existence by *poison*, in an obscure lodging in London.

The whole of this transaction will always be considered as a *national reflection*; for what avails the empty praises of his works and the controversies of the learned respecting them, when the unfortunate author is no more! and he that penned the *Bristowe Tragedie*, has not even a *grave-stone* to mark the place of his interment*.

The late Philip Thicknesse, esq. much to his honour, erected an hermitage in his gardens at Bath-Hampton to the memory of Chatterton; under his bust are placed the following lines:

Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Unfortunate Boy!

Short and Evil were thy Days,

But the Vigour of thy Genius shall immortalize thee.

* Some accounts mention St. Andrew's Church-yard, London.

Unfortunate Boy !

Poorly waft Thou accommodated
During thy short sojourning among us,
Thou livedst unnoticed,
But thy Fame shall never die!!

The celebrated Mrs. Robinson was born in the College-green, Bristol;—and that admired writer, Miss Hannah More, resides in the environs. These circumstances, joined to the native genius of Mrs. Yearley, and a remembrance of the above unfortunate young man, render this city in an eminent degree a favourite seat of the Muses.

Bristol carries on an extensive trade in the mercantile line; the goods are conveyed to the different parts of the town from the shipping by sledges, which renders it rather unpleasant to the *unwary* footsteps of the musing traveller, by reason of the *smooth polish* which they occasion in their passage.

The Theatres at this place and *Bath*, have produced more excellent actors, than any play-houses out of London. I mention Bath and Bristol together, as the same company perform at each place alternately. These *Theatrical hot-beds*, independent of the productions of the old school, have brought forth a Henderson, and
a Siddons.

a Siddons. The loss of the former is severely felt by every admirer of the Drama; the latter still possesses the *Tragic chair*, and it may with truth be said of this *incomparable actress*, that "she is herself a Muse." Mr. Dimond is the principal Manager of the Theatres; among his present stock are some excellent performers, particularly Mess. Elliston, Murray, Blisset, Bigs, Didier, &c.

These Theatres are too small, according to the popularity the cities to which they belong have gained since they were first built; but indeed every place of this kind appears diminutive to those who have been used to the new fashioned, enormous, cathedral-like edifices of London, where the *sight* is gratified at the expence of the *bearing*.

Taunton in this county is, without exception, one of the pleasantest towns in the kingdom. The roads, the country about it, the neatness of its square and buildings, all seem to conspire, which shall afford the most grateful treat to the admiring traveller.

In opposition to this delightful spot I shall select *Dulverton*, which has scarcely one beauty to recommend it, and is truly the *supreme court* of *Dulness* and *Stupidity*.—

Minehead is also tinged with a portion of the *same sleepy appearance*, which seems to be the characteristic of most towns in this part of Somersetshire.

Minehead about three years since suffered dreadfully by fire. The Feathers is the best inn, and the beach very pleasant; the shore is bold, and rocky.

In the Summer season there is usually established a packet, which conveys goods and passengers to this place from Bristol, and the opposite coast of South Wales.



CHAP. VII.

DEVONSHIRE.

Exeter—The Cathedral—Torrington—A few sleepy Lines, and sleepy Examples—Sheepwash, and Hatherley—A fiery Description of the latter!—Characteristics of the People, particularly Brandy-drinking—Justices Meetings—Specimens of Consequence—Holfworthy—More Examples in respect to Consequence—Crediton—and a Panegyric on the fertile Parts of Devonshire.

EXETER has, time immemorial, held a distinguished situation in the island, as a city of great antiquity, probity, and respectability.—The buildings may be ranked under the heads of substantial, and durable. *Land's* London Inn is the principal place of accommodation for travellers.

The cathedral is well worthy notice, as a curious and magnificent fabric; the organ is supposed to be the largest in England; the

principal pipe is fifteen inches diameter. The Dean and Chapter have their houses round the cathedral, which form a circuit called the *Cloſe*. The Dean, Chanter, Chancellor, and Treasurer, are the four dignitaries.

From Exeter, proceeding farther in the county the roads, towns, prospects, &c. begin to wear the ſame ſombre appearance, as the places mentioned at the concluſion of the laſt chapter. One of the moſt *ſupremely dull* is *Torrington*, where if a traveller is anxious for *comfortable* and *undisturbed repoſe*, there is not a place more ſuitable for his purpoſe than the *front window* of the *Globe Inn*. I had the pleaſure of ſeeing *three original characters* enjoying themſelves in this way, on whom I exerciſed my pencil, in Plate 29; in ſhort, nothing can be more completely *drowſy*;—the *very houſes ſeem aſleep*, yet in the *waking* moments of the inhabitants they have found time to enter into *party diſputes*; the effect of which is conſpicuouſly diſplayed in the deſtroy of the town bowling-green. Whoever has read and admired the work called the *Rolliad*, cannot fail being amuſed in ſome meaſure during their ſtay at *Torrington*.

A ſingular circumſtance occurred at this place in 1794, when the people expreſſed their loyalty by rejoicing in the defeat of the French fleet, by Earl Howe.

The portrait of his Maſteſty, painted by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, was taken from the town hall, and ſet up on the outſide, ſurrounded by variegated lamps and candles. But in the courſe of the evening,



Woodward del.

Cruikshank sculp.

London Pub'd by Allen & West 15, Paternoster row Oct. 22. 1796.



London: Pubd. by Allen & West, 15, Paternoster Row. Oct. 22, 1796.

ing, every body who had the care of the illumination, being occupied in drinking loyal toasts, the picture caught fire, and was totally destroyed.

Two of the most disagreeable places, perhaps in nature, are *Sheepwash*, and *Hatherley*. I shall confine myself to a sketch of the latter, which conveys an idea of the *two extremes* of torment, *heat* and *cold*, and all the horrors of *Tartarus* immediately rush upon the mind.

I had the pleasure of visiting this *delightful* spot, in one of the hottest days of July. The reader may picture to himself my agreeable situation, when he is informed, that some of the cottages and walls are unmercifully plastered with a *glaring red*, and others are *entirely white*; the roads about are in general *red*, so that *fire* and *snow* continually present themselves before the eye, and to complete the *fiery* parts of the scene, ruins of *red* houses laying on heaps, and rapid sparks of fire flying from a blacksmith's forge in the *heat of the day*, give an *additional glow* to those parts, which exhibit the *greatest warmth of colouring*!

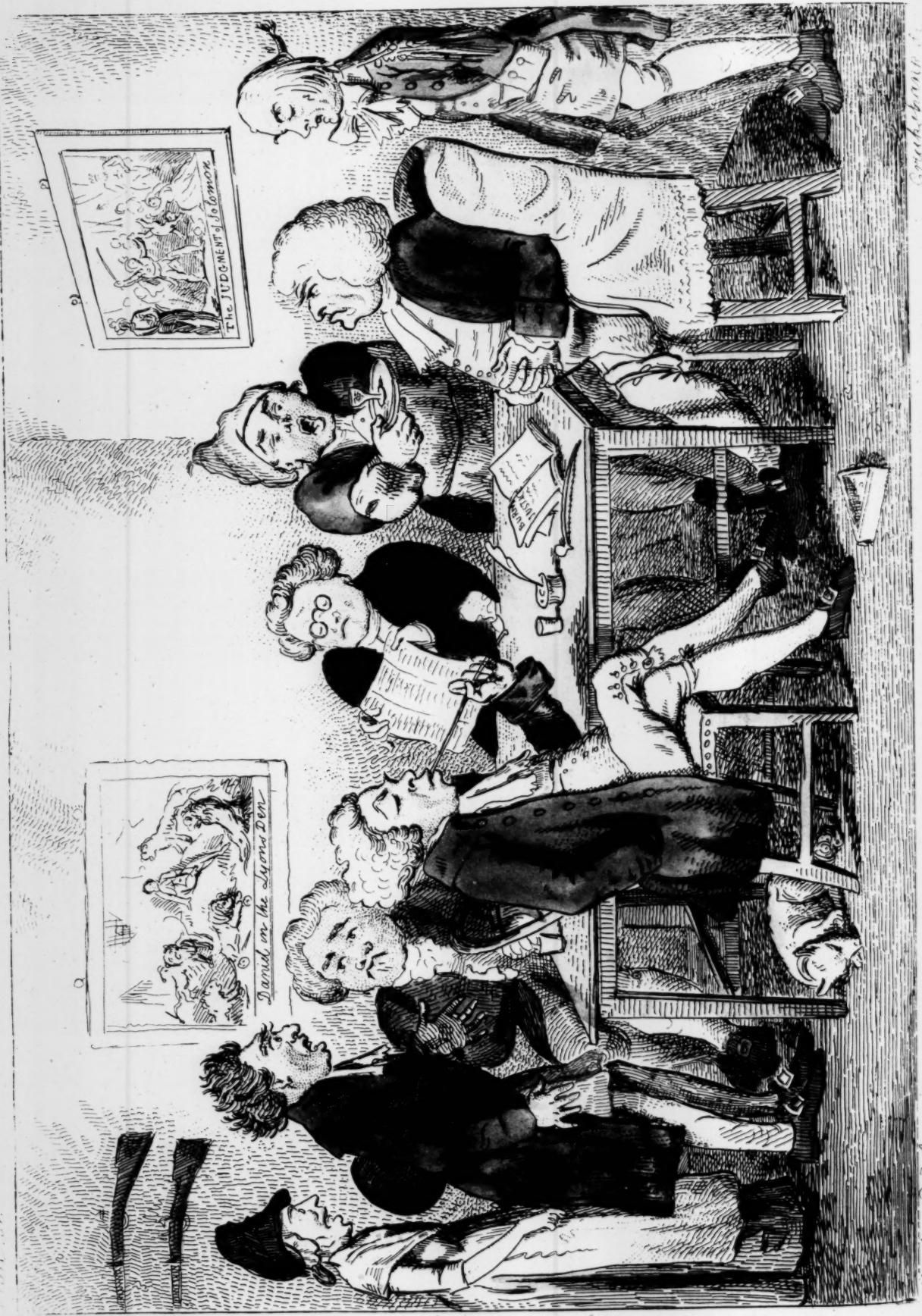
I was prevented by the *intense heat* from sitting down to make a representation at the time, but in my *cooler moments* I sketched from memory the most striking part of the scenery in Plate 30.

It is a known characteristic of this part of the country, but more particularly in the neighbourhood of *Holfworthy* and on the borders of *Cornwall*, that the people are never so happy as when they are *going to law*, or *drinking brandy*; the latter they perform in a manner peculiar to themselves. The addition of the simple element of water they abhor, and consider their liquor spoiled if *diluted*; on which account a glass of what our honest tars term grog, is as rarely to be met with in these parts, as *genuine champagne* at an Inn!

They have another curious liquor called *tear-brain*, composed entirely of Rum and Brandy; and on enquiries being made the morning after an excess, the answer is generally, that such a one *dropped* at twelve (literally *fell from his chair*) another at *one*, another at *two*, and so on to the *end of the catalogue*!

It is however curious to remark that these *dropping* set of *mortals* are in general wonderfully *athletic*, and some of them come nearer to the race of *giants*, than is usually met with among the present degenerate race of mankind, if we are to believe the accounts of some ancient historians, respecting the former magnitude of the species; but it is to be observed they seldom attain a great age, internal inflammations and fevers being commonly the fruits of their *indulgence*. The *women* at the farm-houses as regularly take their glasses of brandy to the amount of two or three as the men, and then very politely retire, leaving the *male* part of the creation to get inebriated by themselves, as speedily as possible.

I must



Woodward del.

London. Oct. 2. No. 1. 1896, by Allen & Ward, 15, Paternoster Row.

Grackburn

I must not omit observing that the lower part of the Devonshire people in particular, are extravagantly fond of justices meetings. It is scarcely possible to look into a little ale-house without seeing the *ruddy landlord* or *landlady*, getting every thing in order for the reception of THEIR WORSHIPS! The place appointed for the hall of audience is almost rubbed in pieces; the floor is *redded*, the walls *white-washed*, and *pens, ink, paper, Burn's Justice, the London Chronicle, pipes* and *tobacco* placed in due order on the long table, that *all things* may appear *seemly* in the eyes of these *venerable monuments of human wisdom!*

I should consider myself guilty of great injustice, instead of *supporting the cause* of the *hood-winked lady with the sword and scales*, if I did not use my endeavours to create awe and respect in my readers, towards these sublime and learned personages; which I cannot do more effectually than by presenting them with a delineation, (Plate 31.) of this *wise and august body*, assembled together on business of the utmost importance; and as Bayes* says of his prologue, in respect to a play, "*Egad it will do for any other country, as well as this!*"

Another curious Devonshire trait, is the universal *consequence* and *subordination* that is kept up from the highest to the lowest; the JUSTICE through the dignity of his office is usually the supreme,

* The comedy of the Rehearsal written by the Duke of Buckingham.

the landlord of course is higher than his tradesmen and tenants; they in turn exercise their authority over the poorer kinds of Farmers, who are sure to convince their servants and labourers, that they are of superior rank in the grand scale of ascendancy, who to revenge the insult whip the dogs and horses. I do not say this is universally the case, but in many parts it will be found too true.

Holfworthy is another striking piece of deformity; the houses are straggling, ill built and uncomfortable. Among the best, which is not *always the case* in England, is the *parsonage house*. Though I believe on recollection it is the house allotted for the clergyman, who at present resides there, and not an appendage to the church; be that as it may, it is what a Londoner would term a snug little box. The inn, if it deserves the appellation, is the sign of the White Hart, where in general is settled all the momentous business of the town.

The inhabitants are very fond of company, and some of them fancy they have a taste for poetry. They occasionally form what they term a *circular club* at each others houses alternately.

Consequence at this place loses nothing of its weight, and a *shop-keeper* would consider his dignity much hurt, if a poor man was to ask for a ball of worsted, without the preface of YOUR HONOR! —Indeed the title of YOUR HONOR is so bandied about in this town and neighbourhood, and so *indiscriminately* used, that it absolutely

folutely becomes irksome to the ear; and it is scarcely possible to help wishing, as the unfortunate Queen of France formerly did in respect to the word *etiquette*, that it was entirely blotted from the vocabulary!

There is not a cottager within ten miles of the place, but can inform you in their own *broad dialect* “how much THEIR HONORS the *Gemmen* of *Hoseory* love fox-hunting; they are however not confined to that animal alone, but as Sir Archy Mac-farcasm observes of Squire Groom * “they hunt *aw’ things* frae the *flea* i’ th’ blanket to th’ *elephant* o’ th’ forest!”—To the pleasures of the chase I shall therefore consign them, and return to more enlightened scenes†.

Before a traveller can accomplish this desirable end, he must be under the necessity of passing bad roads, dangerous bogs, and unfrequented heaths, while the eye is incessantly burthened with large tracts of uncultivated land, farms badly managed, and the dark scow-

* Characters in Mr. Macklin’s celebrated Farce of *Love-a-la-Mode*.

† The author thinks it necessary to observe that by the word *enlightened*, he does not mean the smallest reflection on the abilities of the *learned gentlemen* of this part of the county: he merely alludes to the general *sombre cast* of the *surrounding objects* so frequently complained of in this and the preceding chapter.

ling aspects of the gloomy wilds of Dart-moor!--At length he arrives at *Crediton*, which is only pleasant as being but a few miles from Exeter, which city he will be happy again to approach, as there he will once more greet that full luxuriance of landscape, that so richly adorns its environs; and by farther researches in numerous parts of this admired county, he will not depart with the idea that *all is barren!*

C H A P. VIII.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The Author selects a Gipsy for Delineation—St. Peters Chalfont, and Banbury Coach Passengers—Mr. Drake's Seat near Amer sham—Great Missenden—Wendover—Whiteleaf-Cross—Chiltern-Hills—Aylesbury—The Sheep and the Farmers—Apology for ranking them together—Their Peculiarities—John Wilkes, Esq. and Mortimer—The Vale of Aylesbury—An old Bachelor's Retirement—Heterogeneous Mixture of Huntsmen—Hoggeston—Winslow—A few lines relative to the Scarcity of Fuel—Pig Killing—Deference to the Squire—A Theatrical Anecdote—Appearance of the Town, and Manners of the Inhabitants—Bull Baiting, and Throwing at Cocks—Serious Remarks—Granbrough—Quainton and North Marston—Buckingham—Old and New Churches—Musical Characters—Stowe-House and Gardens—Stoney Stratford—Miscellaneous Characters.

THE roads about this county, are crowded in the summer with those well known tribe of mendicants called Gipsies; their features are in general so remarkably prominent and characteristic,

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that

that I could not forbear selecting one of the principal of a hedge group, as a subject for the pencil. (See Plate 32.)

At St. Peter's Chalfont when the Banbury coach stops for a change of horses, it is curious to observe the wild stare of the citizens *neat* as *imported* from Fish-Street-Hill, watching the motions of the ducks enjoying themselves on the surface of the dimpled brook, that glides by the back door of the Inn.

A little beyond *Amerfbam* is *Chardiloes*, the seat of Mr. Drake, a beautiful situation, and the whole laid out with infinite taste.

About *Great Missenden*, the country has a very rich and fertile appearance. Here is a good inn called the White Hart.

On entering *Wendover* the traveller is immediately struck with the ruinous state of many of the buildings, which seem to have been totally neglected for years. This town was part of the very extensive possessions of the late worthy, though unfortunate Earl Verney.

A few miles from the turnpike road is *Risborough*, near which place is a steep chalky hill, on which is cut the figure of a cross, called *White-leaf-cross*, from *Whiteleaf*, the hamlet in which it stands. It is formed by trenches cut into the chalk, about two feet deep, in the same manner as the *horses* before mentioned, and like them supposed to be a trophy of the Saxons. In this neighbourhood is a beautiful sequestered



tered spot of ground, called Velvet Bottom, and that rich combination of picturesque scenery, the Chiltern-hills.

AYLESBURY is about forty miles distant from London, and possesses scarcely any thing remarkable to render it worthy of notice. The market house is old and ruinous, and very few of the buildings have the smallest pretensions to taste or elegance; that of the *town-hall* is the best.—The principal inns are the George and White Hart.

At Aylesbury* resided some time *John Wilkes*, Esq. the present Chamberlain of London, and after him in the same house, that excellent and regretted artist *Mortimer*; whose works can never be too highly valued by every lover of true genius and masterly design. The death of this justly admired painter, was occasioned by a fall from his horse; his remains were deposited in the church of West Wickham in this county, under his own altar-piece of *St. Paul preaching to the ancient Britons*, which alone is a sufficient monument to convey his unrivalled fame to posterity. He has painted several portraits, those most admired are the family of Mr. Drake

* This town was a Manor Royal in the time of William the Conqueror, who gave it to his Favorites, to hold by the following *odd Tenure*, viz. That they should find, or provide litter, or straw, for the King's Bed and Chambers, and furnish him with three *Eels* in the *Winter*, and three *Green Geese* in the *Summer*, thrice in the year, (if the King came so often this way.)

of Chardiloes—Mr. and Mrs. Scottowe—and Mrs. Wells, wife of the Rev. Joseph Wells, of Little Missenden, which latter is now in the possession of her father, Joseph Burnham, Esq. of Aylesbury. It is to be hoped, the judgment and liberality of the nation, to which *Mortimer* was so conspicuous an ornament, will not suffer his memory to be overlooked among the intended tributes to genius, which are to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The famous vale of Aylesbury will not answer the expectations of a person habituated to the prospects of the vales of Evesham and Glamorgan; a Grazier indeed would pronounce it a pleasing appearance, as it is undoubtedly fine pasture land, but the eye that is in search of variety, and the beauties of landscape, will be tired with an immensity of space.

The *sheep* and the *Farmers* (I hope *they* will pardon me for *ranking them together*) wear a different appearance in Buckinghamshire, from most parts of the kingdom, particularly between Aylesbury and Buckingham.—The sheep stand high on their legs, have large horns, and little wool; and in point of size, a little squat well clothed native of Derbyshire or Nottinghamshire seems as much amazed, among this gigantic race, as Gulliver in Brobdignag*!

The Farmers are in general remarkably fat, or else tall and boney; there is nothing like a medium.—The appellation of *Master*, when

* Swift's Travels of Lemuel Gulliver.



speaking of a tenant of consequence, is as much used among them at the present moment, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth;—and the women in their turn, resolving not to drop a good old custom, call their husbands *Gaffer*!—In general they make it a rule to dine with their *bats on*, particularly at a *market ordinary*. Many of them affect an air of simplicity, with much concealed cunning, as is too frequently the case with modern rural characters, which even a *pastoral observer* cannot help perceiving is much degenerated from the *golden age*.

Near Whitchurch on the road to Winslow, is a little neat house, with pleasure-grounds, and a fish-pond in front, appropriated by will for a *Bachelor* of the clerical order; and I must say (without the most distant idea of giving offence to the *fair sex*,) that the present incumbent appears perfectly happy in his situation.

This part of the country frequently presents an heterogeneous mixture of Squires, Parsons, Butchers, Inn-keepers, Barbers, and Tailors, in search of that defenceless animal the *Hare*. (See Plate 33.)

Hoggeston is a very pleasant, and fertile estate belonging to Earl Stanhope. At the distance of about three miles from this place is *Winslow*, a little market town, with scarcely any thing to recommend it, yet the principal part of the inhabitants, who have scarcely ever travelled twenty miles from their own houses, consider it as the *Grand Emporium of the World*! as is the case with most places within the limits of forty or fifty miles from London. The Farmers, Dairy-

A a

men,

men, and Butchers have a sure sale at the markets of the metropolis, for the prime of every article, at a much higher price than they can get at home; on which account the people of the town frequently make purchases at a very extravagant rate. Fuel is also remarkably scarce in this county, as much so as in Oxfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Northamptonshire; and a traveller who wishes to warm himself over a few *lighted sticks*, *furze*, and a *handful of coal*, will be sure to find it *charged in the bill*! But this evil, it is to be hoped, will gradually be removed, as the utility of *canals* becomes more generally known.

There have been several attempts to find coal in different parts of the county of Bucks, (where the soil and mineral springs have appeared very favourable for the encouragement of the undertaking) particularly by the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Stanhope, and Sir John Warren, but without effect.

A person sleeping a night at the *Bell*, at Winslow, must expect to be roused in the morning by a serenade proceeding from three or four *large pigs*, devoted to the knife of the butcher, which with the surrounding fires, for the purpose of singeing, will inevitably bring to his recollection the idea of Robinson Crusoe, peeping from his cabin on a tribe of Indians, preparing for sacrifice.

No people pay greater deference to the will of the *squire* in any part of his Majesty's dominions. The hat that appears rooted to the

the head during the whole of the day immediately becomes flexible on his approach, and a low bow, almost to the derangement of the spinal bone, takes place on the occasion. They ask permission at what they call the *great bouse*, for the most trifling recreation, an instance of which took place on the arrival of a party of players. It seemed the general wish of the town to have them perform, but what was to be done? The squire was from home, and it was impossible any thing could be decided till his return. Fortunately he was absent but a few days, and on his arrival was presented with a petition in due form signed by the players, and some of the principal inhabitants. At length after much consideration, and many weighty reasons respecting taking money out of the town, and other *evil tendencies*, a few nights for rational amusement was granted.

This excess of ridiculous subserviency would admit of no excuse for its folly, only that the present possessor of the *Grande Maison*, and adjacent estates, is a truly respectable character, a worthy man, and what will be admired by many, an *excellent sportman*. But let the person be possessed of good or bad qualities, it seems a rule in this place to pay adulation to the *higher powers* "LET WHA WILL BE MEENESTER *."

The general appearance of the town, from the party-coloured beams, long casements, multiplicity of windows, and balconies, somewhat re-

* Macklin's Man of the World.

sembles Pekin in China as printed on ancient bed-curtains. As to the produce of the place, the town and country about is famous for *good pork and butter, stale ale and intolerable fat bacon*.—The inscriptions in the church-yard afford an excellent specimen of their resolution to continue the same set of names from generation to generation. This forms the best part of their characters, as they are much attached to each other, and think nothing on the globe can equal their own precincts, on which account they herd together like a well stocked warren of rabbits!—Their morning amusement after the exercise of *pig-killing* is over, is generally a saunter on the market-place, to enquire about the chit-chat of the town, to stare at a *new chimney*, or any other *momentous object*, that may happen to present itself; the afternoon is spent in waiting anxiously for the arrival of the *Banbury coach* from London, in order to look at the *passengers* when they alight at the *Three Pigeons*; and the evening concludes with a game at *bowls*, or *cards*.—Having given the general outlines, I wish for the honor of humanity I could dismiss my observations on this town without relating the following *inhuman practices*; but justice and philanthropy would suffer by the omission.

At the same place where the improving school of the Drama was barely permitted for a few evenings, the *barbarous and unmanly practices* of *bull-baiting* and *throwing at cocks*, are suffered with impunity; for the purpose of the former a square stone with an iron ring is fixed on the market-place, and on a Shrove Tuesday I have seen a poor defenceless bird thrown at by a set of barbarians, (for they deserve no better title) after they had broken its legs, and replaced the

the mangled animal, as a fresh stimulus to their diabolical amusement.

How any man possessed of the smallest natural feelings can take pleasure in sports of this kind is astonishing! Independent of the barbarity, there is something degrading and beneath a rational creature in the proceeding.

The *Bull-fights*, and various encounters between *savage animals*, in the amphitheatres of the Romans (though cruel and ferocious,) will not bear a comparison with bull-baiting, and cock-throwing; (and I may add *cock-fighting*, according to the *approved method* of arming them with *steel spurs*). The creatures used in the ancients sports were armed with nothing but what were provided for them by the bountiful hand of nature alone, and it was common for *men* to oppose their lives against the most powerful, who if they won the prize, bore it away with honour, amidst the acclamations of the surrounding spectators; if not, they perished courageously in the attempt. How *spirited* does this appear to the poor, mean practice of fastening Bulls and Cocks to a stake, with a certainty of their destruction, amidst all the aggravations of lengthen'd torture!

The roads about Granborough, Quainton, and North-Marston, are execrable.—At Quainton, when up to the girths of my horse's saddle in mud, I was told by a good woman of the village, “that it was nothing to what it would be *in winter*, as the roads were “always in good order in *summer*.” In the church at this village

are some beautiful monuments in marble, principally belonging to the Dormer and Piggot families ; and in the neighbourhood are remains of a Roman bath, caufe-way and intrenchments.

Wooton Hall, and one of the feats of the Marquis of Buckingham, was formerly a place of great splendour,—but now gone greatly to decay. The paintings of the stair-case and ceiling, are grand and magnificent, and the whole building wears an air of ancient splendour: but what is most admired is the amazing sheet of water, in front, which has the appearance of a very extensive lake. There are islands in different parts, and at one extremity is moored a *large vessel*.

Buckingham is one of those towns where every person appears to be asleep in the middle of the day. All is silence! and a man may walk about for hours without meeting twenty people. The principal inns are the Cobham Arms and the White Hart.

A very uncommon accident happened at this town a few years back, the Old Church intirely gave way and fell in with a most tremendous crash; fortunately there was no person within it at the time*.—The New Church is built on a hill, which from the little uniform windows, and the spire stuck at the end of it, has the ap-

* The celebrated Mr. Pennant narrowly escaped being buried in the ruins.—In his way to London, in 1776, he visited the Old Church at eight in the morning, March the 9th, and it fell before six in the evening.

pearance of an edifice erected with cards by some juvenile architect, for the amusement of his grand papa on a winter's evening! The spire has a good conductor for lightening, which it is to be wished was more generally put in practice, where there are elevated buildings.

In this County I met with *two characters* far from uncommon in many other parts of the kingdom, and if a description (without injuring the parties) can be of service to the public, by rendering similar propensities *ridiculous*, I consider myself justified in the undertaking.

The first is a gentleman who from his natural good temper, and many excellent qualities, seems formed to render his friends and acquaintance happy and cheerful, but *one* absurd folly *destroys the whole*. At the age of fifty-four (without possessing a single requisite) he has taken it into his head to be passionately fond of *Music!* and has found out, that he *cannot possibly exist without it!*—The first appearance of the malady evinced itself, by his sending to London for a *band-organ*, on which he regularly *grinds* ten set tunes every day before dinner.—The second character is his eldest daughter, who has been regularly brought up to the *science*. From the elaborate praises poured forth on all sides, you are led to expect a second St. Cecilia. But what must be the astonishment which is inevitably created, by viewing a great red-faced country girl, placing herself before a harpsichord of most extraordinary dimensions, and ancient date, in order to thrum a tedious collection of *concerto's*, and a sleepy

variety of *solo's*, the ridiculous effect of which is considerably heightened by *drawing off a pair of white gloves*, from hands and arms that seem to threaten instant destruction to the *quivering keys of the instrument!*

Plates 34 and 35 are designs meant to illustrate the subject, and not *personal delineations*; they represent a gentleman amusing himself on a *hand-organ*, and a Lady in the middle of a long solo, after the manner just described.

From Buckingham a gravel walk, about two miles in length, leads to that delightful earthly paradise called *Stowe*, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham. The numerous beauties of the gardens and house surpass description. The former contains between three and four hundred acres, and is diversified in the most pleasing luxuriance of picturesque scenery; nature has been embellished with art, and art supported by consulting nature: in short, it is as completely perfect as any modern or even ancient performance of this kind.

For this magnificent display of every thing that can charm the eye and imagination, by bringing forward in reality, all the fancied visions of the poets, the world is indebted to the joint efforts of Lord Viscount Cobham, Earl Temple, and the present possessor, executed by Brown, Sir John Vanbrugh, Kent, and others. The numerous descriptions of the various monuments, temples, vases, paintings, &c. &c. already published, obliges me to make my observations as concise as possible.

The





The Corinthian arch at the entrance from Buckingham is rather too heavy, the waterfall has a charming effect. Pillars with statues placed on the top, have a very unpleasing and inelegant appearance, such are those of King George II. Queen Caroline, and Captain Grenville in these gardens. Lord Cobham's pillar is an exception, the height of the column (one hundred and fifteen feet) takes off considerably from the magnitude of the figure; a winding stair-case leads to the top, from whence is an extensive view of the Counties of Buckingham, Oxford, and Northampton. The temples of Ancient Virtue, Friendship, Concord and Victory; the British Worthies, and that of Gothic architecture, claim the pre-eminence. The Ladies Temple, and the Temple of Venus, are the worst of the whole; the paintings in the former are executed extremely ill, and several of the buildings are composed of very bad materials, particularly the stone, which in many parts is daily mouldering away. The other objects worthy particular notice, are the beautiful private flower-garden. The Elysian Fields. The elegant Palladian Bridge built across the serpentine river, and the Grotto, which latter from its fanciful structure, variety of shells, cool retreat and arched spangled roof, seems to be the favourite abode of Gnomes and Fairies; and the mind is instantly seized with a sort of superstitious veneration for those little invisible agents of the powerful Mab, whose handy-works seem every where empearled and courting attention!

The House is truly magnificent, among its numerous beauties are chiefly to be admired the superb bas-relief of the triumph and sacrifice of Victory in the grand saloon, and the Chinese Closet,

wainscotted with japan and other ornaments, richly perfumed and decorated with *white satin* and *beautiful foliage*. The furniture of this closet was a present from their Royal Highnesses the late Prince and Princess of Wales.

Among the paintings, of which there are a *large collection*, are the following: Two heads of Rembrandt in *youth* and *age*, painted by himself—a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, by old Richardson—a fine portrait of Earl Nugent, and a copy executed with infinite success after Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, by the Marchioness of Buckingham, whose numerous accomplishments, and above all her benevolence of disposition, are too well known to need any eulogium in this place.—Stoney Stratford is a very ancient town, and has two good Inns, the Cock and the Bull, which are daily striving for superiority.

In my way to London, in order to prepare for a new route, I met with four *whimsical characters*;—the first, what is termed *an agreeable companion in a post chaise*!—the second an *ill-tempered hostess*;—and the two last, a *contented Inn-keeper* and a *Country School-master*. (See Plates 36, 37, 38, and 39.)

With these portraits I shall conclude my Excursions in Buckinghamshire, and proceed to the County of Hertford.





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C H A P. IX.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Lords of the Creation!—Affrighted by a Fly—A Virtuoso—The Author's allusion—Recommences his narrative—Hertfordshire boundaries—Fashionable style of Geographical abbreviations—St. Albans—A few Miracles enumerated—Dealers in the Marvellous—Daily increasing—Their Armorial Bearings—St. Albans Abbey—The Town of Redburn once famous for Reliques—Stage Coach Travellers—Sacrifices to Somnus—Berkhamstead—Gaddestden—and Remarks on the Crows in the Neighbourhood of Royston.

“**A**RE not we the supreme Lords of the creation!” exclaimed a pompous old voluptuary, confined by the gout to his elbow chair!——“Undoubtedly we are,” replied a wealthy brother in affliction, who sat opposite, “every thing was made for our use, from the monstrous leviathan to the minutest animalcule!”

At the moment of the observation a sudden return of the distemper seized one in the hand and the other in the foot ; and a *little* glided FLY sporting in the beams of the sun, increased the calamity.—The philosophers were immediately thrown into the most tormenting agonies, expecting every instant that this *tremendous tenant of the air* would alight on the *part afflicted*, and by the *weighty pressure* render the pain wholly insupportable ! but fortunately for their exquisite sensibility the fly departed, harmless, as it entered, to the no small joy of the *supreme Lords of the Creation* ! (See Plate 40.)

Soon after the busy wanderer entered the apartments of a *Virtuoso*, who “ *with spectacles on nose,*” was eagerly turning over the works of Linnæus, for a description of an uncommon species of insect, when the *little adventurer* alighting on the volume, afforded ocular demonstration that the object of his search *actually existed*. (See Plate 41.) By a successful effort he caught it in his hand, yet such was the philanthropy of his disposition, (after satisfying a laudable curiosity) he set his prisoner once more at liberty, who again mounted on burnished wings and revelled at large, amidst the infinite variety of the bountiful works of nature.

Should the Author of these pages in the course of his perambulations occasionally alarm *disdainful pride*, *empty vanity* and *various other follies* *flesh is heir to*, yet at the same time afford a *moment's entertainment* to the unprejudiced observer of the numerous oddities
appertain-



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J. & W. T. Sculthorpe, 13, Pall Mall, London, 1786
Buckingham, 1786



Woodward del.

Grubbhanks sculp.

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appertaining to our terraqueous globe ; he is persuaded that such a character (like the *virtuoso* in respect to the *fly*) will suffer him (though within the power of his criticism,) to proceed unmolested to the end of his *Excursions* ; and that every *candid* reader will bear with him whether he pursues his flight over extensive commons of tedious description—*hills of caricature—vallies of humour—or “ rivulets “ of text flowing through meadows of margin.”*

With this hope, and a *geographical countenance*, I shall at present quit digression and inform all (who wish to be informed) that *Hertfordshire* is a very pleasant county bounded by Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Essex, and Middlesex. Or more FASHIONABLY speaking, *Herts* is bounded by *Bucks*, *Beds*, (and with equal propriety) *Cam*, *Efs*, and *Midd*!—There is something very pretty in these POLITE ABBREVIATIONS, and I have not a doubt, that in time they will become general throughout the kingdom.

St. Albans is a town of great antiquity, and derives its name from one *Alban* or *Albanus*, said to be the first English Martyr (and of course raised to the dignity of a Saint.) Many wonderful circumstances are related respecting this *miraculous man*, some of which I shall transcribe for the information of such of my readers as chuse to believe them.

In his way to execution he was stopped by a river*, over which was a bridge so thronged with spectators, that it was impossible to pass, when the faint lifting up his eyes, in a remarkable devout manner, the stream *instantly divided*, and afforded a passage for himself and a thousand persons; and what is very remarkable, soon after he had passed this river, he became so extremely thirsty, that he prayed for water, and in consequence, a *polite and accommodating fountain* sprang up beneath his feet. This and the before-mentioned miracle thoroughly converted the *executioner*, (who did not chuse to have any farther concern with a person who could be nothing less than a conjurer at best.) Another was accordingly provided, who paid dear for his intrepidity, for on giving the fatal stroke, his eyes instantly dropt out of his head.

Milton in his history of England observes that the story of this martyrdom, "*soiled and worse martyr'd by the fabling zeal of idle fanciers*, deserves no longer digression."—I cannot however (consistent with my plan) dismiss the present article without observing that as the *dealers in the marvellous* daily increase †, it is necessary

* Bede, the Author, who chiefly enumerates these surprising transactions, does not mention the name of the river, or where situated, but that is a *matter of small moment*!

† The Author does not mean to say that superstition daily increases, on the contrary it hourly loses ground as the Sun of Science gradually ascends, and penetrates through the mists of ignorance.—He merely alludes to *modern Munchausens*, and thinks them entitled on account of their *respectable order to miraculous armorial bearings*!

they

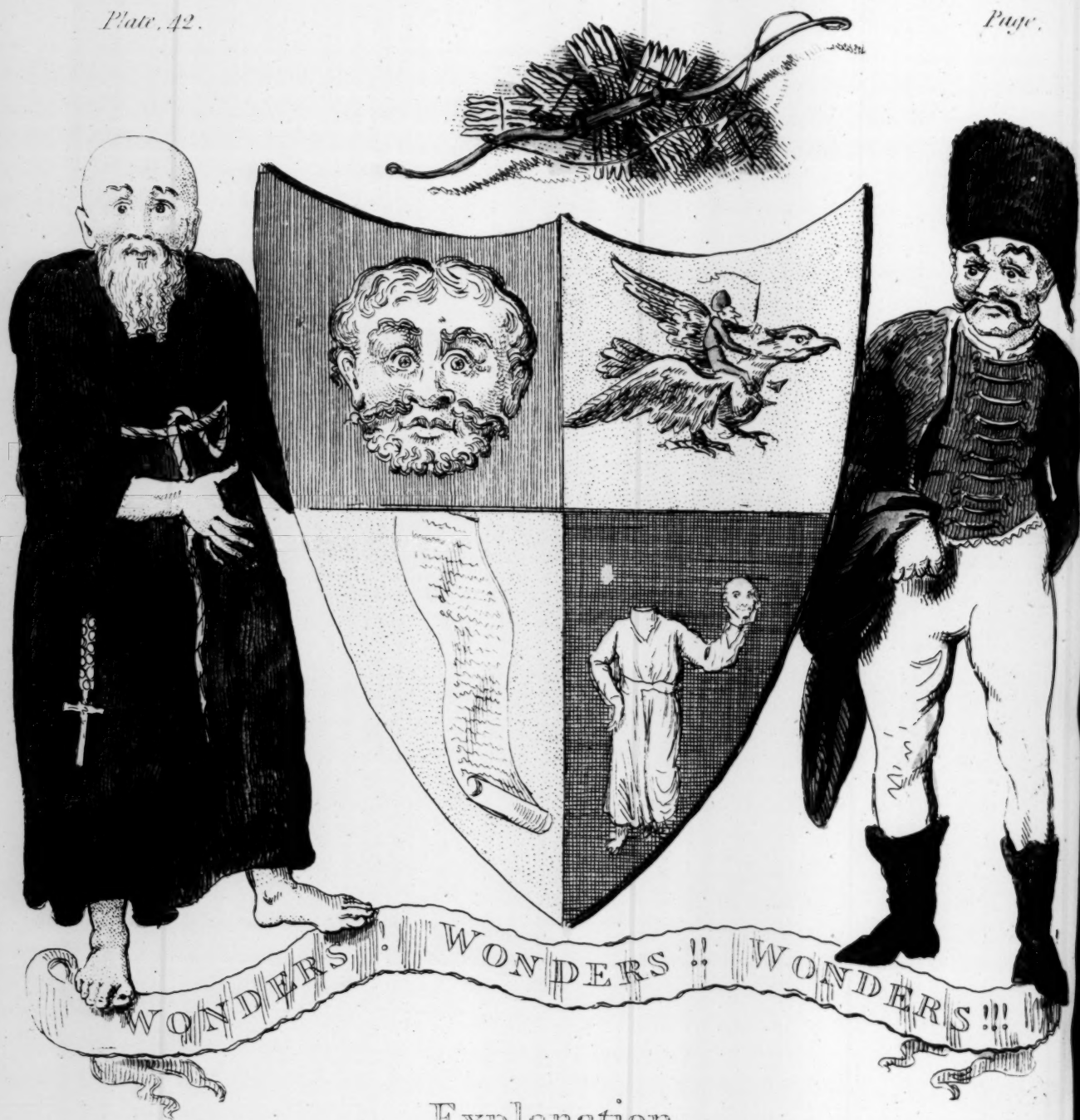


Illustration of a family scene. The man is Mr. W. H. P. and the woman is Mrs. W. H. P. The child is their son, and the baby is their daughter.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS for Dealers in the Marvellous !!

Plate, 42.

Page.



Explanation.

The Quarterings are A Brazen head — Munchausen on his eagle — A Catalogue of Miracles — and A Saint with his head in his hand; the Supporters are an Ancient Monk, and a Modern Traveller — The Motto is borrowed from the famous Katterfelto's advertisements, and the Crest is meant to represent a Long Bow, and a Bundle of Crackers!!

they should be regularly incorporated into a distinct society, for which laudable purpose I have contributed my mite, by presenting them with *arms*, &c. in Plate 42, and I venture to prophesy they will one day or other find a place in the *Herald's office*, though perhaps not strictly conformable to the usual order of *blazonry* and other *rules of the science*.

The Abbey is a venerable pile of building famous for retaining the bones of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. The town is in many parts well built, and situated about twenty miles from London.

Redburn was once famous for the relics of *St. Amphibalus*, a Monk of Caerleon, and tutor of the before-mentioned St. Alban.—The river *Wenmer*, or *Womer*, near this town, was also a source of *superstition*; any extraordinary swelling or overflowing was reported ominous, and was sure to portend some great and sudden calamity!

Stage coach travellers bound to the north of England usually sup at this village, after which they mix *knees*, *elbows*, *night-caps*, &c. into a *firm phalanx*, to prevent the *joltings of the carriage*, and calmly resign themselves to the arms of sleep. As I have before in my account of Middlesex given stage coach passengers in a panic, I shall here present a similar party, under the potent influence of *Somnus*. (See Plate 43.)

Berkhamstead is a very ancient town, and has been many centuries one of the crown manors, who granted it very ample privileges; it is now annexed to the dukedom of Cornwall, and appropriated to the Princes of Wales successively. The castle and manor was some years back held by lease from the Prince of Wales, by Edward Carey, Esq. which was obtained by his ancestors of Queen Elizabeth. The castle was built by Robert de Moreton, brother to William the Conqueror, the remains of which are at present the feat of — Roper, Esq. who rents that, and the manor.—The Grammar School (which is very well endowed) was for some time much neglected, but has lately been put on a respectable establishment, and proper masters provided for the different departments.—The Church is a rectory in the patronage of the King, a spacious edifice, and dedicated to St. Peter.—The principal inns are the King's and Prince's Arms. At little Gaddefden, about five miles from Tring, is the feat of the Duke of Bridgewater.

It has been observed by naturalists, that about Royston there are crows, which have white feathers about their breasts and wings, a circumstance not to be met with in any other part of the island.

CHAP. X.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Author breaketh the Thread of his Narrative, by a Poetical Rhapsody, rather unexpectedly, and somewhat foreign to the Nature of the Work—Dunstable Larks—Descendeth abruptly from Parnassus—The Town of Dunstable—Itinerant Dealers in Straw Hats, &c.—Wooburn—Wooburn Abbey—Plantations—Their beautiful appearance at Sunset—Wooburn Sands, and a Group of Travelling Characters delineated.

AS my observations in this county have been very much confined, I shall endeavour to make amends for a very short chapter, by a Sonnet to the Sky Lark.

E c

SONNET

SONNET TO THE SKY LARK.

HARK! from on high, what music charms my ear!

'Tis the sweet Lark,—chaunting her carols wild,
Rising sublime, I love her strains to hear,
In notes full-ton'd—or plaintive warbles mild.

Mounting th' blue expanse—she sweetly sings,
As yet the dying murmurs tremble nigh,
But now full pois'd—again the welkin rings,
Till like a speck she charms th' *uplifted eye*.

Yet short the raptures proud ambition yields,
Her downy bosom, heaving, pants for rest,
She drops again, amidst her native fields,
And hails once more her little mossy nest.

So the young Bard his tow'ring hopes shall find,
Vain as the fairy dreams, that haunt the troubled mind.

This sudden effort of the Muse naturally brings me to *Dunstable*, famous for these aerial choristers.

The Larks about this place are remarkably large and esteemed the *best* in England.—Why *the best*? is the enquiry of the naturalist, are their *notes* more *melodious*?—their *plumage* richer?—their shape
more



Woodwards del

Engraved by

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more *elegant* ?—*Hold inquisitive reader!*—The *gentle Poet* is sorry to inform thee (particularly when he reflects on the degeneracy of the present age from *Arcadian simplicity*) that they are generally esteemed the *best* for the *SPIT!* and an approved addition to a *city entertainment!*

Since I am obliged thus abruptly to descend from the heights of Parnassus, I must even jog on in the beaten road of plain prose.

Dunstable is situated on a dry chalky soil, and stands on the old Roman way called *Watling Street*, exactly on the spot where it was crossed by *Icknild Street*. Roman coins have frequently been found in the town and neighbourhood; the villagers formerly termed them *madning money*, answering, I suppose, to their idea of *witchcraft* at that period.

In this town the sentence of divorce was pronounced against Catherine, Queen of Henry the Eighth, by Archbishop Cranmer; her residence was at that time at *Amptbill*, a small market town, not far distant. The parish church was formerly a priory, and built by Henry the First. Many roads leading to the metropolis meet here together, which gave rise to the old adage, “As plain as Dunstable road.”—There are four streets answering to the four quarters of the world; but the traveller must not expect to find them built at *right angles*. There are several inns in this town, the principal

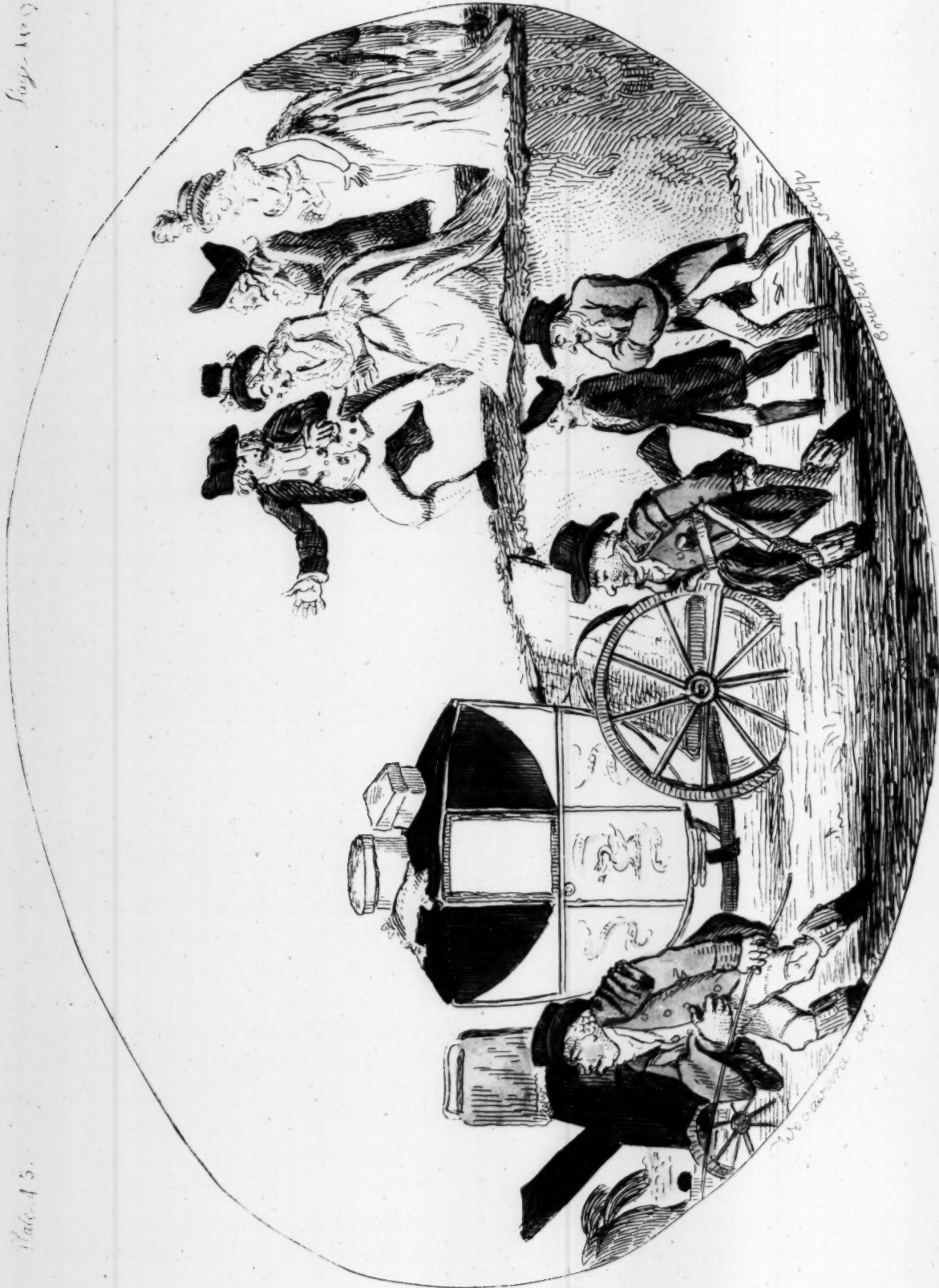
is the Bull. At Luton* about three miles from Dunstable is a manufactory for different articles in *straw*, such as hats, baskets, slippers, &c.—It being common to meet with a variety of *retail dealers* in these articles, in different parts of the Bedfordshire roads, I have selected two from nature in Plate 44.

Wooburn, forty-four miles distant from London, was in the year 1724 nearly destroyed by fire; above one hundred houses were burnt, which were afterwards rebuilt, and a market-house erected by the late Duke of Bedford.—In and near this place is a great quantity of *fullers earth*; one sort is said to petrify wood, particularly that which is found at *Aspley*, an adjacent village. One of the best inns at Wooburn is the George.

Wooburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, is a handsome edifice with very extensive parks adjoining. The ancient structure from which the present building derives its title was founded in the year 1145. Improvements are daily taking place under the direction of the present possessor, who makes it occasionally his place of residence.

The great quantities of firs, and other trees near the adjacent roads, forming their antique boughs into endless impenetrable thickets, from the vicinity of their situation to the metropolis, are too apt

* The Earl of Bute's seat at Luton is well worthy observation.



to raise sensations in the breast of the benighted traveller relating to *fell banditti* and the *long train of stories related in ancient romance*, which aided by the frequent depredations committed at a greater distance from London, give such gloomy prospects somewhat *more* than a *fabulous aspect*.

In the autumnal season, at the time of sun-set nothing in nature can be more beautiful than these thickets : by their broad light and shade, and varied dispositions, they afford a rich treat to the admirers of woodland scenery. As the sun gradually sinks below the horizon every leaf of the stately oak, and towering elm, appears studded with gold, which is every where finely contrasted by the deep green of innumerable firs ; while the glowing yellow of the departing rays of light reflected from the adjoining sands, adds additional splendour to the landscape.

I cannot quit this county without taking notice of the different characters, which are daily seen traversing the *heavy sands* of *Woolburn*, in order to afford a temporary relief to the horses of the stage coach in which they have taken places for the *North of England*, while the *weary animals* in the lower part of the road drag *slowly* forward the *unwieldy vehicle*. With a sketch on this subject (Plate 45.) I shall conclude the chapter.

C H A P. XI.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Description of the County—Ancient Inhabitants—Account of Queen's-Cross—The approach to Northampton—Account of the Town, and Antiquities—The George Inn—An Impertinent Distich—Mud Wall—Earl Strafford's Seat at Broughton, and a few Stanzas formed by the same Poetical Patent Machine, as those in the last Chapter, and introduced for the same reason, being a very pathetic Sonnet to a Butterfly.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE is a plain level country, and supposed to contain less waste ground, than any other county in England; it is extremely populous, and fruitful both in the arable and pasture lands, but fuel, as in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire is very scarce. The ancient inhabitants were known to the Romans
by

by the name of *Coritani*, who spread all over the inland counties of Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, &c.—It made a part of the kingdom of the *West Saxons*. The air is esteemed healthy, and the country is well watered by *rivers and fresh streams*.

In the road to the town of Northampton is one of those venerable monuments of antiquity called *Queen's-Cross*, erected by *Edward the First*, in memory of his queen (*Eleanor of Castile*), who when her husband was treacherously wounded by a Moor with a poisoned dagger, and the wounds by reason of their malignity could not be closed, she undertook to suck out the venom, at the hazard of her own life, by which means *Edward was providentially cured*, and *she escaped* unhurt. This fact happened in the year 1272, during the King's expedition to the Holy Land, whither Eleanor had accompanied him.

The Queen died at Herdby, in Lincolnshire, November the 29th, 1290.

From Lincolnshire the body was carried to London, and interred in Westminster Abbey; and at every place where the procession rested King Edward caused one of these pillars, or crosses to be erected, decorated with statues and the arms of England, Castile, and Ponthieu.

The present is the only one at this time perfect, and is in fine preservation, though upwards of five hundred years old.—It is fo

common to meet with some honorable *F. A. S.* alighting from his horse or carriage to view these precious remains, that in order more fully to illustrate the subject, I have given a sketch of Antiquarians viewing *Queen's-Crofs*, in Plate 46.

Approaching *Northampton*, from the higher grounds, the town and environs have a most picturesque appearance; beautifully chequered with cattle, rural hamlets, and innumerable spires.

Northampton is pleasantly situated on the river *Nyne*, over which are two bridges; it was nearly reduced to ashes by a dreadful fire, September the 3d, 1675; but by liberal contributions from all parts of the kingdom, the buildings were soon restored with additional beauty and convenience. There are four spacious streets, which meet at *All Saints Church*, (near the middle of the town) which is a handsome edifice—the portico is supported by twelve columns of the Ionic order, and a statue of King Charles the Second on the ballustrade.—The market-place is considered as one of the finest in Europe, its form is a magnificent square, with a handsome obelisk in the centre. The town is very neatly paved, and the houses in general uniformly built, yet, notwithstanding, there is an air of dullness pervades the whole, seldom met with in towns so large and populous.

In



Woodward del

Bruckshanks sculp

London. Pub by Allen & West, 15. Paternoster Row, Dec. 17. 1796.

In this place, a battle was fought about the year 1460, wherein King Henry the Sixth was a second time made prisoner by the army headed by the Earl of Warwick.—Another curious circumstance is worthy the notice of the Antiquarian. In the reign of Henry the Third, several discontented students of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge came and settled here, and erected a little academy for every branch of learning; which was in a short time dissolved by the King's letters: and express orders were given, that no one should study here, as in an university, because (according to the letters,) it would be a manifest damage and inconvenience to the ancient University of Oxford.

The principal Inns are the George, and the Peacock; the former is said to have been built by the Poet Dryden; it has a handsome front, and contains many spacious rooms.—Some years since I remember to have seen carefully preserved in a glass case, a most superb MACE, *as bright as the bishop's * crozier at Oxford!* Underneath were written the following *impertinent lines*:

“ The change is wond'rous I declare,

“ *Once a Tapster, now a Mayor!!*”

Whether they alluded to the landlord, or not, I cannot say, but it is certain that an *ill-natured reflection* was meant to be conveyed

* William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, whose crozier is preserved in New College, Oxford.

on the *chief Magistrate* for the time being, for thus publicly displaying so conspicuous a part of his regalia, though no doubt his intention was to strike a *laudable terror* in the *breafts* of the male beholders, that they might not fancy themselves the *only great men in existence*!—Northampton is a great thoroughfare, both to the North and Western roads, and the river Nyne is navigable up to the town.

In this county mud walls are very prevalent, particularly for cottages and fences.

Between Kingsthorp and Bricksworth, on the right is Broughton, the seat of the Earl of Strafford; it is a very ancient structure, of which a very slight view is gained from the road.—The grounds are very extensive, but the temples, lodges, &c. wear a formal appearance: it is situated in a delightful part of the country, about two miles and a half from Northampton.

For the same reason I commenced my last Chapter with a *Sonnet to the Sky Lark*, I shall conclude the present with a *Sonnet to a Butterfly*.

SONNET

SONNET TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the Sun!—by whose creative beams
Thy latent form its slender bonds unstrung,
Oft has thy race enrich'd the varied themes,
Which Bards at eve, in sweetest numbers sung.

When first an *insect crawling in the dust*,
Faintly were seen those *glowing spots of gold*,
Then didst thou careful to yon leaf entrust
Thy *pencil'd beauties* wrapp'd in many a fold.

But now from out thy filk-wove downy bed,
Where thy new shape awhile in embryo lay,
On buoyant air—thy painted wings are spread
Greeting in splendour—the meridian day.

So feeble Mortals—this frail passage o'er
Shall burst their *earthly bonds*, and *disincumber'd* soar!

C H A P. XII.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Oxfordshire—Its Situation, Circumference, principal Rivers, &c.—City of Oxford—Its Antiquity—The Colleges, Founders, &c.—Strangers viewing Oxford—Radcliff Library—Principal Inns—An University Procession—A Drunken Fellow, and a Conceited Fellow—A Grand Exhibition of Heads, and Square Caps—Serious Reflections on the Utility of Wigs—A Proctor represented in two Points of View by way of Illustration, after which the Chapter concludeth with a remarkable sublime and beautiful Ode to an Old Wig!

OXFORDSHIRE is a pleasant and fruitful county, its hills are well stocked with wood, and its vallies are in most parts enriched with corn and pasturage; its circumference is computed at one hundred and thirty miles.

The

The principal rivers are the *Thames*, the *Tame*, the *Ifis*, the *Charwell*, the *Evenlode*, and the *Windrush*.

Oxford is fifty-four miles from London, and delightfully situated at the confluence of the *Charwell* and *Ifis*, which is so divided into streams, that it encompasses great part of the city.—In the British language, it is called *Rbid-yehen*, and is held by some to have its etymology, as the *Grecian Bosphorus*, from a *ford* for *oxen*.—That Oxford was a place of public studies before the *Saxon conquest* is past all doubt; but then the students lived in the citizens houses, and had only meeting places to hear lectures and disputations (as is the custom at the present time in several foreign universities). They had not at the earlier periods of its foundation, any particular distinction of dress; and when Oxford shared with the rest of the kingdom, the common calamities brought in by the *Saxons* and *Danes*, the Muses were forced to quit their habitation till the victorious and learned *Alfred* recalled them, who having entirely subdued the *Danes*, restored the University, and repaired its ruins; he founded and endowed the first college about the year 872.

There are twenty colleges and five halls, of which the following is a brief list.

H h

COLLEGES.

COLLEGES.	BY WHOM FOUNDED.	ANNO.
1. University.....	King Alfred.....	872
2. Baliol	John Baliol, knt. and Deborah his wife : this knight was father to Baliol, King of the Scots	} 1263
3. Merton.....	Walter de Merton, Clerk.....	
4. Exeter.....	Walter Stapleton, Earl of Exeter.....	1274
5. Oriel.....	King Edward the Second.....	1316
6. Queen's.....	Robert Eglesfield, Clerk.....	1323
7. New College *..	William of Wickham, Bishop of Lincoln.....	1340
8. All-Souls.....	Henry Chichley, Archbishop of Canterbury.....	1420
9. Lincoln.....	Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, about the Year.....	} 1437
10. Magdalen	William of Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester.....	
11. Brazen Nose....	William Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton.....	1446
12. Corpus Christi...	Richard Fox, Bishop of Winton.....	1459
13. Christ-Church...	King Henry the Eighth.....	1513
14. Trinity	Sir Thomas Pope.....	1516
15. St. John's.....	Sir Thomas White.....	1546
16. Jesus	Dr. Hugh Price.....	1556
17. Wadham.....	Nicholas Wadham and Dorothy his Wife.....	1557
18. Pembroke.....	Thomas Tindall, Esq. and R. Whitwich, Clerk.....	1571
19. Worcester.....	Sir Thomas Coke.....	1612
20. Hartford.	Dr. Newton.....	1624

The Five Halls are :

1. St. Edmund, belonging to Queen's College.
2. Magdalen, ————— Magdalen College.
3. St. Albans, ————— Merton College.
4. St. Mary's, ————— Oriel College.
5. New Inn, ————— New College.

* The stained glass in the windows of this college is very beautiful, representing the Nativity and Cardinal Virtues executed by Jarvis, from designs by the late Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The



The most elegant of the colleges in point of building is Queen's College.

Nothing can be more entertaining, than the various groupes of strangers repairing to view the colleges, who are daily seen parading the streets of this city of learning, preceded by one of those meagre figures usually appointed as guides and orators on the occasion. For a representation, see Plate 47.

On crossing a handsome bridge erected over the Charwel is Magdalen College; to the right are the physic-gardens, well worthy notice. In the gardens of Magdalen college, stood that venerable oak, so particularly described in the Rev. Mr. Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*.

Other public buildings are, the schools, the theatre for lectures, &c. the museum, the Clarendon printing-house, and Radcliff's library.

The latter is a noble fabric, with a magnificent dome which adds greatly to the beauty of the city, when viewed from most parts of the adjacent country; indeed there are but few places which afford from their environs a more pleasing prospect than Oxford.

There are several good inns, the principal are the Crofs, the Star, and the Angel. By taking down the Conduit in High-street, a great improvement is made in that part of the city.—The Ma-

gistrates are the CHANCELLOR, High Steward, Vice Chancellor, two Proctors, a Public Orator, a Keeper of the Archives, a Register, three Squire Beadles, three Yeoman Beadles, and a VERGER.

I shall in this place take advantage of my original plan, and confine particulars to the two extremities. The CHANCELLOR is usually one of the principal nobility, and chosen by the university; the nobleman who at present holds that honourable office is the Duke of Portland.—The office of the VERGER is on solemn occasions to walk before the Vice-Chancellor and Beadles with a silver rod in his hand, (see Plate 48). This sketch is not meant to represent any particular characters, but merely to give the reader some conception of *University Processions*.

Oxford has *thirteen* parish churches besides the cathedral; the streets are spacious, clean, and regular; the colleges make about two-thirds of the city, and subject to the Chancellor, or Vice-Chancellor in all affairs of moment, even relating to the town.

There is scarcely an engraving affixed to an Oxford Almanack, but what represents a student with the cap in his hand pointing to some particular building, or parading the streets with his *brethren* of the *gown*. As this mode of representation is grown so very common, I shall take the liberty of deviating so far from the beaten track, as to introduce two imaginary characters, which I hope for the honour of the university, will never be realized, viz. *A Con-*
ceited



Published by Allen B. West, 75, Nassau Street New York, December 31, 1896.

Cruikshank sc





Woodward Del

Cruikshank scul.

London. Pub. by Allen & West. 75. Paternoster Row. January 14. 1797.



Woodward. del

Grickham sc

London Pub'd by Allen & West, 15 Pallmall Nov. Dec. 31. 1796.

Plate 51.

A Prictor without a wig

Engl. 1897



Woodward del

Cruikshanks sculp

London, by Allen & West, 15, Paternoster Row Jan. 14, 1797.

ceited Fellow and a *Drunken Fellow* of different colleges. (See Plate 49.)

The various faces met with at college, afford an extensive field for the study of *physiognomy*.

As an admirer of the science, having in Page 37 contrasted a few heads of *the Law*, I shall in this place take the same freedom with the *University*, previous to the embarkation of the persons represented, in the different voyages of life; by this Plate the judicious observer may form an opinion, which is likely to succeed, and which not (see Plate 50.) But as nothing can form a greater contrast in dress and manners, than the *day before ordination*, and the *day after*, I have given on a larger scale two heads on that subject in Plate 51.

How simple a thing is nature unadorned, and how much ought the generality of mankind to be indebted to the first inventor of wigs.—Of this I had a curious instance during my stay at Oxford. In passing a barber's shop, I perceived a lusty figure with a plain bald head, under the hands of an operator somewhat similar in appearance to Razor, in the farce of the Upholsterer; nothing was visible of the *patient*, but the upper part of his face, the lower being obscured by a copious lather; and the body was closely environed, by a CLOTH large enough for a table at a corporation dinner!—In this situation the figure presented nothing particularly remarkable in re-

spect to *consequence*, but in a few hours after I accidentally met with the same person contemplating a curious plant, in the physic gardens. I immediately recollected him, by his *prominent eye-brows*, and was afterwards told by the gardener, that the AUGUST PERSONAGE in question, was *nothing less than a Proctor*!—The tremendous explanation operated like an electric shock, and I could not help again repeating to myself *how much ought the generality of mankind to be indebted to the inventor of wigs*!

In order to illustrate the subject more fully, the Plates 52 and 53 represent a *Proctor without a Wig*, and a *Proctor with a Wig*!

Absorbed in contemplation on these *useful coverings of the head*, I proceeded through several streets, till at length I arrived at a miserable little shop, where amongst other articles was a *second-hand wig* for sale, though by its appearance it seemed to have *weathered several generations*, yet some marks of its *ancient beauty* were still discernible, and produced the following *sublime and beautiful*

ODE TO AN OLD WIG!!

POOR WIG!—not *Patriot Wig*—that TITLE RARE!

Nor *bun* call'd *Wig*—but *Wig* of *human hair*,

Thee I address beneath thy lowly shed;

Though

A Proctor with a Wig



Woodward Del

Cruikshank sc

London. Pub. by Allen & Wicks. 15. Paternoster Row. Jan. 14. 1797.

Though now neglected, time no doubt has been,
 When all thy flowing honors fair were seen,
Scented, and powder'd, on some FIRST-RATE HEAD.

Thy sun-burnt hue, and tatter'd cawl, I ween,
 Full many a change, and better days have seen,
 Of which *thy Bard* in VARIED STRAINS shall sing;
 For Fancy sets his daring Muse on fire,
 O! may thy rags her CHECKERED VERSE inspire,
 And lift her high on *sympathetic wing*.
 'TIS DONE!!—her *bosom* owns thy *humble worth*,
 And thus her *tender Ladyship* breaks forth:

Ere those locks belong'd to thee,
 Once perhaps they wanton'd free,
 Airy, gay, and debonair,
 On *Belinda's* neck so fair; *
 She for whom in Twit'nham bowers,
 POPE call'd forth his magic powers,
Gnomes and *Faires* heard the sound,
 And *Sylphs* obsequious hover'd round,
 Lightly skimming o'er the glade,
 To wait upon the charming maid.

* Pope's Rape of the Lock.

ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS.

Why may not the Muse suppose?
 From those triple curls arose,
 The sister lock without compare
 Ravish'd from its kindred hair;
 And in a moment after given
 (A proof of *politesse*) to *Heaven*;
 Where still as *licenc'd Poets* say,
 It brightens all the milky way,
 Distinguish'd by a stream of light,
 And visible each star-light night.

Or dwindled through time to a *scratch*,
 In the gradual succession of years;
 Perhaps thou hast kept out the cold,
 Heaven blest us! From MAJESTY's cars!!

The wig which *Judge Buller* once own'd,
 Immortal in Peter's* blithe song,
 Might be thy identical self,
 Or thou might'st to great *Thurlow* belong!

Or if into times more remote,
 The Muse has permission to ken,

* Peter Pindar, Esq. Author of *Lyric Odes*, &c.

Who knows but thou once grac'd the head
Of *Solomon*, wisest of men!

Perhaps—but my thread is worn out—
Again to Parnassus I fly,
The reader perhaps may be tir'd,
And to tell you the truth, so am I.

So here's a pretty *exit* of the Muse!
Like unto Butler's *bear* and *fiddle*,
Begins, 'tis true,—but breaks in twain
Ere she has reach'd the middle.

Then hear O rev'rend covering for the head,
Be mine the task, to end the Ode *alone*,
And waft prophetic thy future fame
To distant climes unknown.

' Though torn to pieces, by the *Barber* dire,
' Still shall some *chosen locks* remain
' Worthy some Nymph in *chaste Diana's* train,
' Who daily brings her clean attire;
' And hands the Virgin to her spangled gig.
' Those locks shall never pass away,
' But like the Phoenix, burst upon the day,
' And rise regenerate in an *Old Maid's Wig!!*

C H A P. XIII.

OXFORDSHIRE, continued.

Woodstock—Principal Inns—Remarks on the different Methods of looking over a bill, under the Heads of Generous and Scrutinizing Customers—Blenheim—Its Ancient and present State—Remarks on the ancient Accounts of Fair Rosamond—A Proof that Collegians are not always immaculate—Contrasted Specimens of a Polite Sermon, and an Unpolite Declamation—Bicester—Concise Description of the Place—Henley upon Thames—Fawley Court—General Conway's Seat, and Subterranean Arch, after which the Chapter concludeth, with a very learned Dissertation on Witches.

FROM Oxford the ride is delightfully pleasant to *Woodstock*, which is a small neat town, at about eight miles distance from the university. The principal manufacturies carried on here are various



A Generous Customer.

rious articles in polished steel. Woodstock is also famous for gloves, leather pieces of waistcoats, &c.

The principal inns are the Bear and Marlborough Arms; I mention the Bear first, as notwithstanding the received characteristic of the animal, at Woodstock he is tolerably civil.

The Marlborough Arms, as is generally the case, where the inns have their signs painted from the arms of the Lord of the Manor, is quite in the *haut ton*, and every thing of course perfectly *comme il faut*.—As to the article of *making out a bill*; it merely depends on opinion. In the course of my travels, I have observed there are two distinct classes of customers who frequent inns. One who scarcely looks at any thing but the *sum total*, and pays with the *greatest cheerfulness*; and the other a person who carefully examines *every item*, and pays with the *greatest reluctance*!—These two opposite characters with the effect on the respective hosts, are portrayed under the titles of *Generous* and *Scrutinizing Customers* in Plates 54 and 55.

A grand triumphal arch leads from Woodstock to that magnificent pile of building called *Blenheim*, from the victory of John Duke of Marlborough over the French and Bavarians on the 2d of August, 1704, in the reign of Queen Anne.—It was built at the public expence *, and settled by the parliament, together with the Manor,

* The Architect was Sir John Vanburgh.

on the family of the Churchills to the latest posterity, in consideration of the before mentioned victory.—For this tenure, the Duke's descendants by way of homage present a standard to the sovereign every year on the day that battle was fought.

Woodstock both before and since the conquest has been famous for its palace, and parks, and many of the ancient kings made it their principal summer residence. Henry the First not only beautified and increased the buildings, but also caused a stone wall to be erected about the park, which was not furnished with deer, agreeable to the modern custom, but horrid to the ears of refined hunters of the present day, *lions, tygers, panthers*, and other *wild beasts innumerable*, were at that time kept for the purpose of the chase.

According to some historians, in the reign of Henry the Second, Woodstock was famous for a curious bower, wherein 'tis said that Monarch secreted for some time his mistress Rosamond (daughter of the Earl of Clifford) from the fury of his Queen. Eleanor at length accomplished her designs, and dispatched her rival by means of poison. This tragical event is represented very accurately in every puppet-show exhibited throughout the kingdom.—Indeed this account, romantic as it appears, has been sanctioned by Authors of the first credibility, particularly by Mr. Hull, of Covent Garden Theatre, who made it the subject for a tragedy, under the title of Henry the Second, or the fall of Rosamond, which was represented some years since with considerable applause; it was written chiefly for the purpose



Woodward del.

C. Smith sculp.

Printed by J. B. Whittier & West, 15, Paternoster Row, January 27, 1797.

pose of bringing forward the beautiful Mrs. Hartley, as the heroine of the piece.

The keepers at Blenheim still shew you certain trees, which they tell you were planted on the identical spot which the famous labyrinth once occupied; yet notwithstanding the numerous plausible authorities for this assertion, there are other authors of equal respectability who affirm that soon after the conquest of Ireland, which happened in the year 1172, Eleanor through her jealousy of this favourite mistress, caused a conspiracy to be raised against her husband by his own sons Henry, Richard and John, which confederacy was assisted by the Kings of France and Scotland, and had so great an effect on the spirits of Henry the Second, as to throw him into a fever of which he died at Chinon in France in the year 1189. Rosamond after his death retired to a convent, where she lived to an advanced age.

It is difficult to say which of these accounts is most to be relied on, but it is a certainty that Rosamond existed, and that her personal beauties entitled her to the appellation of *Fair*, which usually accompanies her name in the ancient ballads, and other transcripts of the memorable tales of past times.

In pursuing my journey from Woodstock to Islip, I made an observation that Oxonians are not always immaculate; what led to the proof positive is represented in Plate 56, under the title of *Love and Learning*.

Before I quit the environs of a city so universally famed for *clerical erudition*, I flatter myself it will not be unentertaining to my readers, to introduce in this place, by way of illustration, A *Specimen of a Polite Sermon*; and as a contrast to submit to their inspection, a *Specimen of Field Oratory*, with a delineation of the *declaimer*, both of which must appear *equally ridiculous* in the eye of *true religion* and *philosophy*.

A SPECIMEN OF A POLITE SERMON, ADDRESSED TO A
POLITE CONGREGATION, BY A POLITE PREACHER.

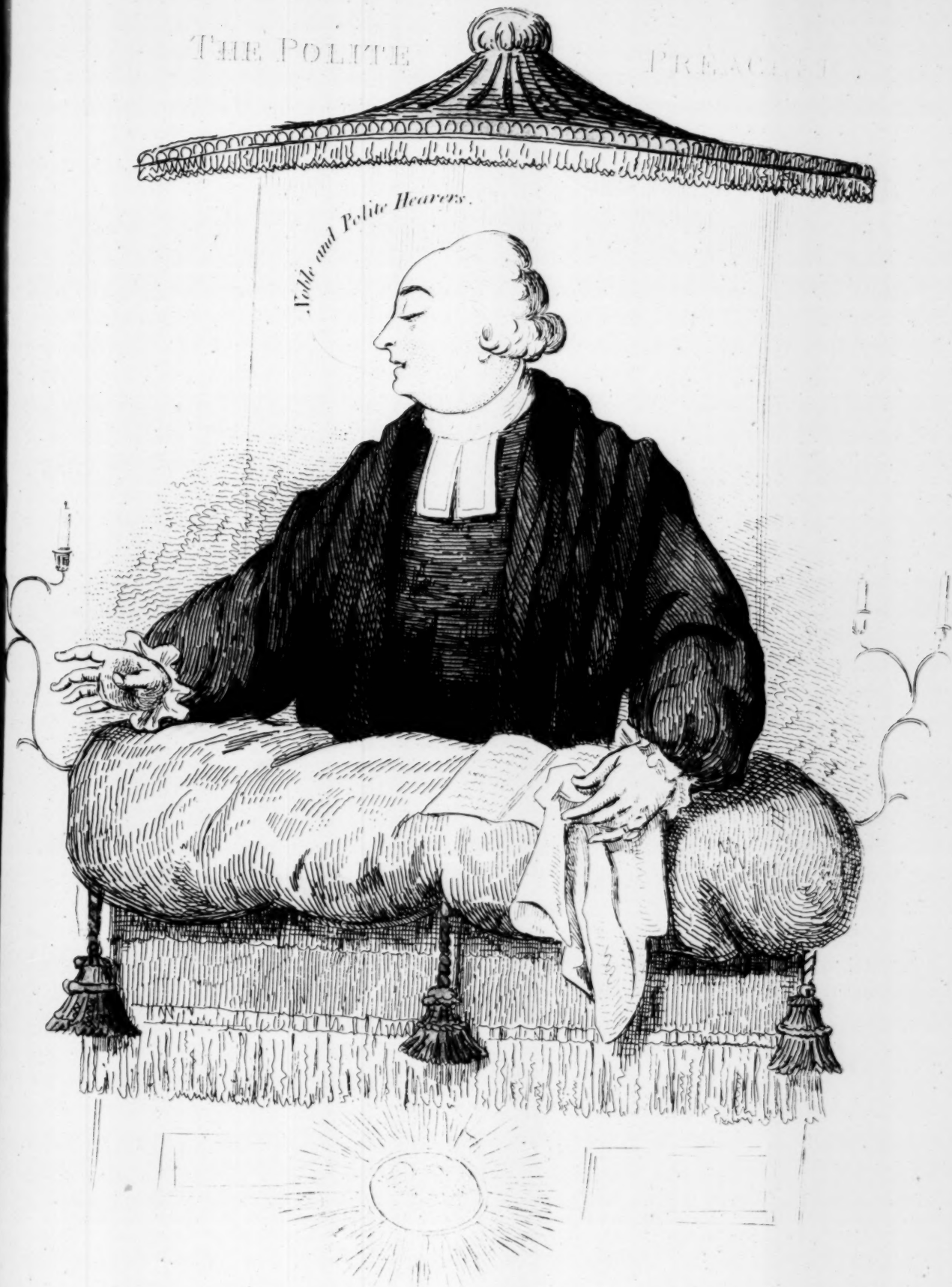
(See Plate 57.)

I SHOULD be extremely sorry, *noble* and *polite* hearers, either to give offence, or be guilty of a crime against good breeding, but really having the *honour* to speak before this *brilliant assembly*, my *duty* calls upon me to assure my much valued hearers, that they are wandering through a delightful labyrinth of flowers, fair to the eye, but whose fascinating perfumes are charged with mental poison. Let your preacher, I pray you, my *amiable*, my *erring* friends, warn you of danger; for the delectable path, wherein you now wander in *elegant ease*, attended by the *graces*, lead to those mournful shades, which *vulgar teachers* might name to organs less delicate; but to their obscure and *common audiences*, composed of the *general herd*, I leave them; well aware, that in this *refined temple*, where it is my *boast*
and

THE POLITE

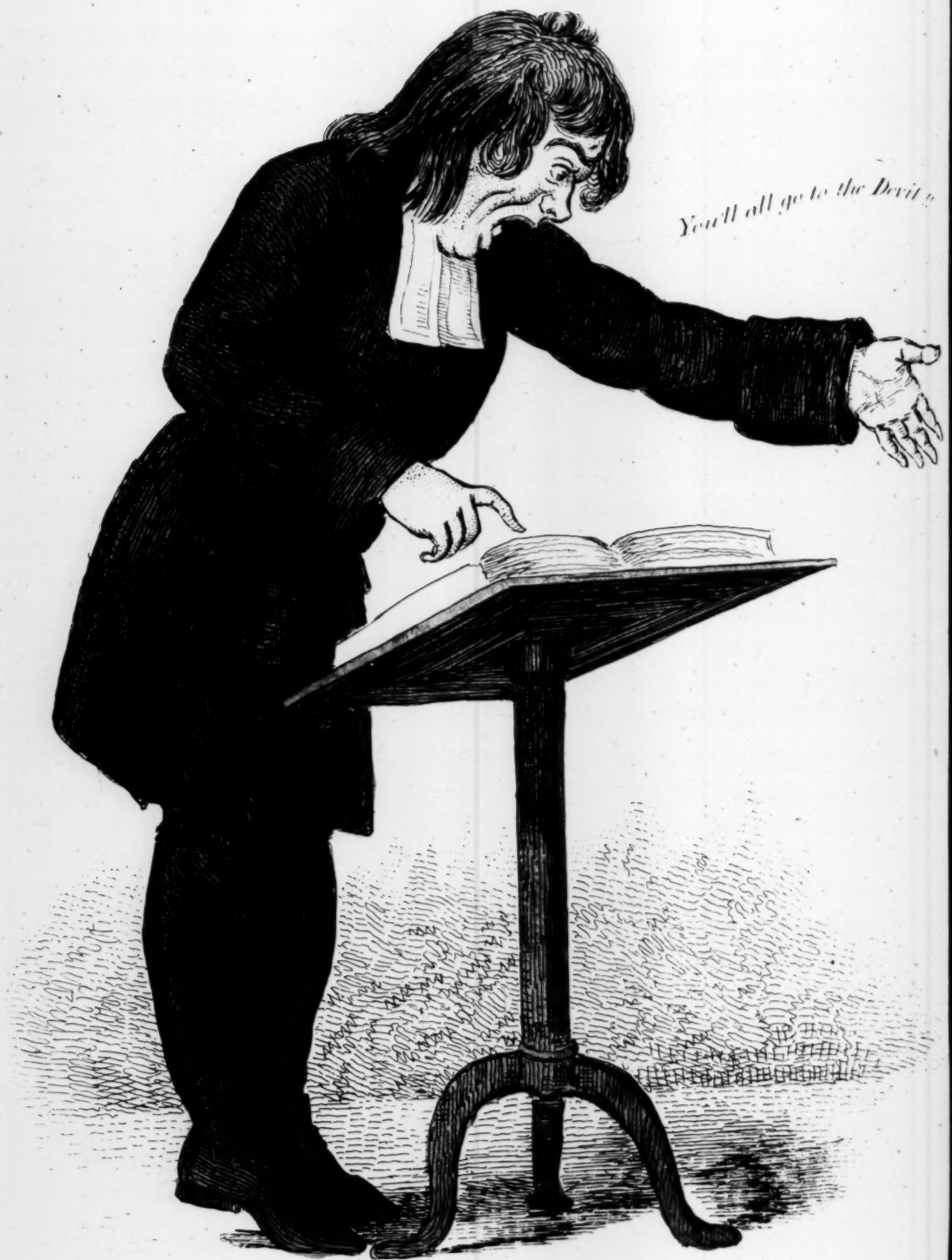
PREACHER.

Noble and Polite Hearers.



London: Published by Almon, Strand, & Longman, St. Paul's Church-Yard, Oct. 12, 1790.

THE FIELD PREACHER.



and *pride* to appear among you, even to mention words shocking to the sense, would render me highly culpable in the opinion of the *great world*, whose good-will I prize as *fine gold*, and whose censure I trust I shall *never incur*.

A CONTRASTED SPECIMEN OF AN UNPOLITE DECLAMATION, ADDRESSED TO AN UNPOLITE CONGREGATION, BY AN UNPOLITE DECLAIMER. (See Plate 58.)

YOU'LL all go to the devil!—ay, you may well cry!—What, your consciences prick you, do they? You *wretched scum of the earth*, but I *does* no more than my *duty* by telling you of your faults.—I'm none of your *fine mouth'd Preachers*, I *loves* to *speak my mind*; you *fancys*, I dare say, you be going on bravely with your *junketings* and *jauntings*, to *ale-houses*, *bun-houses*, *tea-houses*, and all the *devil houses* besides, but you'll find it won't do, *IT WON'T DO* I tell you, and if any body *axes* who told you so, say *it was I!* for as I said before I'm *not afraid* to tell you my mind, and if you do not mend your ways, and *dance* on the other *side of the gutter*, I tell you again you'll *ALL GO TO THE DEVIL!* and then *what will become of you?* You'll cut mighty *pretty figures* without me to comfort you, but you won't *ketch* me there I promise you. What, you *shiver* do you? and wrap your *great coats* about you? ay, you'll be *WARM* enough one day or other I promise you!—but *I knows* what it is that makes you *a cold*,—it is because I

preaches in the *open air*, and abhors the vanity of *steeple-houses*. I dares fay you would fooner hear a *mealy-mouth'd* *farmon* about *ten minutes* long, but I don't mind that,—I'll preach as long as I likes, because I knows it is for your goods. If your college-bred parsons whip you up some of their *frothy flummery*, THAT DOES VERY WELL; but if I tells you you'll *all be damn'd*, then you turns up your eyes, and falls a crying; and do you think I minds that? No, I likes it, it gives me fatisfaction, for I thinks then as how you repents.—I tell you again I LOVES TO SPEAK MY MIND, and if you don't like it I can't help it, for I minds you no more than I would a BISHOP in a narrow lane!

Bicefter is a long disagreeable town, principally confifting of a continued street of straggling houses, and is one of those places so frequently noticed in the course of this work, as being remarkable for dulness and stupidity.

On the west side of the town, great numbers of Roman coins and other antiquities have at different times been ploughed up.—*Bicefter* has one tolerable good inn, called the King's Arms.

Henley upon Thames is a very ancient town, and has an excellent market for timber, and all kinds of grain, particularly malt. Travellers of former times observe that the inhabitants consisted of meal-

meal-men, malt-men, and barge-men ; but thanks to the powerful influence of *modern taste*, over the *mechanical notions* of *days of yore*, Henley may now be ranked as a favourite resort of what is termed *families of distinction* ! and *fashionably speaking*, its environs may boast its *enchanted villas*, and *elegant retirement*.

The town has two good inns, the Red Lion, and the Bell. The *woods* in this part of the country have long been justly admired by every lover of picturesque beauty, particularly about Fawley Court, and Nettlebed ; the latter place is about five miles distant, near which the wind-mill is supposed to stand on the highest spot of ground in England.

Fawley Court, situated about a mile from the town, is the seat of Strickland Freeman, Esq. and may justly be ranked among the national palaces.

The orange groves, dairy, and riding-house, are very elegant ; it is no wonder the latter should have received particular attention, as the owner of the mansion is allowed to be one of the first *horsemen* in the kingdom, after the late Sir Sydney Meadows, with whom he was in the constant habits of intimacy many years.

General Conway's seat in this neighbourhood is also well worthy notice, the subterranean arch is magnificently grand, and every part of the premises does honour to the taste of the designer.

I was much surpris'd (particularly in this enlightened age) on being warn'd by a countryman, previous to my entering a wood near Nettlebed, to take care what I was about, as (with a very *grave face*) he assur'd me the place had been for some years infested with WITCHES! and those who were hardy enough to pass through seldom escap'd unhurt! I could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, who after we became more familiar, and he was convinc'd I was no *Wizard*, entertain'd me with several marvellous adventures, relative to the *supernatural Ladies* of the *Broom*! which had happen'd at different periods to himself and family.

I could not however persuade my communicative friend to accompany me through the wood; I therefore pursu'd the route alone, perfectly unmolested, and at the end of a delightful walk of about half an hour's continuance arriv'd at a neat little inn, by the roadside, where seating myself in what the hostess call'd her *best parlour*, a train of ideas, from the circumstances which had so recently occurred, produced the following short

DISSERTATION ON WITCHES!

THE first Lady I believe upon record who made any tolerable figure in this line was the Witch of Endor! after whom various pretenders to the science sprung up like mushrooms, and practis'd with more or less success according to their abilities, till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when their popularity evidently began

gan to decrease. But as remnants of superstition are still to be met with in many parts of the kingdom, particularly in inland small towns and villages, I shall endeavour to refute this absurd doctrine, by placing it in the ridiculous light it deserves, and shewing some of its dangerous consequences.

The belief of Witches began to be firmly established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as may be found in the works of many writers of her time. The inimitable Shakespeare, in compliance with the public taste, and his own unbounded fancy, introduced upon the stage the Weird Sisters in Macbeth, and Mother Jourdain in Henry the Sixth.—Elizabeth's successor, James the First, gave law to this supernatural furor, probably in consequence of an *hereditary second sight*!—Be this as it may, soon after his accession, we find his *wife parliament* at the conclusion of a *solemn debate*, enumerating upwards of FORTY different methods, for the *discovery of Witches*.

A variety of such kind of *rubbish* began to accumulate about this period, which the present Earl Stanhope (much to his credit,) endeavoured lately to remove, but strange as it must appear to the generality of the present age, his efforts were not crowned with success.

Among the most approved witch-craft remedies, and methods of detection, we find the efficacy of drawing blood from the practitioner, laying straws in their way to stumble over, and nailing

horse-shoes at the threshold of the doors, to prevent their entrance, particularly recommended, and I make no doubt with equal success. —The horse-shoes are still to be seen in many villages in Derbyshire, and other parts of the North of England. —A witch without a *broom* is of as little consequence (at least is no more respected) than a country mayor without a mace, but with that necessary instrument she can do wonders! such as raising the wind, overturning cottages, hay-carts, &c. and after a little practice, take occasional excursions to the *moon*, and visit the neighbouring planets in rotation. It is to be observed, these ladies were always fond of a *rural life*, time out of mind:—They are seldom to be met with in large towns, and their favourite amusements appear chiefly to be among the *cattle*, and their transformations principally confined to *hares* and *rabbits*, but for what reason it is hard to determine. Young witches are generally out of the question, they are chiefly poor decrepit old women, worn down by age and poverty, which leads to a more serious part of this dissertation.

It is shocking to humanity to reflect that numbers of our fellow creatures have at different times through want or violence fell sacrifices to the absurd and ridiculous idea of witchcraft.—A melancholy instance happened a few years since at Tring in Hertfordshire, where a poor old couple were deprived of their existence by a ducking, in a neighbouring pond, for their supposed skill in sorcery. The consequence was that the principal ring-leader of this deluded mob suffered the severest punishment of the laws.—Ducking-stools (to the



The end of a Burn, transformed into a Hobbogoblin!

London: Published by T. Agnew & Sons, 15, Abchurch Lane, 1857.



W. Ward del.

Cruikshank sc.

A GOWN metamorphosed into a GHOST!!

London. Pub. by Allen & Woot, 14, Paternoster Row, Feb. 11 '77.

the disgrace of the police where they are permitted) are still or were very lately to be seen in different parts of the kingdom.

There are numerous other instances equally barbarous where old women, who have been so unfortunate as to be suspected in a village of witchcraft, have perished through want of the common necessaries of life, in the midst of their *hospitable neighbours*! through the dreadful apprehension of *magical contagion*!

Let us however hope that these ignorant and cruel notions are now very rarely found, and that the honest rustics of the Island may never encounter worse sprites than their *fair countrywomen*, and experience no other witchcraft than that which is centered in their EYES.

It being generally allowed, that most relations of Ghosts, Hobgoblins, &c. have originated in fancy, I shall conclude the chapter with two sketches on the *Effects of Imagination*. Plates 59 and 60.

C H A P. XIV.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Description of the County—Cotswold Sheep—The City of Gloucester—Its Antiquity—The Isle of Alney—Young Wildgoose and Jerry Tugwell, from the Spiritual Quixote, somewhat abruptly introduced—Gloucester Cathedral—Cloisters—Whispering Gallery—Principal Tombs—Historical Sketch of the Life of Robert Duke of Normandy—Curious Old Painting—Lassington—Lassington Oak—Astroites or Star Stones described. An Eccentric Apothecary—Tewksbury—A Pair of Sharp Characters illustrative of a provincial Proverb—Origin and Antiquities of the Town—Cirencester—Duke of Beaufort's Seat, and a Sketch of a Recruiting Party.

THE air of Gloucestershire is very salubrious, and the soil remarkably fertile, yielding plenty of corn, and feeding abundance of cattle. The wool of the sheep in and near Cotswold is greatly

greatly esteemed for its fineness; what is called the Spanish strain, is said to be derived from a breed between the English and Spanish, Edward the First having made a present of some Cotswold sheep to Alphonso King of Spain, for that purpose.

The eastern part of Gloucestershire is hilly, but the middle lies low, and is watered by the Severn, which renders the plains very fruitful.—This county is productive of coal and iron, and excellent timber for ship-building, &c. in the Forest of Dean.—It has long been famous for cheese, but that which is generally called so in London principally comes from Wiltshire: the genuine is more frequently sent to the Bristol markets.—The principal rivers are the Severn, the Wye, the Avon, and the Isis.

The *City of Gloucester* was anciently a station of the Romans; their consular way beginning at St. David's to Pembrokehire, passed through this city, and reached as far as Southampton. King Edward the First held a parliament here in the year 1278, wherein were enacted several good laws concerning the liberties and franchises of the nation, known by the title of the Statute of Gloucester.

This city being in possession of the parliament at the time of the civil wars in the year 1643, was besieged by the King in person, and Prince Rupert, but without success (as the Earl of Essex at the head of a numerous army came to its relief:) during this siege its ancient walls and outworks were entirely destroyed, as also six churches out of eleven, which were never rebuilt—the present num-

ber being five, besides the cathedral.—King Charles the Second gave the present charter dated April 16th, 1672.

The New Prison on the late Mr. Howard's plan is nearly completed, as are also several other new buildings.—The city upon the whole is neat and clean, and trade tolerably brisk; one of the chief manufactures is *pins*. The Severn, over which is a good stone bridge, is here navigable for vessels of a considerable burthen. The cathedral, river, bridge, and principal gate, are conspicuous objects. The latter is a truly venerable pile, not far from which is the famous *Isle of Alney*, where a single combat was fought in the year 1016, between Edmund Ironside, and Canute the Dane, the result of which being dubious, the two kings *very politely* shared the kingdom between them! but Edmund being assassinated soon after, Canute, with the utmost composure *seized upon the whole!* which affords a striking specimen of the accommodating manners of the times!

The town-hall for the assize is called the *Booth-hall*, where there are occasional concerts, &c.—The principal inn is the Bell, at which house was born the Rev. George Whitfield, the celebrated preacher*.

Any person who has read the *Spiritual Quixote*, (that admirable copy of the manner of Cervantes) will find it difficult, when they arrive at the Bell, to lose sight of the imaginary heroes of the romance, *young Wildgoose*, and his attendant *Jerry Tugwell* the cob-

* The Bell Inn has lately received considerable improvements.



Woodward del.

Bruckbach sculp.

London Pub by Allen & Wicks, 15 Paternoster Row Feb. 18. 1797

ler! As they were undoubtedly characteristic travellers, it would be injustice not to give them a place in this work, therefore a new edition of their countenances is presented to the reader in Plate 61.

The cathedral is an ancient and magnificent fabric, and its tower is allowed to be one of the best executed in the kingdom; from the Summit is a delightful and extensive prospect of the surrounding country. The cloisters are handsome and spacious, and the chapels, which are twelve in number, form a rich display of Gothic architecture.—Over the east end of the choir is a gallery, which conveys sound similar to the whispering-gallery, in the interior part of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Those persons, who can receive *pleasure* in viewing a quantity of *sculls*, and *bones*, may be gratified with the sight of a large *assortment* carefully preserved in the *charnel-house*, which is shewn in common with the other *curiosities*!

The chapels are adorned with the arms and monuments of many considerable personages. Lucius the first Christian King, Edward the Second, and Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, were interred in this cathedral: The effigy of the latter is executed in wood, and secured by iron rails; it is represented in armour, and in good preservation*.

* The Author flatters himself a brief outline of the principal occurrences in the life of this unfortunate prince, will not in this place prove unacceptable to his readers.

On William the Conqueror being acknowledged King of England, Robert was appointed governor of Normandy under the controul of his father, with whom about the year 1086 he waged war, in which he was assisted by the King of France; from that period may be dated the numerous contentions which have since at different times taken place between the two nations.—On the death of William, Robert succeeded to the Dutchy of Normandy, and William Rufus mounted the throne of England. Robert however, as the *elder brother*, laid claim to the crown; and a fresh war broke out between them, which terminated in a treaty, wherein it was agreed that each should retain what he had then in possession, and that the survivor should succeed both to the kingdom and dutchy. Notwithstanding this, in the year 1094 we find the brothers again at war, and in the year 1100 Rufus was accidentally killed by an arrow, while hunting in the New Forest, Hampshire.—Had Robert been in Normandy at this time, he would in all probability have succeeded his brother without opposition, according to the before-mentioned treaty, which was ratified by the principal nobility of both countries; but having joined the Crusade to the Holy Land, his younger brother Henry was proclaimed King, of whom it may be said with propriety, that he purchased the throne with his brother's treasure which he seized at Winchester. The restoration of some of the ancient laws, and other popular actions, caused him for a time to be greatly beloved by his subjects, who had laboured under great oppressions during the preceding reign.—Soon after his accession, partly by force, and partly by stratagem, he made himself master of
Duke

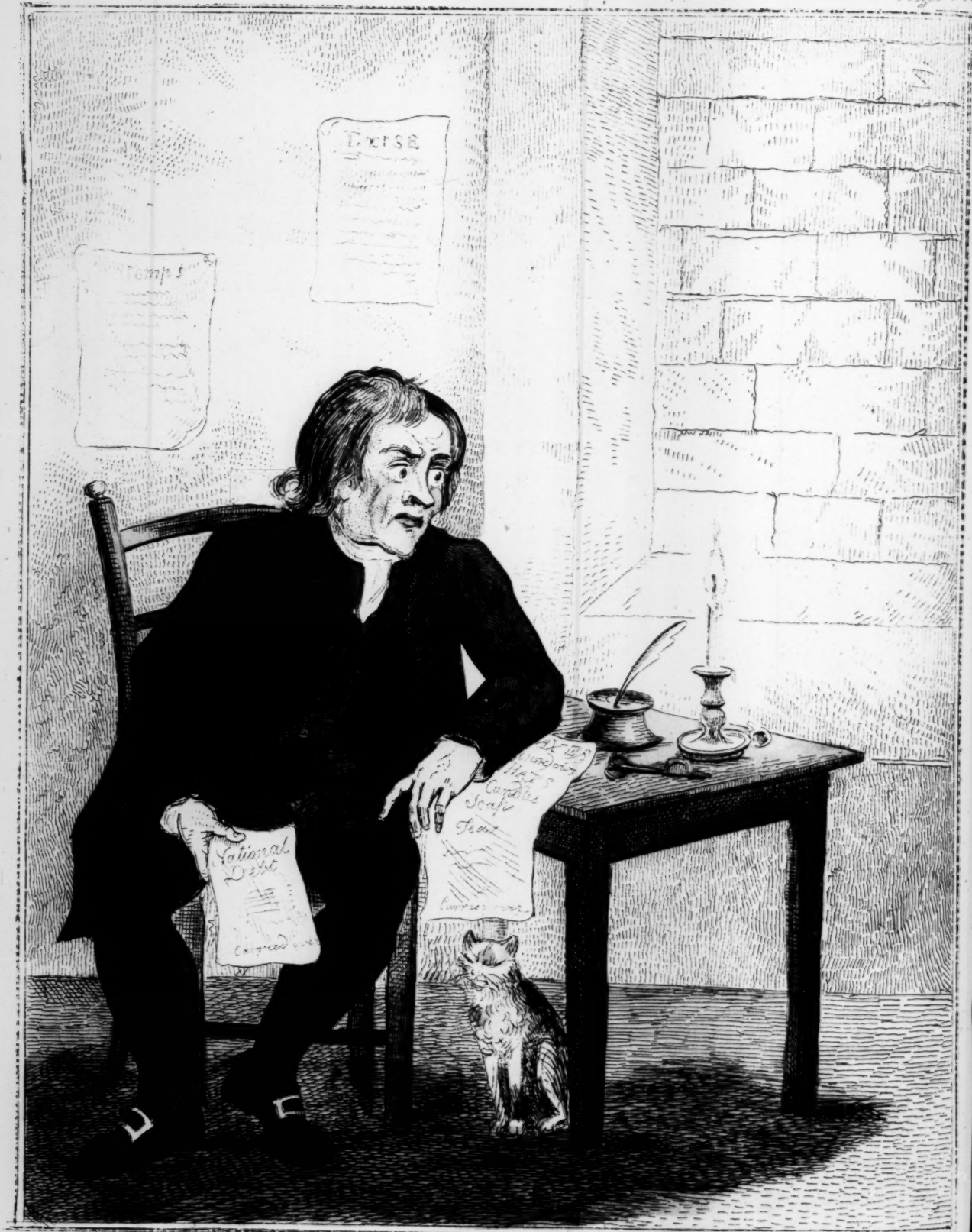
Duke Robert's person, and the Dutchy of Normandy; not content with having committed so base an action, Henry with the most ungenerous meanness detained this unfortunate prince a close prisoner *twenty-eight years*, in a solitary cell at Cardiff Castle, Glamorganshire, where death put a period to his sufferings in the year 1134, from whence his body was conveyed to this Cathedral. His persecutor survived him but one year, after having in some measure quieted his conscience, (according to the fashion of the times) by *founding an abbey*. Henry died in Normandy of a surfeit, in the 68th year of his age and thirty-sixth of his reign.

A few years back, in repairing a part of the inner walls, a curious old painting was discovered, tolerably perfect, which is now shewn to strangers; it is meant to represent the *last Judgment*, but as is usually the case in most of the monkish delineations, the figures form so heterogeneous a collection, they are more to create risibility, than the solemnity which they were intended to inspire. The angels are represented in full concert, and not contented with the usual allowance of trumpets, the painter has allotted them a choice assortment of drums, fiddles, hautboys, flutes, violoncellos, &c.—In the fore ground are seen innumerable *Dæmons*, extremely busy in disposing of their cargoes of *frail mortals*, among whom are at least five *females* to one *male*, which is no great proof of the gallantry of the times!

In the neighbourhood of *Gloucester* is a small village called *Lashington*. On a hill adjoining is a truly venerable oak, of large dimensions, which time out of mind has suffered incisions from the pen-knives of occasional visitors; so that at present the *various initials* and *flourishes* render its appearance similar to an *Egyptian pillar of hieroglyphics*! Round the tree is a seat for the purpose of contemplating a beautiful view, which presents itself on all sides, consisting of the delightful windings of the Severn through rich meadows, bounded by hills in every part cultivated by the hand of industry, while the landscape is greatly enriched by the towers and glittering spires of the city, and its environs.

Near this spot are found those extraneous fossils, called *astroites*, or *Star-stones*; they are striated from the center to the circumference, and their *radii* are sometimes prominent above the surface of the mass, sometimes they are level with it, and sometimes they sink below it; they are of a greyish colour, and of a very regular form, consisting of several thin pentagonal joints, set one over another so as to make a kind of five angled column.

Some have supposed the *astroites* to be parts of a petrified marine animal, but the most general opinion is that they are species of coral. They are not confined to this part of the kingdom, but are frequently met with at Shuckborough in Warwickshire, at Belvoir Castle, Lincolnshire, and other places in Great Britain and Ireland. The *astroites*



Woodward del.

Gravels sculp.

London, Pub. by Albery & Woods, 15, Paternoster, Row Feb. 2. 1847.

Tewksbury Portraits



Woodward del.

London: Pub. by Allen & Welf. Feb. 13. 1797. 17, 18. Paternoster Row.

troiles were greatly vucald by the ancient Britons, as they believed by carrying them about their perfons, the wearer was rendered victorious.

I was informed that in the interior part of this country an *Eccentric Apothecary*, in order to shew his abhorrence to the *Window Tax*, formed a plan to counteract that of the *Minister*, by voluntarily sacrificing the comforts of day-light to the steady perseverance of his own ideas of patriotifm: Accordingly when the tax took place he blocked up every window of his house but *one* which gave light to his shop, which he alone preserved, not for his own convenience, but for the accommodation of his customers. In his parlour, bed-room, and kitchen, the only parts of the house he afterwards occupied, he burnt *rush-lights*! Such are the outlines of this truly whimsical character, from which I shall endeavour to give an idea of a voluntary victim to patriotifm! in Plate 62.

Tewksbury is an ancient borough encompassed by the rivers Avon, Carron, Severn, and the Swilygate, which renders it very liable to inundations; but this inconvenience is abundantly rewarded by the plenty it brings with it, as the slime is an excellent manure, and renders the meadows rich and fertile. Tewksbury has long been famous for *mustard*, from whence arose the provincial saying, "*He looks as sharp as Tewksbury mustard.*" Two such SHARP characters are represented in Plate 63.

The cloathing trade of this town enjoys a great advantage, from its vicinity to Cotefwold-hills and Stroud-water, of which the former furnishes the fleece and the latter the dye.

The name of the town is derived from the Saxon *Theotfbury*, and was so called from *Theocus* an Hermit.—In the year 715, Odo and Dodo, two Mercians, and Brothers, built an abbey dedicated to St. Mary, which was rebuilt, and enlarged about the year 1102, by R. Fitz-Hamon, and has since undergone various repairs. This church is a handsome Gothic structure. Among many families famous in history interred within its walls, are Edward, son of Henry the 6th, murdered by the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard the third) and the Duke of Clarence, in the decisive battle fought near this place between the houses of York and Lancaster; also several of the Earls of Gloucester and Warwick, and the before-mentioned Duke of Clarence.

Cirencester, commonly called *Ciffister*, was formerly a station of the Roman armies, and the oldest town in the county, in which it is said Constantine the great was crowned King of the Britons. Ancient coins, entire pavements, and fragments of pillars, have frequently been dug up in the town and neighbourhood. Two of the Roman consular ways cross'd each other at this place, one of which with a high ridge is still visible. In the church are remains of painted glass, which originally represented the different orders of the church of Rome from the *Pope* to the *Mendicant*.



(Worward del)

Cruikshank sculp

London Pub^d by Allen & Wicks, 15, Paternoster Row Feb 18, 1797

I shall conclude my remarks on this county with an observation that the Duke of Beaufort's seat at Badmington Magna, for its parks, &c. are well worthy notice*, and a *Recruiting Party* which I met with in the town of Cirencester, (Plate 64), was too striking not to claim a place in any work devoted to whimsical researches.

* Earl Bathurst's seat and park near Cirencester also claim attention in respect to both elegance and convenience.

C H A P. XV.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Description of the County—Malvern-hills—The City of Worcester—Antiquities—Droitwich—Bromsgrove—Remarks on Characters and conveyances employed on the different roads of Great Britain for the accommodation of Travellers—Variation of sexes in trunks and portmanteaus—And the treatment of luggage in inland and sea-port towns in general.

THIS County is among those which may in every sense of the word be termed delightful; its charming views, fertility of soil, and temperate air, render it as desirable a place of retirement as any part of the island. It is richly interspersed with hills and wood, forming an infinite variety of those *flowing lines, broad shadows,* and numerous *glowing tints* so universally admired by the lovers of landscape. The celebrated *Vale of Evesham*, (according to human ideas of perfection), must to the eye of a painter appear a second Paradise; and while this enchanting spot affords a specimen of every thing

thing that is *beautiful*, the stupendous and towering hills of Malvern, display a romantic scene of the truly *sublime*. Malvern hills, according to Camden, are great and lofty, rising one higher than the other seven miles in continuance. They divide this county from that of Hereford; and are seen to great advantage in pursuing the usual route to Gloucester, from Worcester.

The city of *Worcester* is situated on the banks of the Severn, over which is a handsome bridge. The remarkable battle in 1651, when King Charles the second was defeated by Cromwell, was fought near the south gate of the city; about a mile and a half from the gate is a place called *Perrywood*, where Cromwell's army lay, and above the Park is a large work of four bastions, called the Royal Mount.

Worcester is a very clean city and remarkable for its neatness, in respect to the buildings. Amongst the public edifices worthy the notice of a traveller, are the Guildhall and Workhouse. There was formerly a Castle, extensive walls, and five watch-towers, all of which have been long since destroyed; indeed this city has been famous for its calamities. In the year 1041 it was burnt by *Hardicanute* in revenge for the Citizens killing *Hufcarles* a collector of the Tax called the *Danegelt*; and a second time, in the year 1113, during the civil wars, in the reign of King Stephen; it was also plundered by the foldiers in the Worcester fight before-mentioned during the time of the Commonwealth.

The Cathedral is an exact model of that at Bruffels, and contains the monument of King John, Prince Arthur, brother to Henry the eighth, the Countess of Salisbury, and other eminent personages. Besides the Cathedral, there are twelve parish churches, nine within the city, and three without. The streets are broad, and well paved; the Fore-gate-street in particular is both regular and beautiful; and the Hospitals deserve notice, more especially that erected by Robert Berkley, of Spetchley, who laid out £2000 in the building, and £4000 in endowing it for twelve poor men. The river Severn, so noted for its rapidity, loses its general characteristic at this place, and glides gently and serene, as it passes the city of Worcester.

Droitwich is remarkable only for its *salt springs*, which by boiling the water, produces great quantities of fine salt. The works appropriated for the production of this necessary article may be traced at least as far as the Saxons, and no doubt the discovery was made at a much earlier period. By Doomsday-Book preserved in the Exchequer, it appears that salt was made at this place long before the conquest: it is of a *pure white*, and of an excellent quality. This town had great privileges granted it by King John, whose charter is still preserved; it was also much favoured by Edward the third, and had a new charter granted by James the first, which it now enjoys; and has a privilege to arrest for any sum. Bromsgrove is a town principally confined to the cloathing business; it has nothing farther of any particular consequence to recommend it.

In



Provincial Politeness



In the westward part of the kingdom *excess of politeness* seems to be the prevailing passion; and it is not uncommon to hear the following method of salutation between a stage-coachman and a waggoner:—"Sir, I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well, how does your *good family* do!"—"Pretty well, Sir, I am obliged to you, except Miss Sophy, who took cold at Farmer Jones's christening: will you take a draught of ale, Sir?"—"Sir, you are very obliging! my service to you, Sir!" and all this is carried on with as much *sang froid* as the more refined *etiquette* of St. James's. For a sketch of *Provincial Wit*, and *Provincial Politeness*, see Plate 65.

It is also humorous to remark, the change of SEX a *portmanteau* or a *trunk* undergoes during its conveyance from an *inland* to a *seaport town*; in the former the *masculine* has the *ascendency*, and if you enquire for your luggage the answer is generally, "I put HIM safe in the boot *your honor*," or "I've packed HIM in the seat *your worship*:" but when the Traveller approaches the borders of *old Ocean*, on the same enquiry being made, the reply to the question is, that "SHE's stowed tight in the hold;" and at the end of his journey, an *amphibious* kind of Ostler is sure to seize on the Traveller's property, and taking it under his arm exclaims *with a nod*,—"Don't be afraid noble Commander, I'll land HER safe at the Ship and Castle depend upon it.

C H A P. XVI.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Description of the County—Birmingham—Bolton's manufactory—The Theatre—Remarks on the Character of Hamlet—Mr. Jago—The Poet Free—Vauxhall—Sutton Colefield—and a Poetic Offering to the Memory of Shakespear.

WARWICKSHIRE is divided into two parts by the Avon, called the Felden and the Woodland; the former on the South side, and the latter on the North; the first formerly afforded all the pasture and corn grounds, the second being covered with woods was of little use, except for fuel, but the iron works in the adjacent counties soon consumed it, and made way for the plough; so that at present by marling, and other methods of husbandry, both parts yield abundance of fine arable and pasture land.

Birmingham

Birmingham has within a few years received great improvement; it is daily increasing in inhabitants, and new buildings are hourly taking place. The various articles made at this place in iron and steel, have long been admired, and *Bolton's Manufactory*, called the *SOHO*, is well known in most parts of Europe. One of the best Inns is the *Swan* in *New Street*, where stood the Theatre,* (lately consumed by fire); it was a neat building, and under the management of Mr. Yates generally produced a very respectable company, amongst whom a year or two back, was a Miss Richards, who in Mrs. Jordan's cast of characters excelled in an eminent degree. About the same period Mr. Holman brought great profits to the Theatre, during his engagement, particularly by his performance of *Hamlet*.

Of all the Tragedies of our immortal Bard, that of *Hamlet* seems to be the highest in public estimation, yet the principal character is allowed by the first critics to be the most difficult to represent of any in the British Drama. It has been remarked that to render the performance as near perfection as possible, the following requisites ought to center in one actor!—The eye, action, and expression of *Garrick*,—the voice of *Barry*,—the madness of *Reddish*, and the youthful ardour of *Holman*.—The *Ghost* and *closet-scenes* of *Kemble*, and *Henderson's* contemplation over the *scull of Yorick*, will scarcely ever be excelled, if equalled!—The reader will pardon the digression when he reflects that the county now treated of gave birth to the author of the *Tragedy* in question—the inimitable *Shakespeare*! whose

* Another Theatre has since been erected.

works will ever be dear to the admirers of *original Genius* and *unbounded Fancy*, while *Literature has a name*; and (notwithstanding the attacks of Voltaire and similar commentators) will stand unshaken to the end of time!

Warwickshire was also the native place of Mr. Jago, the friend of Shenstone, and author of some of those pleasing productions the *Jubilee Songs*, and the much admired *Elegy on a Blackbird*.—I shall now descend to a more humble and modern *Poet*, the *Poet Free*, who may with great justice be stiled the *Birmingham Bard*. This servant of the Muses, well knowing the THIRSTY propensity of their *disciples*, very *wisely* keeps a *public-house* for their accommodation, where he *pens* and *sings* his own *ballads*, and occasionally collects his works into a *regular form*, and prints a volume at a time for the amusement of the public.

Vauxhall, formerly the seat of Sir Lister Holte, Bart. is a place of amusement, similar to that of the same name near Lambeth, and is greatly improved both in the gardens and orchestra; the well known abilities of Mrs. Martyr, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Parke, have added much to its popularity, which with the introduction of some splendid fire-works, has caused it lately to be much frequented.

In this town resided the celebrated Baskerville, printer of the Bible, by privilege of royal authority; also Mr. Hutton, author of the History of Birmingham. Another principal manufacture of the place is buttons, made in a great variety of elegant patterns; also buckles,

silver

A Fancy Sketch, to the Memory of Shakespeare

Vol. 66.



silver and plated, which trade received great injury by the introduction of *shoe-strings*, and vast numbers of artisans were thrown out of employ. The paper composition for boxes of various kinds, bread-baskets, &c. (for which Mr. Clay the inventor was granted a patent) has long been universally admired, and is daily receiving great improvements, both in *quality* and *pattern*.

One of the neatest villages in the county is Sutton Colefield; it contains many good houses, and respectable families, and is situated in a desirable situation; its distance from London is about one hundred and six miles.

Notwithstanding the author had not an opportunity of visiting *Stratford upon Avon*, he cannot quit Warwickshire without an humble poetic offering to the memory of Shakespeare, and a sketch illustrative of the subject (Plate 66.)

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

STRIKE loud the martial instruments of war,
 And breathe the dulcet flute's melodious sound;
 Each in their turn shall meet the ravish'd ear
 Of him, who sheds a tributary tear
 For Genius past, which never shall return.
 Behold where Ariel clasps the Poet's urn,
 And calls, beneath the splendid ev'ning star,
 Fairies, and Genii, to the hallow'd ground.

And lo! his varied characters appear
While as the chequer'd group draws near,
Dark groves of cypress hail the mournful bands,
E'en Falstaff, son of mirth and glee,
Forgets his jests, and midnight revelry,
And pensive o'er the shrine dejected stands.

Sleep on sweet Bard, where Avon's silver streams
Her fertile banks in softest murmurs lave,
Passing thy relics, while the glittering beams
Of chaste-ey'd Cynthia tints the ripp'ling wave.

The *guardian angel* of thy sacred dust,
To check the tow'ring and the haughty vain,
Speaks in a sigh, while bending o'er thy bust,
“ *We ne'er shall look upon thy like again!*”

Yet milder passions, subject to thy will,
In calm obedience, wait around thy tomb,
Bidding each anxious care-worn thought be still,
And gently soothing cheers the circling gloom.
While Fancy owning all thy magic powers,
Thy grave adorns with *never-fading flowers*.

C H A P. XVII.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Disbley Farm—Mr. Bakewell—Leicester—Various Antiquities—Principal Inns—Stanza on an Inn—Doctor Johnson's Opinion on the same Subject—Rough Pavements, and tender-footed Passengers—The Junction Mania, or Canal Madness—Market Harborough—An Itinerant Thespian Anecdote—Mount Sorrel—Jolting made easy!—Quorne—Mr. Meynell's hunting Seat—Loughborough—Farther Symptoms of Canal Madness—Kegworth—Dunnington—Bosworth, and Bosworth Field—Miscellaneous Observations, and a contrast between Ancient and Modern Armour.

THIS County has been long famous for a fine breed of cattle, and good management amongst the Farmers in respect to their grounds; indeed it would be somewhat strange if they did not excel in these particulars, from the example of the late celebrated Mr. Bakewell, of Disbley Farm, whose wonderful improvements in agricultural researches are well known in most parts of Europe; and it is but justice to observe, that the stranger who from a

S s

laudable

laudable curiosity visited the premises, never failed of meeting with genuine politeness, and what is still more rare, *Genuine Old English Hospitality*.

Leicester is supposed to be the *Rata* of Antoninus, and the *Ragæ* of Ptolemy.—A great number of Roman antiquities have been discovered in this town, and some very recently; they principally consist of medals in silver and copper, and ruins of ancient brick-work, also bones of several beasts, supposed to have been offered in sacrifice. A great curiosity was found here in the last century, by a workman, who was digging for a cellar, near All-Saint's Church; it represented the story of Diana and Actæon, entirely wrought in small pebbles, the colours were in general white and brown; and a very perfect Roman bath was found in the vicinity of the town, some years back, considerably below the surface of the earth; it was composed of small stones, about an inch long, and half an inch in breadth; the roof was arched, and the bath perforated by earthen pipes, for the conveyance of the water; the stones were finely cemented with a thin mortar, and the dimensions of the whole work was about six yards long, and four broad.

What is called the Jewry Wall, is composed of rag-stones and Roman bricks, in which are several niches, of an oval figure, supposed formerly to have been a receptacle for urns. In an adjacent meadow are the ruins of a monastery, founded in the year 1143, by Robert Boffu, Earl of Leicester, and famous for being the place where Cardinal Wolfey breathed his last; part of the ancient terrace,

race, supported by strong walls and lunettes over-hanging the river, have received the least injury from time. In St. Martin's Church is a curious Epitaph on one Mr. John Heyric, who died April 2, 1589, aged 76, and lived in one house with his wife 52 years, and in all that time never buried man, woman, or child, though he had sometimes twenty in family; his widow, who lived to be 97, saw before her death, (which happened Dec. 8, 1611) of her children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, to the number of 143! I am informed there are several families of the same name, still resident in Leicester, but whether derived from the same branch, or QUITE SO PROLIFIC, I cannot *positively ascertain*.

The town had its first charter from King John, and the Freemen are exempt from toll in all Fairs and Markets in England. The principal Inns are the Three Cranes, Three Crowns, and the Lyon and Lamb. The former lost a very obliging Landlord in the death of Mr. Allemande; it has however kept up its credit for cleanliness, civility, and good accommodations, which are essentials in travelling worthy consideration, particularly when we reflect on the lines of one of our first poets:

“ Whoe’er has travell’d life’s dull round,
 “ Whate’er his various tour has been,
 “ May sigh to think how oft he found
 “ His warmest welcome at an *Inn*.

In support of this opinion I shall beg leave to observe that Mr. Boswell, in his corrections and additions to his first edition of the life of Doctor Johnson, introduces the following anecdote of his ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND! “ Sir John Hawkins (says Mr. B.) has “ preserved very *few Memorabilia* of Johnson; there is however to be “ found in his bulky tome a very excellent one upon this subject,” (speaking of *Inns* and *Taverns*.) The anecdote is thus related.— Sir John has heard this great man assert, “ *that a tavern chair was “ the throne of human felicity*; as soon (said he) as I enter the door “ of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom “ from solicitude: when I am seated I find the master courteous, “ and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know, and “ ready to supply my wants; wine there exhilarates my spirits, and “ prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse “ with those whom I most love; I dogmatize, and am contradicted, “ and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight.”

Much cannot be said in respect to the uniformity or elegance of the houses in Leicester, and most parts the town is *wretchedly paved*, in which it is far from singular, as this great inconvenience is the general characteristic of most of the towns and principal places of the surrounding counties (*Northampton excepted*).

Nothing can be more distressing to a *calm mind* than to view the *excruciating pain* displayed in various visages when treading on *sharp pointed stones*.



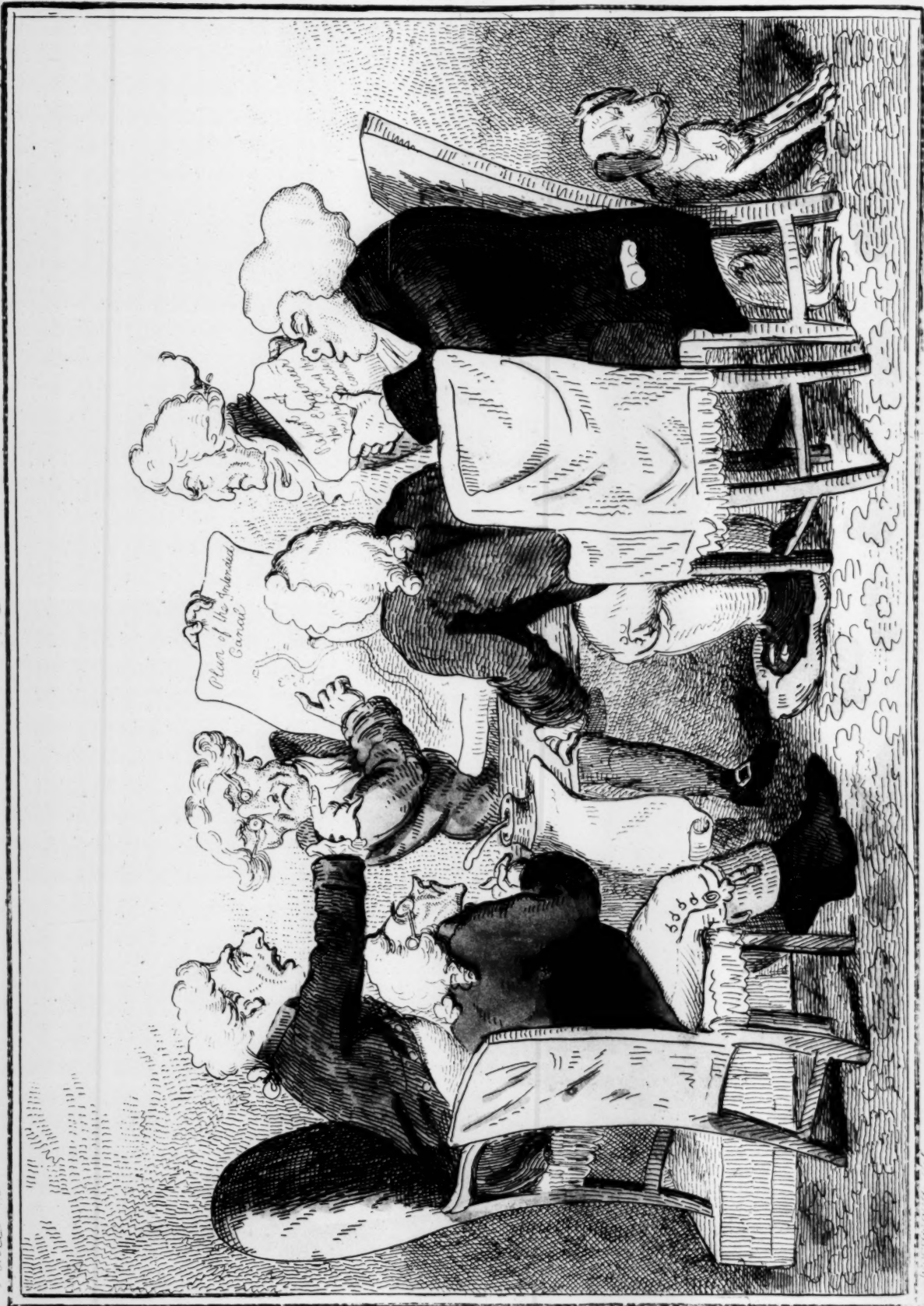
Woodward

Cruikshanks Sculp

London Pub'd by Allen & Co. 15, Paternoster Row. Feb, 25, 1797

A Canal Meeting

Plate 68



Published by M. H. H. 1847. Printed by M. H. H. 1847.

To illustrate this observation more fully (Plate 67) represents the effects of a rough pavement on *tender-footed Passengers*!

Leicester is one of those places which has been much afflicted with the *Junction Mania*, or more commonly speaking, with the *Canal Madness*, which disease is very prevalent in most parts of the Island. This disorder generally presents itself in the *first instance*, among a few monied-men, from a very *laudable idea* of *increasing their property*, which immediately seizes upon all persons who wish to display their consequence in public plans, advertisements, and hand-bills: at this period it is communicated to some popular Engineer, who from similar motives to those from whence the malady first originated, sets the whole country in a blaze, which nothing *but water* can possibly extinguish.

In chance this prevalent disorder should hereafter obtain a place in the *Materia Medica*, I shall for the benefit of the faculty introduce some of the first symptoms of the disease displayed in a *Public Meeting* (Plate 68).

Market Harborough is a long ill-built town, about thirteen miles from Leicester, and seventeen from Northampton, over heavy dirty roads; it stands on the River Welland, near its source, and is only remarkable for its annual fair for cattle, which is well attended. The new Market-House is a great improvement to the town, and the tall spire of the church amidst the straggling houses has a pleasing effect from the adjacent country.

A ludicrous theatrical anecdote of a circumstance which occurred in this neighbourhood, though not greatly to the credit of the honourable *house of the Capulets*, may notwithstanding enrich a whimsical page, and afford a sketch from animated nature.

A few of the children of Thespis having procured a barn for a temporary exhibition, announced the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet for representation, and an audience much more numerous than was expected attended. The *blooming* hero of the drama was represented by the itinerant manager himself, who had long past by his *fiftieth* year, and in appearance much more resembled the *starved apothecary* than the *youthful Romeo*! yet on this night, *in his own opinion*, he did wonders!—His spouse, whose shape somewhat resembled a *butter-firkin*, was the lovely Juliet, who having sighed, whined, and sobbed through the principal scenes of the character, the charitable Muse in pity for the audience had graciously condescended to lodge her in the tomb of her ancestors. A large blanket was the substitute for the ancient monument of the Capulets, behind which the lovely form of the heroine was intended to be discovered, as a melancholy example of crossed love to the surrounding village damsels, equipped in red cloaks and pattens. Unfortunately the lady behind the blanket had forgot her cue, and wisely considering the loss of time in any shape whatever extremely reprehensible, entered into a little scheme of amusement of her own, till the period drew near for the discovery. Great was the expectation, when Romeo, lifting up his iron crow, threatened destruction to the defenceless covering; at length the tattered rags gave way, and displayed to the astonished audience, but more particularly to the son of Montague, his beloved

Juliet

An Itinerant Theatrical Sketch

Plate 19

the Manager
of the Theatre
is the Doctor
and a new way to pay old debts



W. H. Stiles del.

London. Published by Allen & Co. 15, Watermark Lane, Bow, February 25, 1897.

Cruikshanks sc.

Juliet seated on the knee of one of the meanest of his father's household!—
The effect on the different countenances is better conceived than described;
an humble delineation is attempted in Plate 69.

Mountsorrel is situated on the River Stour, over which is a stone bridge; and is distant from London one hundred and four miles. In this town was formerly a strong castle, which belonged to the Earls of Leicester, and in the time of the Barons wars, to Saer de Quiney, Earl of Winchester; it was demolished by the inhabitants in the year 1217, and the reason assigned was, *its being the Nest of the DEVIL!* and a *Den of Thieves!* It would redound much more to the credit of the town, if the present *intolerable roughness* of the high road was more congenial to the *feelings of Travellers*. To a person inclosed in any carriage it is truly disagreeable, but in a *heavy stage coach* it is past description; nothing, except a figure cut in stone, can possibly escape the violence of the repeated shocks, and *even then* 'tis ten to one but dislocation would take place.* However, there are few things met with in our journey through life, so extremely bad, but from which some advantage may be gleaned, as in the present instance. From the experience of frequent shakings and tossings, in every direction, I am enabled to reduce them into four distinct classes, whereby future travellers may in some measure lessen the inconvenience, by *holding tight* the bands which are placed on the sides of the coach, and by that means attain a proper equilibrium. In order to give a more just con-

* This road within a few years has been much improved.

ception to the reader, who is content to travel by his fire-side, the first sketch (Plate 70) represents *Symptoms of Jolting*, and arranged under the following heads: (1) A *perpendicular jolt*, proceeding from the *bottom upwards*. (2) An *horizontal jolt*. (3) A *jolt dexter*; and (4) A *jolt sinister*. Plate 71 represents the best method of prevention for the foregoing evils, according to the following rules: (1) For the *perpendicular jolt*, raise the arm to the highest band, and bear downwards; (2) for the *horizontal jolt*, cross arms with the person on the opposite seat, and both lean backwards, keeping fast hold of the respective bands; (3) for the *jolt dexter*, if seated on the right side, seize the band on the left; and (4) for the *jolt sinister*, if seated on the left, secure the band on the right, and in both the latter cases keep a backward direction, as before-mentioned. From the hints here laid down, it is to be hoped that some public-spirited character may improve on the idea, and among the various titles of the discoveries of the day, we may find *Jolting made Easy*, a *principal subject for investigation*. *Quorn* is a second edition of Mountforrel, though perhaps the shocks are not quite so violent, on which account I would recommend it to young beginners, who wish to put the foregoing rules in practice. In this neighbourhood is the hunting seat of Mr. Meynell, famous for his breed of hounds, and the elegant accommodations which he furnishes for the lovers of the chace. The lines of Somerville the poet are here realized, for wheresoe'er the Traveller turns

“ The Welkin rings!—men, dogs, hills, rocks and woods

“ In the *full concert join*.”

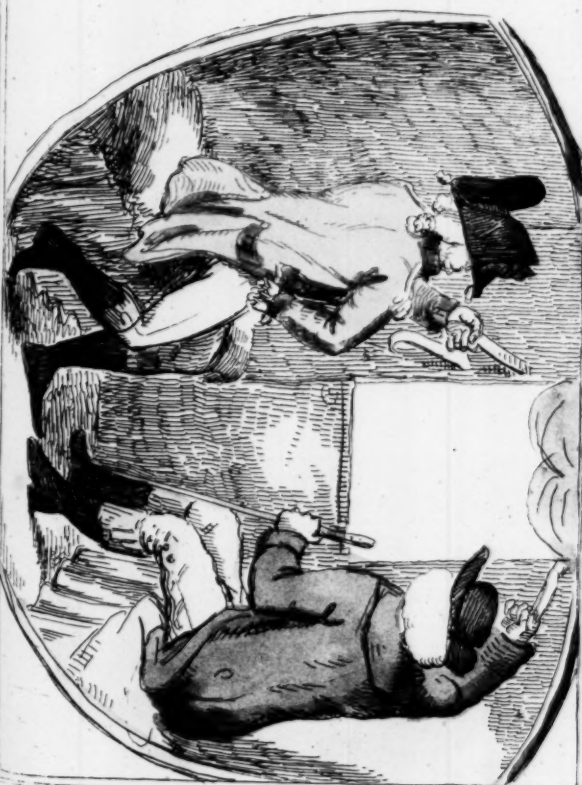
Loughborough

Symptoms of getting



London: D. & C. by Allen & Co. 25, South Street.

John Bull & Co. 1847.

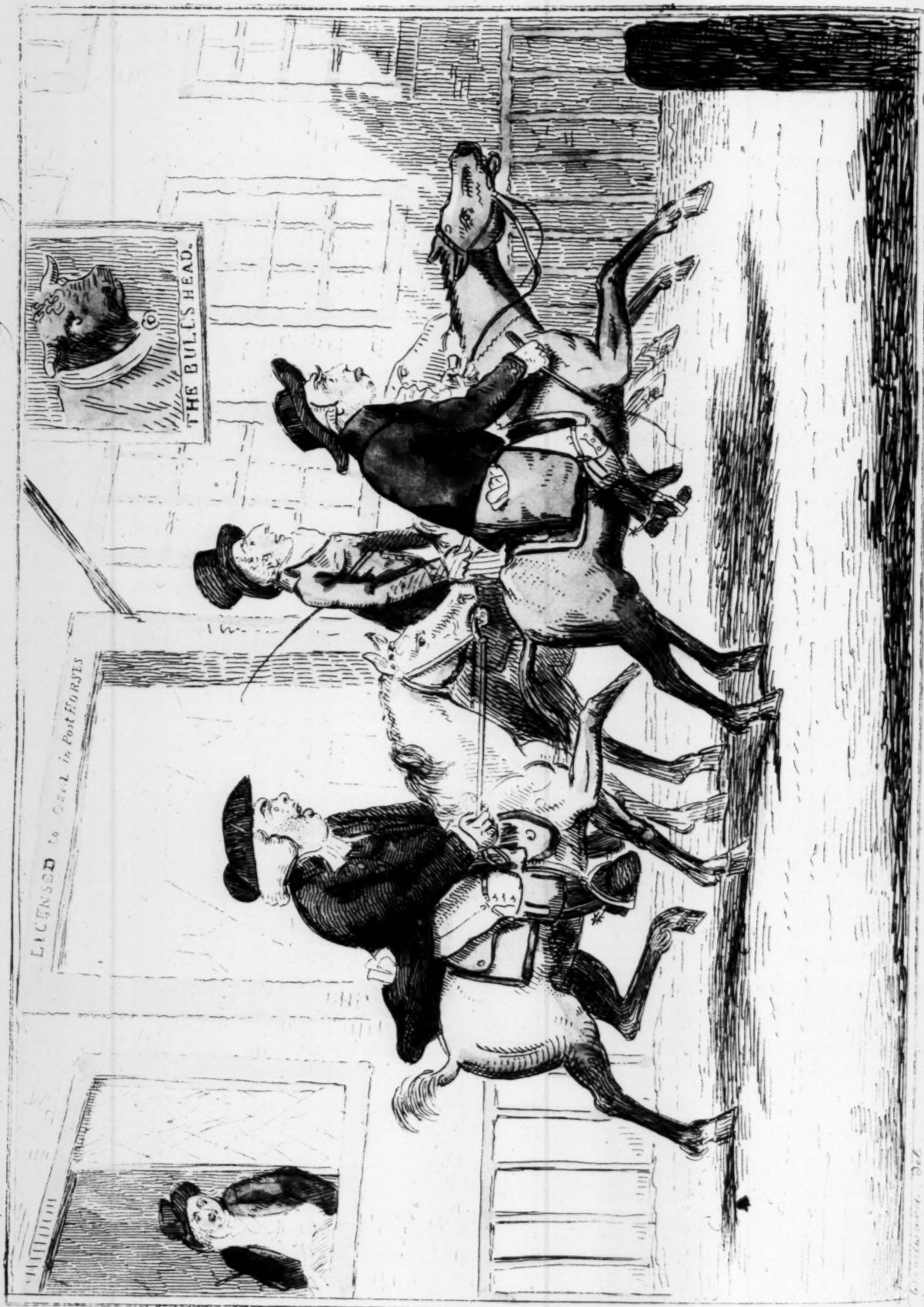


London. Published by Allen & Co. 15, Paternoster Row. March 4, 1847.

Printed by W. H. Stiles.

Question Sketches from an Inn at Loughborough

1866-72



Published by Allen & Co. No. 15, Waterman's Row March 4, 1897

Crutcher & Co. Lith

Loughborough is pleasantly situated among fertile meadows, but the town is very dull, dirty, narrow, and ill-built; the principal Inn is the Bull's Head, from the windows of which I had a flying view of *three equestrian characters*, mounted on wretched post horses, pursuing their route towards Leicester. There appeared so much hurry and business depicted in their countenances, that according to the plan on which I had set out on my travels, I considered them as proper subjects for investigation, and on enquiry found they were seized with the *Canal Madness*, (described in page 161) which addition to the former symptoms is represented in Plate 72.

At *Kegworth* some of the houses are better built than the generality of village cottages; and *Dunnington*, near *Ashby-de-la-Zouch*, as a retired and rural situation, claims the attention of the Traveller.

It would be unpardonable to quit Leicestershire without noticing *Bosworth*, or as it is commonly called *Market Bosworth*, the battle which was fought in its environs being so memorable an æra in the English History. This town is distant from London about one hundred and five miles; it is very ancient, and built on a hill, three miles from which is *Bosworth Field*, where the tyrant Richard the Third fell beneath the victorious arm of Henry, Duke of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, who by marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, united the houses of York and Lancaster, whose disputed claims had for many years deluged the kingdom with blood. It is recorded by some Historians, that Richard's body was conveyed across a horse to Leicester, and there interred in a stone coffin, which coffin was afterwards converted into a

horse-trough, and placed at the door of a common Inn in that town;—but on a minute enquiry, every information appeared so unsatisfactory that I am of opinion this tradition may with justice be ranked amongst the numerous idle tales of past times.

The old story of the ground being bare of herbage, where any remarkable murder has been perpetrated or memorable battle fought between contending armies, loses nothing of its consequence at Bosworth Field; indeed it would be downright arrogance for a *blade of grass* to lift its presumptuous head on so memorable a spot! Swords, battle-axes, breast-plates, spurs, &c. are frequently dug up by the labourers, and many of them lodged in the museums of the curious. The striking contrast between *ancient armour*, and modern *military accoutrements* is worthy illustration. Plate 73 is an humble attempt on the subject.



Woodward Del.

London Pub^d by Allen & Co. 15 Pallmall... Row March 4th 1797

Cruckshank Sc.

C H A P. XVIII.

 LINCOLNSHIRE.

Division of Lincolnshire—Appearance of the City from Lincoln Heath—Lincoln—Upper and Lower Town—Clerical Anticipation on viewing a Pig-stye !—Various Antiquities—A Provincial Expression illustrated—Lincoln Minster—A very minute Description of the famous Bell, known by the Appellation of Great Tom.

LINCOLNSHIRE is divided into three parts called Holland, Kesteven, and Lindsey ; it is bounded on the east by the German Ocean, and is about one hundred and eighty miles in circumference.—A flat but pleasant country leads to the city of Lincoln, which appears proudly eminent on the side of a lofty hill, that receives additional grandeur from the contrast of the surrounding plains called Lincoln heath, which like those of Salisbury extend above fifty miles. Such views to many persons present nothing interesting, yet there is a proportionate mixture of the great and sublime, which to some conceptions make ample amends for the loss of more variegated scenery.

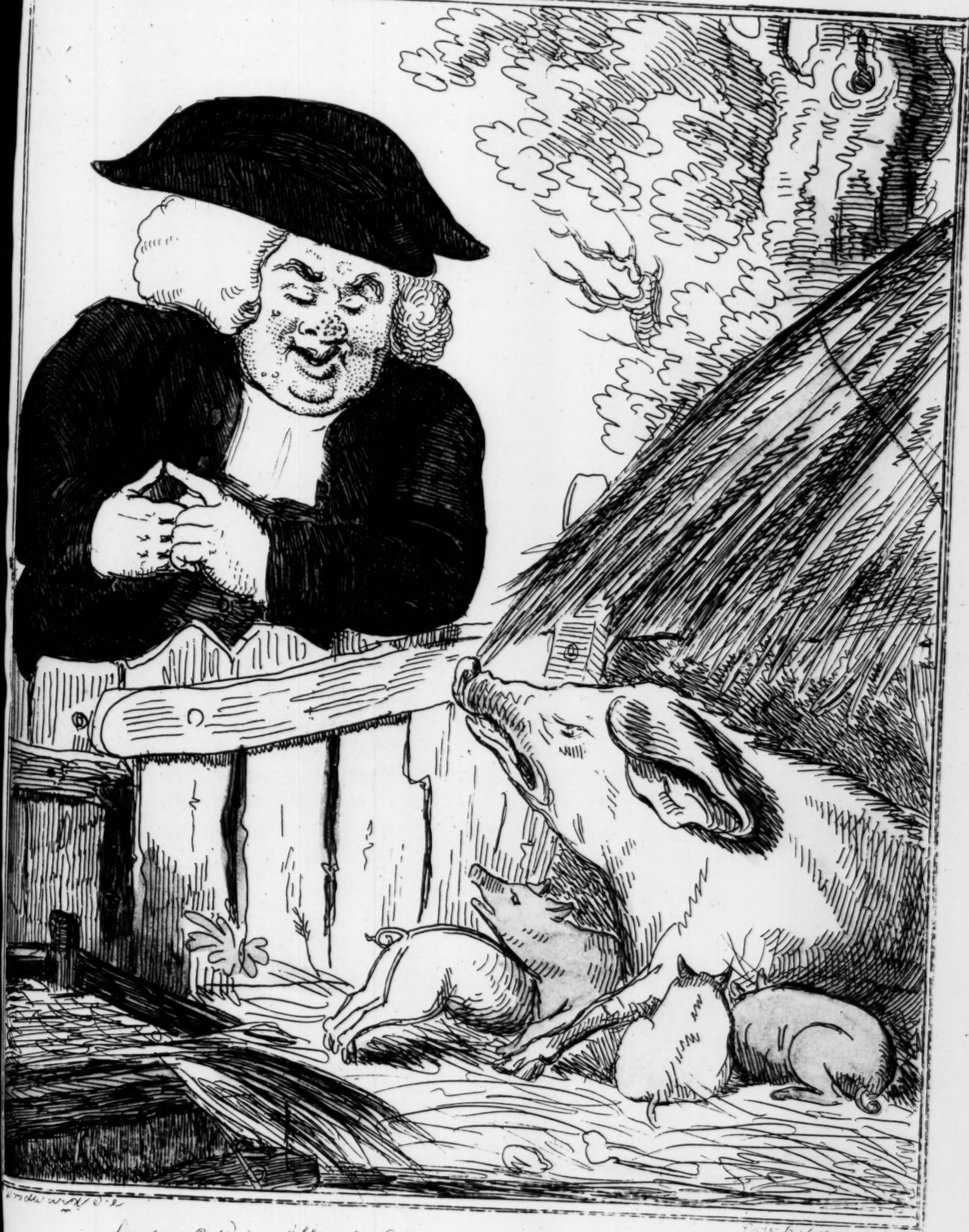
Lincoln is famous for its antiquity, and is traced back as far as *Vortimer* the valiant Knight of the Britons, who was buried in this city. On one side of the hill are the marks of a rampart and ditches, supposed to be the remains of the ancient *Lindum*, which was destroyed by the Saxons. In the Conqueror's days, according to Doomsday Book, it had 1070 houses, and was then very populous.

At the bottom of the hill, the river Witham runs in three small channels, over which are several bridges; from its steep ascent the city is divided into the *upper* and *lower Town*, the communication between which is extremely troublesome, the street being so *very deep* and *straight*, that *coaches*, &c. are obliged to take a large compass another way: to foot passengers it is very disagreeable, more especially to those encumbered with an *extensive circumference*, of which an example is given in Plate 74, representing a *desperate attempt at Lincoln-hill before dinner!*

Abbeys, Churches, and other religious houses once abounded in this place, and to the present day the barns, stables, and even *bog-styes* bear a *monastic appearance*, and evidently betray their origin by their stone walls, arched windows, and gothic doors;—the last article seems most in character, as pigs time out of mind have been held in great estimation by a large majority of the clergy, which is more fully illustrated in Plate 75, entitled *Clerical Anticipation!* The river on the west side of the town forms itself into a pool called *Swan pool*. The Roman North Gate called Newport Gate, still remains entire; it is a vast semi-circle of stone, without cement, but as it were, *wedged in together*; and near this gate is another curious piece of Roman workmanship, called the *Mint-wall*, built with



Clerical Anticipation



London Pub'd by Allen & Co. 15, Pall Mall East, March 7, 1877

The Devil looking over Lincoln



W. J. M. 1862

Cruikshank 1862

London. Pub^d by Allen & Wicks, 15, Paternoster Row, March 11/77

with alternate layers of brick and stone, about sixteen feet high, and forty long. In other parts of the city are many remains of the old Roman wall; and several funeral monuments of the Normans have been dug up at various times near the Castle. Westward is an intrenchment made by the army of King Stephen, during his wars with the Empress Matilda.

The City is a County of itself, and enjoys extensive power, and privileges; it has four charity schools, in each of which thirty children are taught by the Widows of Clergymen.

William the Conqueror built a strong Castle for the defence of Lincoln, and about the same time the Bishop *Remegius* translated his see to this place from Dorchester, and founded the magnificent Cathedral, which stands on the summit of the hill, and may be seen fifty miles to the North, and thirty to the South; the middle or rood tower is supposed to be the highest in the kingdom.—From its elevated and conspicuous situation it was called the *glory of Lincoln*, and the monks concluded it would *chagrin the Devil to look at it*, and from thence a *malicious, envious aspect* is by a proverbial expression compared to the “*Devil looking over Lincoln*,” which is farther illustrated by the portrait represented in Plate 76.

This Cathedral or Minster is a stately gothic pile of curious workmanship, surrounded by the houses of the prebendaries, and has successively been brought to the highest perfection by its several Bishops, many of whom are interred within its walls. There remains several ancient paintings of the most eminent, but the principal part are greatly effaced by time. In the windows are many curious devices in stained glass, that

have a pleasing effect. Many of the ornaments round the exterior parts of the edifice are extremely *outré*, peculiar to the manners of Monkish times, who notwithstanding their *cows*, and outward forms of gravity, were not always strict adherents to the sanctity they professed. His *infernal majesty* looking over the *religious pile* with a *four physiognomy*, is placed in a conspicuous situation. The other parts are a ludicrous combination of Friars, Nuns, Saints, Dæmons, Angels, Harpies, in short, every thing which imagination could body forth. The prospect from the tower is beautiful. The principal object of curiosity to strangers visiting Lincoln is the far-famed Bell, called GREAT TOM! An *enormous representation* by way of preface meets the eye of the passenger, on entering the court-yard of the Minster, as a sign to a little public-house at the right hand side of the gate leading from the principal street. The original is placed in the rood tower of the Cathedral, and weighs nearly five ton; it contains four hundred and twenty four gallons ale measure, and is twenty-two feet eight inches in circumference. The clock strikes on this bell, and I had the *pleasure* (if it may be so called) of hearing *an explosion* at one o'clock in the afternoon, and from the effect on my *own ears*, am firmly of opinion, that those persons who attended the vibrations an hour before must have had tympanums of iron, or steel!

The effects on different countenances while viewing this extensive piece of bell-metal, furnishes the subject of Plate 77, under the title of—*A Cursory Peep at Great Tom of Lincoln!*

1864 A cursory Peep at Great Tom of Lincoln



Printed by Allen, at the Salisbury Press, March 11, 1864. G. H. R. del.

C H A P. XIX.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The approach to Nottingham—Assertions of former Writers contradicted, but with great Deference—Nottingham—Rain-water, pouring from Spouts, not very agreeable to Passengers—Deep Cellars, Rock-boles, Castle, &c. Mortimer's Hole—Nottingham Ale—Market-place—St. Mary's Church—Observations on the Clergy, and Congregations, of most large Towns, very inapplicable to the pious Town of Nottingham!—The Author endeavoureth to reconcile Churchmen and Dissenters, and it is probable, he will receive no thanks for his pains—Public Buildings—Principal Inns—The Theatre—An Epigram supposed to be not perfectly congenial to the feelings of the Hostlers—Names of Streets applicable in many cases—The Author taketh unpardonable liberties with Old Maids and Parsons—Nottingham Routs, somewhat too much ridiculed—Sedan-chairs—Pleasant walks near Nottingham—Sneinton—Apartments in the Rocks—Sherwood Forest—Enquiries after Robin Hood and Little John, not very successful—St. Anne's Well—Newark upon Trent—Road from Nottingham to Derby—Cottages—Advantages in respect to Fuel—Plaster Floorings—Lenton—Woolaton Hall, and Stapleford.

A SERENADE from the harsh gratings of stocking-frames ;—windmills as if placed purposely to frighten horses, deep roads of sand and heavy mud proclaim the approach to the town of Nottingham ! Nearly a

mile previous to the entrance at *Chapel Bar*, the road is an absolute disgrace to that part of the country.—There is scarcely a town in the kingdom which has been more celebrated for *cleanliness* by old writers, with so few *real pretensions* to the character given of it as *Nottingham*!—The streets are in general covered with *sludge* of the *blackest* kind, which *suble hue* is principally contracted from the dust of *coal carts*; and on a rainy day, the heads of the passengers are saluted with *streams of water* from *long projecting spouts* issuing from the *tops of the houses*. This public nuisance is most conspicuous in *Bridle-smith-gate*. The lighting and paving are articles which also require much improvement; at present these necessary conveniences in so large a town, are principally confined to the streets inhabited by the wealthy *HOSIERS*, whose *proud mansions* rise *supremely eminent* above the *common remnants* of the STOCKING MANUFACTORY!

Nottingham is said to derive its name from a Saxon word, which signifies a place abounding with *caverns*, or *holes under ground*, which etymology its *rocky situation* and *subterraneous curiosities* help to confirm. The noble river called the Trent runs parallel with the south part of the town, and is navigable to the bridge. Nothing can be more delightful than the beautiful and extensive meadows formed by its banks, which are everywhere rich and luxuriant. One of the best views of the town is from the road leading to the bridge before-mentioned. The elevated situation of the houses, the Castle, St. Mary's Church, the Hospital, and other surrounding buildings, form together a scene so truly pleasing, as seldom to be excelled.

The

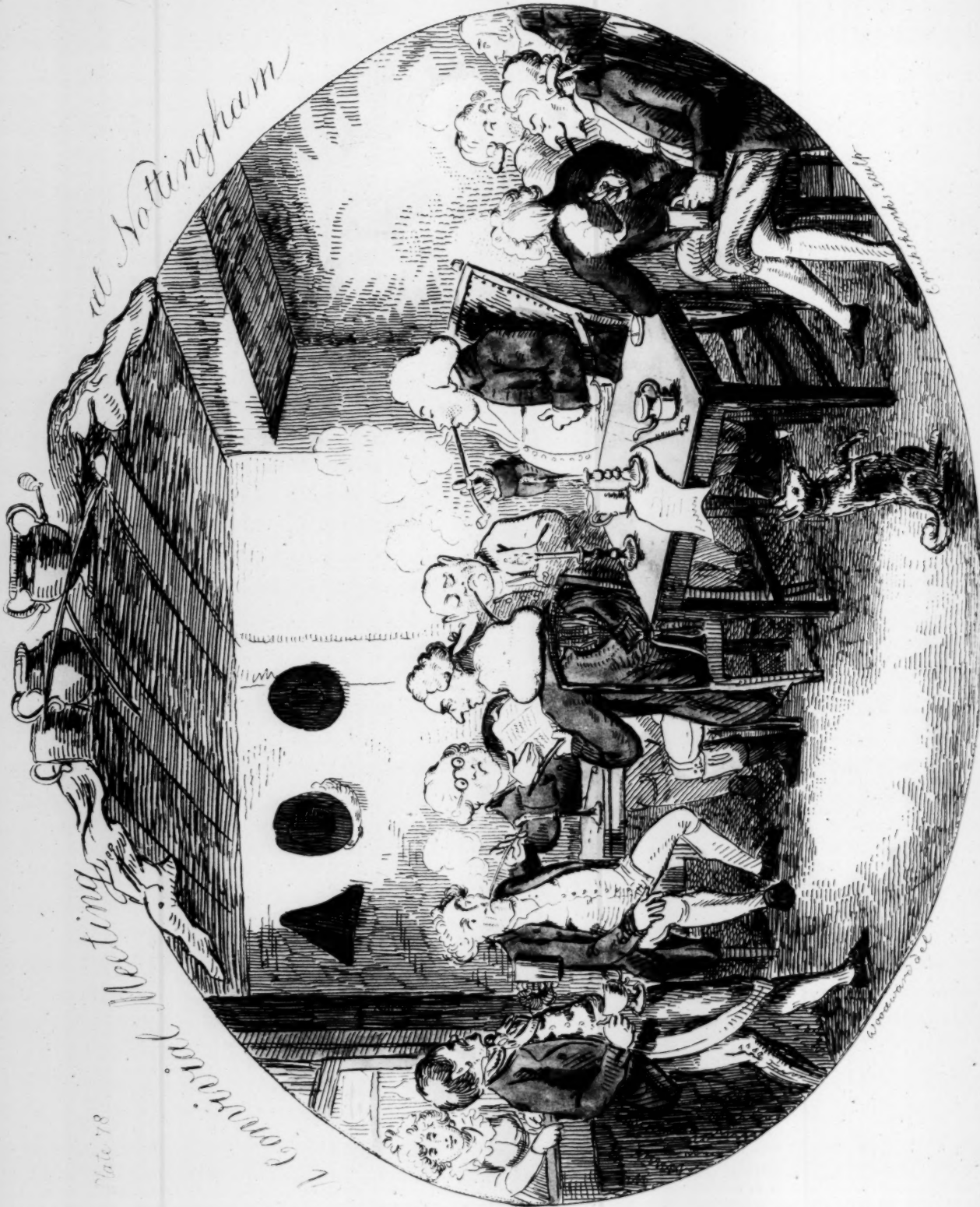
The rocks on which the town is built, from the various rude formations of dwellings in the cavities fashioned into chimneys, windows, and other conveniences, were undoubtedly originally inhabited by the *Ancient Britons*. Many of the modern houses are so situated that the inhabitants literally go *down stairs* to their garrets, and *up stairs* to their gardens; from the walls of the latter the eye of the spectator is frequently directed to a *crowded street* at a *great depth beneath him*. Some years back, an extensive cavern was discovered under the Hen-crofs, in which were found a cup, beads, and other pieces of antiquity. It is scarcely possible to dig a foundation for a house without meeting with subterraneous passages, which are in general used as cellars, some of which have a descent of *forty or fifty steps*, and others much deeper. The most remarkable are those of the White Lion and Black-moor Head Inns, which are usually visited by Travellers, if possessed of any curiosity: in the former is a large reservoir for keeping *fish alive*, for which article the town is much famed, particularly for its salmon taken in the Trent.

In the park near the castle are some *rude caves*, called the Rock Holes, which bear something of the resemblance of a church, altar, chambers, and a pigeon-house; but in making these discoveries, fancy must in a great measure assist us. They were in all probability first formed by the ancient Britons. Not far distant is an hermitage, which now affords a shelter for cattle! An *aperture* above the Rock Holes is *extremely dangerous*, and ought immediately to be covered over, or fenced, for the safety of *heedless antiquarians*! A small river, called the Leine, after gliding beneath the castle, passes these rocks; a person standing on the opposite shore, by an elevation of the voice, directed towards the caverns, produces an echo,

Y y

scarcely

scarcely equalled by the *romantic descriptions* in *ancient romance* ! The *castle* is situated at the West end of the town, on an eminence over-looking the park, meadows, rivers, and a rich extent of country. The original fortress was built by William the Conqueror, or as others assert by one Peverell, his natural son. It was chosen by most of our English monarchs as a temporary sojournment in preference to any other place at the same distance from the capital. Richard the Third slept here a few nights previous to the Battle of Bosworth Field, and is said to have termed it the *Castle of Care* ! Among the numerous prisoners confined here at different periods were David, the second King of Scotland, and Marshal Tallard, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Blenheim in the year 1705 ; his punishment was in some measure mitigated by having the liberty of riding a circuit of ten miles, which exercise he took for some years. A *subterraneous passage* leading from the castle to the River Leine, is still called *Mortimer's Hole*, from a tradition that through a knowledge of this passage, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was taken after an obstinate resistance, and was this way led to execution, by order of Edward the Third. The crimes alledged against him were, betraying his country to the Scots, through the influence of bribery, and other misdemeanors against the safety of the state. *Mortimer's Hole* is so extremely steep, that it is almost impossible to ascend or descend with perfect safety, after a certain depth ; light is admitted through fissures of the rock, at irregular distances. The ancient fortress was nearly demolished during the Civil Wars, in the reign of Charles the First ; and in the time of the second Prince of that name, the Duke of Buckingham sold the ground to the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle, who in the year 1674 began to clear the foundations of the old tower, and erected the present stately fabric,



A General Meeting of the Poor at Nottingham

Plate 78

fabric, around which is a terrace walled breast high, and seats under shelter for public accommodation; but the pavement through neglect, and the bad quality of the stone, is extremely out of repair, as are the steps ascending to the castle. On one side of the building is an equestrian statue, meant to represent the noble founder. Part of the premises are used at present as a Boarding School for Young Ladies, and in another part a stand of arms are kept for the use of the Militia of the County. The other interior parts of this once splendid mansion present nothing to the view of the enquiring Traveller, but a large hall, an extensive stair-case, a few remains of ancient armour, and *dreary uninhabited apartments!* The principal remains of the old structure are about the porter's lodge, and in some parts of the park. The Hospital is a handsome brick building, lately erected near the spot where the unfortunate Charles the First hoisted the Royal Standard, in the summer of 1642. Among many other charitable institutions is Collins's Almshouses, for twenty-four aged persons, situated near the castle.

Nottingham is famous for its ALE, the superiority of which is accounted for, by the depth and coolness of the cellars. Two principal houses where the inhabitants repair for their libations distributed in CUPS and CANS of silver * are the Punch-bowl and Peacock, in and near Peck Lane. The volumes of *smoke* and *politics*, in which these lovers of malt and hops are *nightly encircled*, is a subject better calculated for the pencil than the pen, of which an attempt is given in Plate 78. The Market place is spacious and handsome, and well supplied with a variety of provisions, at a very

* Silver is in general used for the Ale throughout the Town.

moderate rate. The shambles are not unlike those of Fleet Market, London, and very commodious.* The houses in the Market-place are in general built on piazzas, under which are a variety of shops for different articles; but the traveller is not to expect the *piazzas of Venice or Spain*, nor even those of COVENT GARDEN, but a meer *pathway under cover*, supported by *wooden pillars*!

St. Mary's Church is a handsome Gothic structure. Over one of the doors of the interior part of the building may be traced some faint remains of a very ancient painting of a *gigantic figure*, supposed to have been intended for St. Christopher, whose *patronage* was formerly in great esteem in cases of sacrilege, fire, tempests, &c. by most of which calamities churches built on the same site have at distant periods been considerable sufferers. The present fabric, though of great antiquity, has every appearance of strength and durability.

I am sorry to say that at St. Mary's, (as is the case in many other places of religious worship in the kingdom) what is termed the *polite part* of a *congregation* keep up the ancient prerogative of *pomp and parade*, with all due *honour and attention*! What can be more *ludicrous* or opposite to the simplicity of TRUE PIETY, than the *over-strained congratulations* and *mutual compliments previous to the service*?—the fashionable SMALL TALK during its *continuance*?—the *merry voluntary* on the organ, during

* The necessary article of light excepted, as in what is called the dark shambles, they are almost continually obliged to burn candles.—They are built under the Exchange.

A POLITE CONGREGATION



London: Published by Allen & Co. 16, Cornhill Lane. March, 28, 1897.

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Clerical Politeneſs.



W. Woodcut del.

C. Cruikshank sculp.

London, Pub'd. by Allen W. G. 15. Paternoster Row. March 11. 1797

the proceſſion to the reading deſk *?—the elegant *obeiſance* between two eccleſiaſtical dignitaries on paſſing each other, (the reader of the prayers, and the preacher of the ſermon) during the paſſage of the latter to the pulpit?—the inceſſant bows and curtſies, the inſtant the whole is concluded?—and the *jig* which in many places is ſtruck up by the organiſt, while the congregation diſperſes?—I do not pretend to charge the people of Nottingham with *all theſe follies*, but *ſome few* unqueſtionably fall to their ſhare. I ſhall endeavour to illuſtrate a portion of theſe obſervations by two plates, ſuitable to other parts of England, the Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick upon Tweed. The firſt (Plate 79) is entitled *A Clerical Obeiſance on mounting the Pulpit!* and (Plate 80) *An Univerſal ſhow of Politenefs at the concluſion of the Service!*—Another very diſagreeable interruption to the ſerious part of a congregation, is the affected and loud manner in which ſome perſons make the *ſtated reſponſes*, which of courſe is to ſhew that *they can read*, and have acquired AN ELEGANT PRONUNCIATION! There are two other churches in Nottingham dedicated to St. Nicholas and St. Peter. I ſhall diſmiſs this part of my ſubject with obſerving that altercations are daily taking place between the *Churchmen* and *Diſſenters*, much to the diſcredit of BOTH PARTIES; on this account private friendſhip is frequently diſſolved, and the trade amongſt each other greatly injured. Which ſect is moſt to blame is hard to determine, and if placed in the ſame ſcales, 'tis moſt probable there would be an equal balance between them!

* This is leſs conſpicious at Nottingham than in moſt places. I ſhall have occaſion to treat of this ceremony more at large in another part of the work.

The Town Goal has undergone some alterations on the plan of the late Mr. Howard, who made several visits to this, and the Goal for the County, both of which are situated on the high pavement, where is a Charity School well endowed, and many private buildings, occupied by respectable families, from which are delightful prospects of the meadows and surrounding country. A part may be viewed from the street, an open space being left for the purpose, fenced by neat iron palisades.

The principal Inns are the Blackmoor's Head, White Lion, Flying Horse, the Ram, King's Head, &c. and if some of them had more attention paid to their internal neatness, they would rank high in the *Travelling Catalogue*, as the Hosts and Hostesses are in general civil and obliging.

The Theatre is built in a very confined situation. The Manager (Mr. Pero) has several other theatrical edifices on the same small scale in different parts of the kingdom. The boxes and stage decorations are very neat, but infinitely too small, according to the population of the town, at least so a stranger would suppose; but on the other hand we must pronounce it sufficiently extensive, if we are to judge of the *taste of the people*, from the following Epigram, said to be written by the celebrated Mr. Dibden (from woeful experience) and supposed to be addressed to himself on the occasion.

- “ Was you mad, or bewitch'd, among *Nature's last dregs*,
 “ The effusions of *Genius* to shed!
 “ Where life is expended in FITTING OF LEGS!
 “ How should they know aught of the HEAD?

Near

Near the White Lion Inn is a very ancient building called Thurland Hall, of which I could get no satisfactory intelligence; it has a stone front greatly injured by time, and is at present divided into different dwellings.

The names of some of the streets are not very prepossessing, if from thence we are to infer their origin, particularly Stoney Street, Swine's Green, Botany Bay, &c.

Nottingham is far famed for its *eminent exposure to high winds*, and rich production of OLD MAIDS! A dealer from Lapland, situated on the heights of the extremities of the town, might collect a sufficient quantity of the *first article* to supply the whole globe, at a very *reasonable* rate; and if Mr. Hayley (to whom is generally attributed the ingenious *Essays on Old Maids*) had written in this town, he would (to use a parody) have had

“ Nature before him, where to *choose his theme*,

“ And disappointed Love his certain guide!”

Too true the *days of Chivalry are no more!* else indeed would “ *ten thousand swords leap from their SCABBARDS,** to avenge the wrongs of *antiquated Virgins*.

If the elderly ladies labouring under this supposed misfortune would recollect that they have *passed their teens*, and support an appearance and

* Burke's Reflections.

conversation suitable to the *dignity of their station*, the voice of *Satire* would be silenced ; but when bordering on their *grand climacteric*, (at which time wisdom is to be expected), they adopt the giddy manners of girls of sixteen ; or blast (by tea-table scandal), the characters of *blossoming innocence* ; 'tis *then* and then *only* they are *reprehensible*.

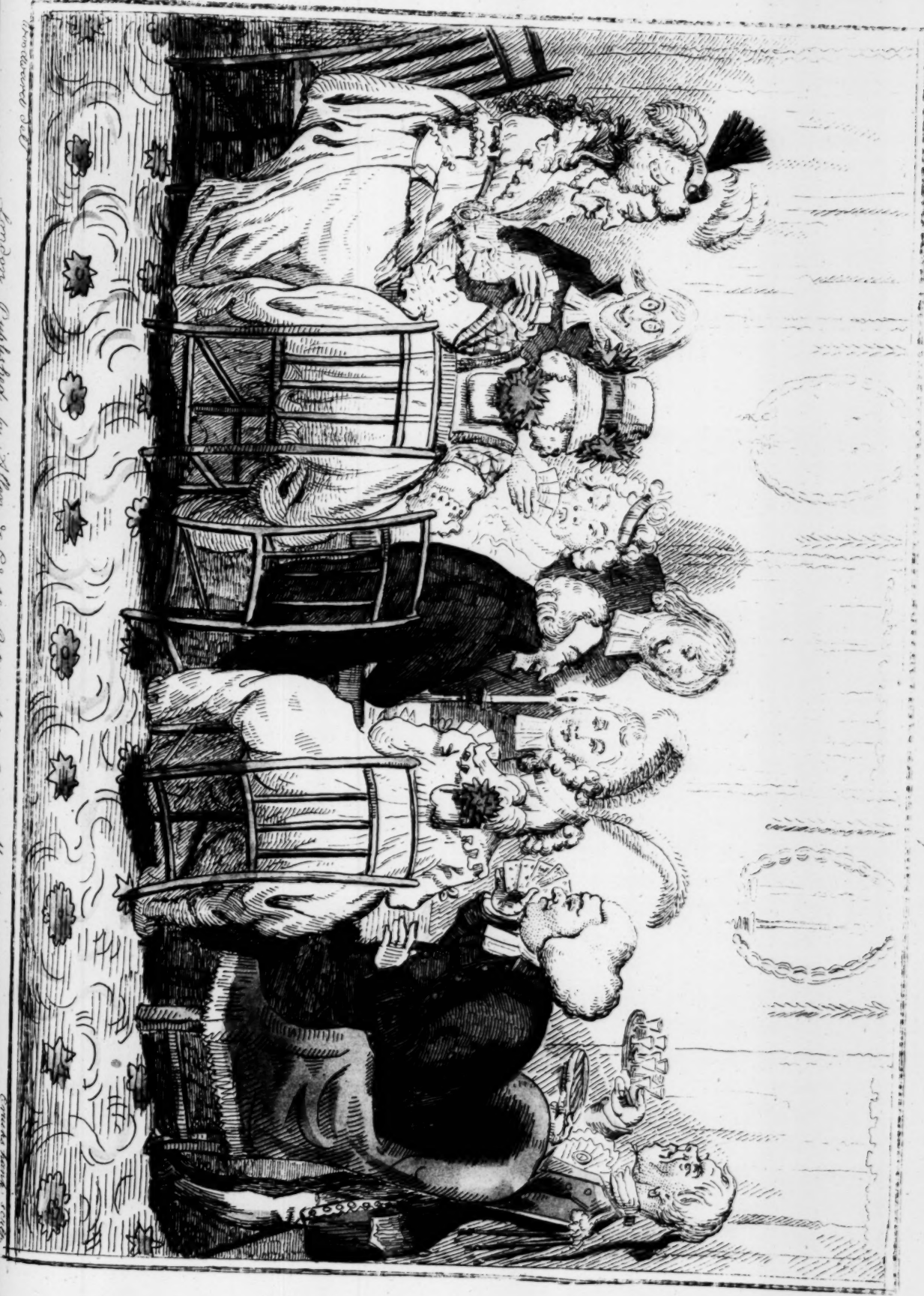
As to the *Old Maids* of Nottingham they are in many respects a very *harmless* race of beings, remarkably partial to *stiff stays*, *umbrellas*, and *striped great coats*, and in general make a tolerable *old-fashioned* appearance, assembly-nights and card-parties excepted, when a consultation at the milliners in the *Long Row* usually produces a *long train*, and a few *modish decorations* by way of *head dress*. Cards, (that universal bane to *rational conversation*) engrosses the time of two-thirds of the inhabitants, and is the subject of their daily thoughts, and midnight slumbers !—Plate 81 is intended to represent a *round game* between *Old Maids* and *Parsons* !

The Assemblies in this town are in general well attended, and a Lady is the Mistress of the Ceremonies, with the additional satisfaction of being entitled QUEEN for the night ! *

Routs are so extremely prevalent, that there is scarcely a Barber's shop but what is *shut* at stated periods by seven o'clock, and the dining room illuminated, in order to *receive company* ! At the generality of these brilliant assemblages, when the time of departure arrives, *warm cloaks*, *um-*

* I am informed that on particular Nights there are *two* and sometimes *three Queens* to conduct the Ceremonies.

A NOTTINGHAM CARD PARTY



Illustrated by

London Published by W. H. & Co. 15, Pall Mall, N.W.

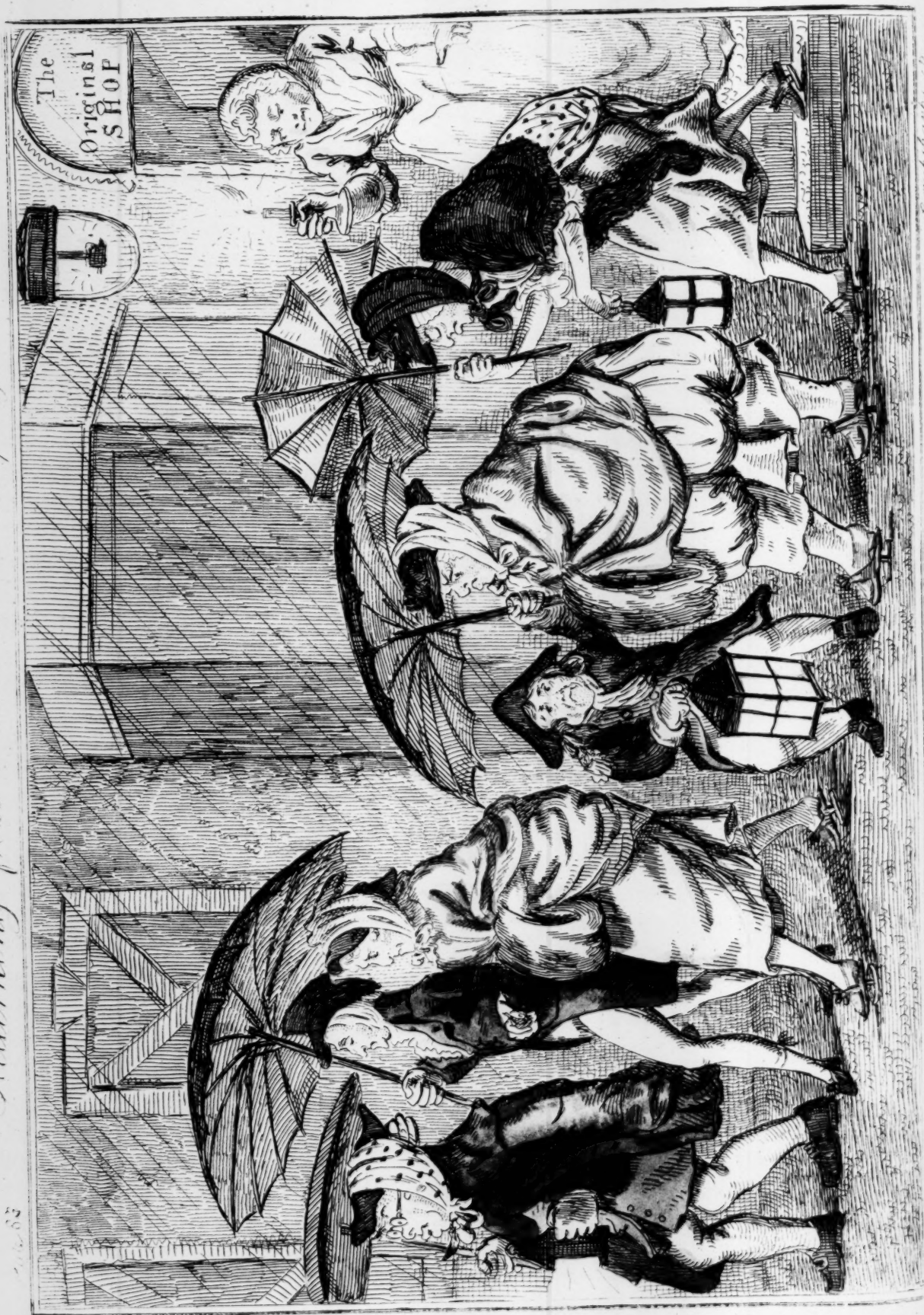
Printed by W. H. & Co.

English and Continental in a Sedan Chair

1894



Published by Allen & Co. 18, Paternoster Row, April 1, 1894.



A Promenade to a Rout on a fair Evening

82.



London: Published by Allen & Co. 45, Pall-mall East. March 26. 1797.

brellas, pattens, and lanthorns, are carefully provided at the bottom of the stair-case, in chance of an alteration of weather. The *setting out*, and *return of Nottingham Rout Parties*, in a *fair evening* and *rainy night*, are represented in Plates 82 and 83.

Those who are so fortunate as to procure one of the very few sedans kept in the town, assume a consequence and exultation over their pedestrian neighbours, highly characteristic, of which the most striking peculiarities are delineated in Plate 84.

There are several pleasant walks and rides about Nottingham; but the dirt and filth in general left in many of the avenues make the approach to them extremely disagreeable, particularly about the lanes leading towards Sneinton, which is a pleasant little village about a mile distant, consisting of a few cottages, a small church, and a rustic inn. Near this village is Colwick hall, the seat of John Musters, Esq. On the road are tea-houses for the reception of *holiday customers*, in which many of the apartments are cut in the rock, and the garden (which is frequent in this neighbourhood) is situated on the top of the house, above which is excellent pasture ground for cattle. Soon after leaving the town, a small hut (in the walk to Sneinton) on the left hand of the road is worthy the notice of the Traveller; as near as I recollect it is inhabited by a Gardener and his family, whose neatness and cleanliness displayed in all parts of their little tenement, are examples worthy the imitation of some of the more elevated citizens. The upper part of the premises contains different rooms, a study with a desk, stool, &c. all formed out of the natural rock, with openings that afford delightful views of the meadows, and the adjacent country.

Sherwood Forest supplies the town of Nottingham and its vicinity with excellent mutton, not inferior to that of the Welch mountains ; but the *king's deer* is heard of no more, and the *bugle horn* no longer echoes through the woods, cheering the hearts of the *merry archers*. The whole is now divested of timber, and presents a dreary prospect to the researches of a *Robin Hood Bow-man* *. It is very natural for a stranger when traversing the forest of Sherwood to enquire after the old friends of his juvenile days, Robin Hood and Little John ; but alas ! no traces remain of these famous out-laws, except a few *pretended relics*, purposely manufactured for the gratification of the *curious* ! St. Anne's Well, in this forest (where was formerly a Convent) is supposed to cure all disorders in the eyes, and the credulity of the country people in this particular, still keeps pace with the yet surviving embers of superstition ! †

Newark upon Trent is about eleven miles from Nottingham, is a great thoroughfare on the York road, well built, and pleasantly situated. Great number of antiquities have been discovered in this place, such as small brass figures, urns, &c. The church was built in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, and is a very handsome structure. The market-place is spacious and convenient ; it is said that ten thousand men were here drawn up by Lord Bellafyse, when he defended the town for King Charles the First.

* Modern Archers so called.

† Not far from St. Anne's Well is a labyrinth, consisting of footsteps, cut in the turf, supposed to be of great antiquity.

I shall now return to Nottingham, and pursue the road from thence to Derby, which is an extent of sixteen miles, an easy walk for a *Characteristic Traveller*; on which account I shall, *contrary* to my usual method, give a *straight forward description*, till I reach Derby.

Leaving Nottingham at Chapel Bar, (the entrance described at the commencement of the present Chapter) a dirty coal road presents itself, and a laborious ascent brings the Traveller to the Windmills before-noticed, which are left on the right. During this short passage it is pleasing to observe that every little hut, whether cut in the rock, or slightly bound together with bricks and mortar, displays (through its humble casement) the *glowing comforts of a cheerful coal fire*. How much superior is this appearance to the dreary situation of the poor in Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and the neighbouring counties, who are frequently pronounced (by their wealthy superiors) as having nothing to wish for. Another great convenience in this part of the kingdom, is a soft stone that has the appearance of alabaſter, and when burnt makes a plaister harder than that of Paris—of which floorings are made at a very easy expence, and of course very durable. Having gained the summit of the hill, and proceeding towards *Lenton*, the left hand of the road opens to a fine view of the park, gardens, castle, and meadows. Soon after a delightful prospect meets the eye, containing parts of Leicestershire and Derbyshire, with the turrets and park of the ancient Hall of Wollaton, in the fore ground; to the right are several coal-pits, chiefly the property of Lord Middleton. A sandy descent of about half a mile leads to the village of Lenton, a straggling disagreeable place, but of great antiquity. In the beginning of the reign of Henry the First, William Peverell built a priory

in this place, dedicated to the Trinity, and subordinate to the Abbey of Cluny, in Normandy. It continued till the general dissolution, when the yearly revenues were valued at £.329. 15s. 10d. An hospital, dedicated to St. Anthony, and a house of Carmelite Friars, once existed in this place, but now every trace is obliterated. Crossing a bridge, on the right of which is a *picturesque mill*, (if the term may be allowed) a deep sandy road brings the Traveller to Wollaton Hall, (before-mentioned) the seat of Lord Middleton. The *long gloomy vista*, aided by the *cawing of the rooks*, gives to the pedestrian visitor the sombre idea of *feudal vassalage*, approaching the domains of *arbitrary power*! but this dreary appearance is in a great measure done away by the present noble owner, who has erected a light modern gateway, which has a pleasing effect from the road. The next village is *Stapleford*, consisting of a few scattered cottages, and the seat of Sir John Borlase Warren. Soon after leaving Stapleford, part of the boundaries of Derbyshire are gained; I shall therefore give my readers a short, and no doubt, acceptable respite till the commencement of the next Chapter.

CHAP. XX.

 DERBYSHIRE.

Road from Nottingham to Derby continued, with some slight deviations to the right and left—Hemlock Stone—Remarks on Logan Stones in general—Sandiacre—Stanton—Dale Abbey—Hopwell Hall—Wilne Church and Mill—Shardlowe—Cavendish Bridge—Ockbrook—Burrows Ash—Spondon—Chaddestden—China Works near Derby—St. Mary's Bridge, and a particular Account of the celebrated Silk Mills, erected under the inspection of Sir Thomas Loombe.

ON the right of Stapleford, pursuing the turnpike road to Derby, situated on a hill is Hemlock Stone, which, notwithstanding its bulk, is so *evenly poised*, that it may be moved by the hand. Similar curiosities are met with in different parts of the Island, particularly about Cornwall, where they are called *Logan Stones*, some of which are supposed to be natural, and some artificial; there are authors who assert them to have been used in some particular religious rites of the Druids, but what rites has never been determined, and in all probability never will.

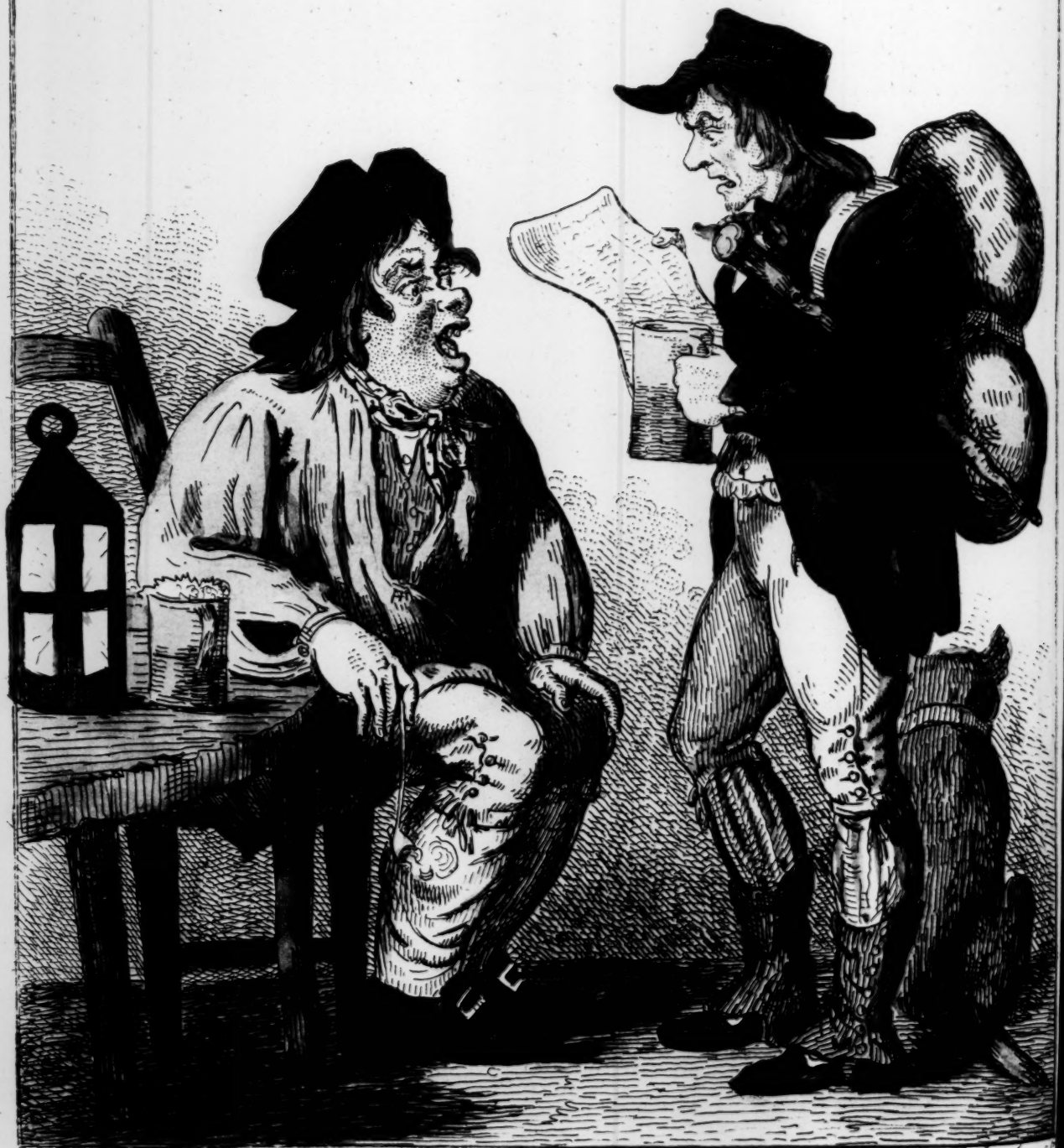
In the high peak in this county, near the village of Birchover, is a large rock with two Logan Stones, one of them is twelve feet high, and thirty-six feet round, yet it rests upon a point in such an equipoise, that it may be moved by the finger! To the right of a canal which crosses the road, (over which is a neat bridge of one arch) is situated the village of *Sandiacre*, which contains nothing remarkable, except the external architecture of the church, which is very curious and ancient. After ascending a hill on the turnpike road, a lane of about a mile in length, (lately rendered passable) and now kept in tolerable repair, leads to the village of Stanton. Few retired places are in a state of greater improvement. The cold bath (in which are some pleasing water-works in miniature) is encircled by a variety of romantic prospects.

Nothing can wear a more striking aspect of *monastic retirement*, than the spot where the remains of Dale Abbey are situated. The chancel window of the Abbey still remains, forming a venerable gothic arch, unshaken by time, in which the daws seem to have fixed a permanent habitation, and if we may judge from the variety of voices, and occasional flights of part of the family, they must have raised a numerous progeny since the days of the holy fathers. Part of the walls remained till within a few years, when they were removed to Risley, and others still more recently to Stanton Hall.

Dale, (formerly called Depedale) consists of a few cottages, amongst which are the remains of walls, lodges, out-houses, &c. from which the ancient extent of the Abbey may be tolerably ascertained. An *hermitage*
on

CHARACTERS in a VILLAGE ALEHOUSE

Plate 87



Woodward del

Bruckshanks sc

London Published by Allen & Co. 15. Paternoster Row April 1. 1797.

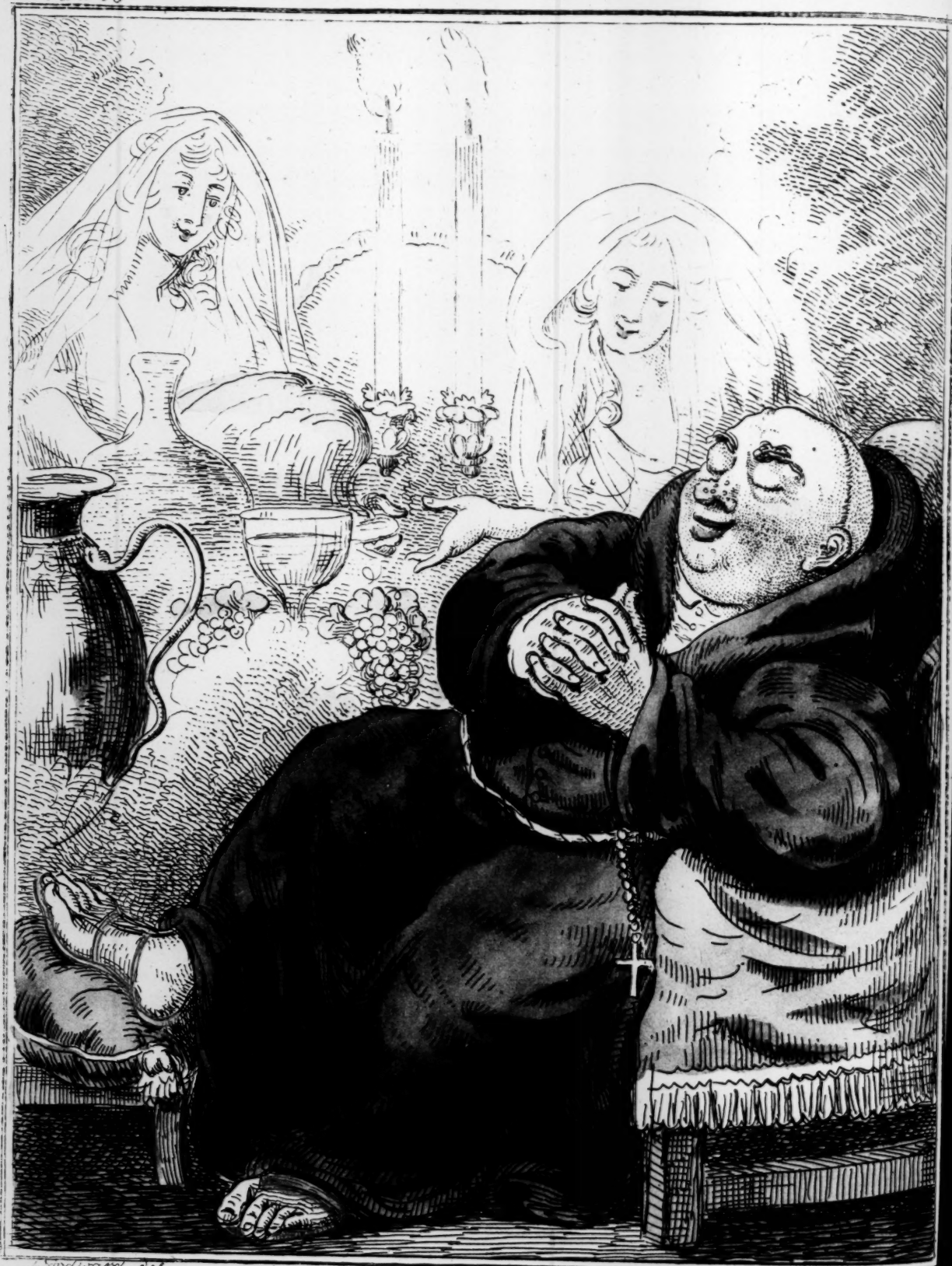
100 Pick of Lake Abbey Derbyshire



London Published by Allen & Co. 15 Paternoster Row March 25. 1841

A MONKISH VISION.

Plate 85



Godward del

Cruckshanks sculp

London Published by Allen & Co. 15, Paternoster Row March 25. 1797

on the side of a hill, replete with beautiful forest scenery, is still in existence, and not far from it in the valley, a spring of transparent water. I shall leave the village of Dale with an *illustration* of a *monkish vision* (Plate 85)—and a character drawn from life, well known in that part of the country, called Joe Pick, who though born what is generally termed *an idiot*, may hereafter rank in point of many virtues superior to his more enlightened neighbours; for a representation see Plate 86. A pleasant walk across the fields by the way of Boyer Grange, brings the Traveller to Risley, a small village situated on the turnpike road before quitted, and about half a mile from the lane leading to Stanton.

On the left is the house and pleasure ground of a Mr. Hancock; the walls of the latter are principally composed of stones, brought from the ruins of Dale Abbey. Till very lately the water of a neighbouring brook entirely overflowed the turnpike road except a narrow path for foot-passengers, which was extremely inconvenient, particularly in frosty weather, but is now remedied by raising the whole and turning the stream beneath the church walls. On the rise of the next hill is a small public house called the Blue Ball, where I had an opportunity of sketching the following characteristic rural objects.

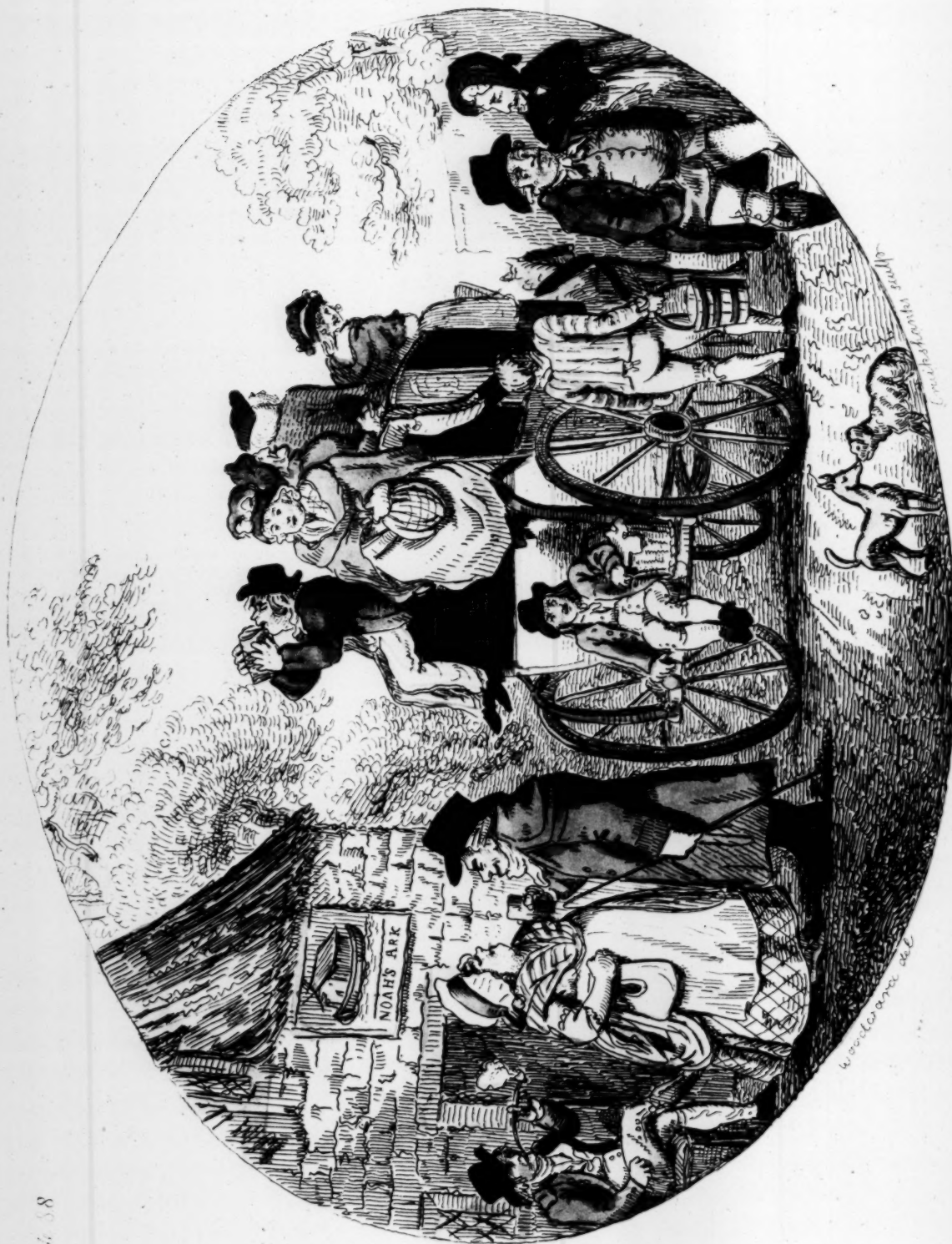
An itinerant Pedlar, explaining a difficult passage in a news-paper, to an *illiterate home-bred countryman*. (See Plate 87). Leaving Risley about a mile brings the Traveller to a long plantation of firs well grown, adjoining the grounds of an ancient mansion, situated on an eminence called Hopwell Hall; the ruinous state of many of the avenues and vistas give

it upon the whole a gloomy appearance. Some alterations have lately been made by the present possessor, and others are in agitation. Opposite the ground of Hopwell Hall is a handsome brick house, the seat of the late William Evans, Esq. from which is a beautiful prospect of the surrounding counties. A narrow lane from the turnpike road on the left leads to the village of Draycott, and from thence to Wilne. In the church of the latter are some curious specimens of ancient stained glass; and near the mill is a cotton manufactory where the works are carried on with great spirit. The bridge at this place for want of necessary repairs, is seriously dangerous to passengers, and the rapid current from the mill is frequently alarming to horses unused to dashing cataracts. I mention this as a hint to *London Equestrians*, as it is usual for travellers to dismount at this place. The road is tolerably good to Shardlowe, a place of great improvement, and has considerable advantages from its inland navigation. A new inn, called the Navigation Inn, has lately been erected, and the village consists of several well built houses. Shardlowe is situated on the London Road, between Loughborough and Derby, near Cavendish bridge, which consists of one arch, and for crossing in a post chaise travellers pay the moderate sum of half a crown!

Returning again to the Nottingham Road, at the distance of about a mile, a miry lane on the right leads to Ockbrook, a village perfectly buried in mud. The late Johnson Dalby, Esq. a worthy character and cheerful companion, alone gave life to so dreary a situation. Here are several habitations of the Moravians, and their chapel, situated on the higher grounds, is seen at a great distance. Proceeding towards Derby
from

A sketch at Burtons Asn. Derbyshire.

Pl. 58



London. Published by Allen & Co., 15, Paternoster Row. April 1. 1797.

from the road leading to Ockbrook, a few detached old houses intervene called Shackle-Crofts, near which is an upper and lower road; the bank between is dangerous in the night to drivers unacquainted with the place. At Burrows Ash, another road leads to Ockbrook, on the right a deep gravel-pit of great extent is not sufficiently guarded. Burrows Ash is the usual place of refreshment for the occupiers of the Nottingham Diligence; I shall therefore present my readers with a temporary stoppage on the road at the sign of Noah's Ark. See Plate 88.

Within three miles of Derby, situated on a hill, is the village of *Spondon*, principally consisting of handsome and well finished modern houses; the great improvements within a few years have chiefly arisen from the taste and exertions of Thomas Brentnall, late of Derby, Esq. Leaving Spondon, on the right is *Chaddestden*, the seat of the late Sir Robert Mead Wilmot, Bart. The house is a good old-fashioned substantial structure. A piece of water at a considerable expence has been tortured into various meanders, in order to form something like cascades, falling about three feet perpendicular, one of which is brought near the road, creating in the passing villagers a *momentary surprise* at the *wonderful works of man!*

After passing the turnpike, about a mile brings the Traveller to the foot of the bridge leading to the entrance of the town of Derby, near which is the porcelain manufactory, where the different articles are brought to the highest perfection, equal, if not superior to the foreign china, in a variety of patterns.

This approach to Derby, though not quite so bad in respect to the road as that at Nottingham, was till very lately, much more dangerous, on account of the ruinous state and narrow passage of St. Mary's Bridge, which is now obviated by a new and handsome structure erected across the Darwent, somewhat to the right of the former situation, and other judicious alterations are about to take place.

To the left of the bridge is that useful piece of mechanism, the Silk Mills, erected in the year 1734 by Sir Thomas Lombe, who brought the model with great difficulty from Italy; it works the three capital engines made use of by the Italians for making organzine, or thrown silk; so that by this machinery *one* hand-mill twists as much silk as could have been done before by FIFTY. The engine contains 26,586 wheels, and 97,746 movements, which work 73,726 yards of silk thread every time the water-wheel goes round, which is *three times in a minute*. This wheel gives motion to all the rest, yet at the same time any one of the movements may be stopped separately. The house that contains the machinery is several stories high, lighted by abundance of windows, and in length about half a quarter of a mile. A perfect model of these mills are preserved in the Record Office of the Tower of London.

C H A P. XXI.

DERBYSHIRE Continued.

*Derby—All Saints Tower—Some ill-bred Reflections on Country Assemblies—
The Theatre—Mr. Wright the Artist—Keddleston, the Seat of Lord
Scarsdale—Ashburn—Dove Dale—Celebrated Painting at Okeover—Ilam
—Matlock Bath—Chatsworth—Water-works—Buxton—Lover's Leap—
Poole's Hole—Elden Hole—Mam Tor—and Peak Hole, near Castleton.*

DERBY is an ancient town, which depends much on its retail trade, in buying and selling corn, making malt, and brewing ale. Within a few years several cotton and other works have been brought to great perfection by the Messrs. Strutts and Evans. It is to be regretted that the town is not better paved and lighted, as in many parts it is dangerous both to horse and foot passengers. The tower of All Saints church is remarkably lofty, and for the beauty of its workmanship, may with justice be pronounced the first of the kind in England (scarcely excepting that of Gloucester.) In this church are some ancient monuments of the Cavendish family, inclosed within iron gates. Descending a flight of steps from the church-yard an hospital presents itself, endowed by a Mr. Crasshaw. The entrance is a light and elegant piece of architecture. In

this neighbourhood are different shops for felling the Derbyshire spar, formed in a variety of ornaments for chimney-pieces, &c. Proceeding from the hospital towards the market-place, on the left at an upholsterer's, was the temporary residence of the Pretender during his stay at Derby, in the Rebellion of 1745. The market-place is very spacious, but the houses are in general old and irregular. The Hall and Assembly-rooms are very handsome, particularly the latter, which has a stone front, decorated with a variety of musical instruments in basso relief. The most approved etiquette of country assemblies receives in this place every due attention. I have attempted a few sketches on that subject in general in Plates 89, 90, and 91; but as the pencils of Bunbury and Nixon have so happily portrayed *long minuets* and *country dances*, I shall confine myself to *A formal Introduction—A plain Minuet—and An Allemande.*—The Theatre is a small building, on the same plan, and under the direction of the same manager as that of Nottingham. Dr. Darwin, the author of that philosophical and truly poetical work called the “*Love of the Plants*,” is a resident of this town, as was that ingenious mechanic and mineralogist the late Mr. Whitehurst. The three principal Inns are the King's Head, Bell, and George. It would be unpardonable to leave Derby without noticing the celebrated artist Mr. Wright, who has resided several years in a house facing the New Inn, overgrown with ivy, which together with its high walls, proclaims an habitation sacred to study and retirement. The result of his labours are always open to the inspection of the stranger, an indulgence characteristic of this gentleman's well-known affability; and those who depart displeased after viewing his Moon and Candle-light pieces, and other inimitable specimens of his pencil, must indeed be void of taste and judgment in the imitative arts.

Having

A formal Introduction to an Assembly



Woodward del.

Bruckshank sculp.

London Published by Allen & Co. 15. Paternoster Row, April 1, 1797



An Allemand.



W. Ward del.

London, Published by Allen & Co., 15 Paternoster Row April 5. 1797.

Engraved by W. Ward.

Having conducted my readers in regular progression from Nottingham to Derby, I shall now take those who are not inclined to leave me on the road a longer journey to the more romantic parts of the county.

Leaving Derby, by what is called the Keddeston road, the Traveller after a short ride arrives at a magnificent building the seat of Lord Scarf-dale, called Keddeston Hall, which in point of elegance is one of the first modern houses in the kingdom.—The expence of erecting this superb mansion has been immense, and not entirely completed till very lately. The water and bridge are well disposed, and the Hall and Saloon have a grand appearance, considerably aided by beautiful and lofty variegated pillars. The stone of which they are composed is found in large quantities in different parts of his Lordship's Derbyshire estates. The antique casts and basso reliefs are well chosen, and the whole (particularly when illuminated) undoubtedly excels most other works of the kind.—Among the paintings in different parts of the house, are several exquisite performances, particularly *Daniel interpreting Nebuchadnezzar's Dream—The Lord's Supper*—and the *Death of Abel*. In the first the representation of the pearl over the throne is a masterly deception, and the two latter are admirable specimens of what may be produced by a judicious and proportional breadth of light and shade. The Keddeston springs are much recommended by the faculty, particularly in scorbutic cases. A large inn called the Scarf-dale Arms is erected opposite, with lodging-rooms for the accommodation of invalids. To the left of Keddeston road is Martin Hall, the seat of — Mundy, Esq.

Ashburn is a small market-town in a delightful romantic neighbourhood, replete with beautiful scenery. The roads to this place in many

parts afford numerous specimens of the *tremendous* and sublime.—Doctor Johnson frequently visited Ashburn, to pass a few weeks with his old friend the late Dr. Taylor. The entrance of the church-yard has a very gloomy appearance, having a pair of skulls cut in stone, mounted on pyramids of the same materials. One of the principal inns has the sign of the *Green Man*, or rather an archer in a green jacket;—from whence such absurd signs as green men, blue boars, red lions, golden horses, &c. could possibly originate, I am at a loss to imagine.—In the environs of this town is that wonderful and stupendous work of nature, called *Dove-Dale*, consisting of huge rocks, magnificently contrasted. At the base the river Dove displays its glassy surface, forming beautiful meanders between these tremendous mountains, and on its margin is frequently seen the attentive ang'er, casting his delusive fly in order to beguile the unwary trout. The guides give different names to the rocks, such as the Tor, Dovedale-church, Foxes palace, &c. in short, the whole affords collectively a rich treat to the contemplative observer. At Okeover Hall is Raphael's celebrated painting of the Holy Family, which is undoubtedly a master-piece of beauty. Yet at the same time it is to be regretted that while *wealthy connoisseurs* are in pursuit of *fashionable pictures*, *LIVING ARTISTS* of perhaps *equal abilities* are *pinning in obscurity*, and *totally neglected*!—Ilam, the seat of Mr. Porte, is charmingly romantic, and environed by beautiful woods, laid out in an infinite variety of inviting walks, and recesses, in one of which is a stone table, where Congreve composed a great part of his excellent comedy of the Old Bachelor. Near a small rivulet that pursues a subterraneous course about half a mile, are some *curious petrifications*, particularly different kinds of fish,

fish, which the persons who shew the grounds at Ilam seldom fail pointing out to strangers.

One of the greatest beauties of the County is Matlock Bath, situated on the river Darwent; the springs are both hot and cold, and frequented by the young and gay in preference to Buxton, which from its wild and dreary appearance, is not quite so congenial to the generality of juvenile minds. At the summit of a picturesque wood called the Lover's Walk, (to which the visitors are ferry'd over in a boat,) rises majestically that stupendous mountain, called Matlock high Tor*.—On leaving Matlock, in the road to Buxton, gloomy stone walls and desolate commons continually meet the eye of the traveller; yet in the midst of these unpleasant regions, a jewel presents itself of the *highest lustre*! CHATSWORTH, the princely seat of the Duke of Devonshire, which stands on the east side of the Darwent, sheltered by lofty mountains, planted with impenetrable firs, gradually rising, as the hills ascend. The form of the house is a handsome square, with piazzas of the Doric order;—the frames of the windows are double gilt, and the hall and chapel are enriched by paintings executed by Verrio, an Italian artist, of great eminence. The west front faces the Darwent, and has a superb portal, before which is an elegant stone bridge. The water-works in the gardens are truly fanciful, particularly the grand fall from the temple, the artificial willow, a beautiful fountain, and a rose so contrived that water issuing from the extremities represents a resemblance of that flower in the

* Part of the road near Bakewell exhibits a singular appearance of battlements and towers on both sides of the road, well worthy the attention of the Traveller.

air. At Chatsworth, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was detained prisoner seventeen years, under the care of its first foundress, the Countess of Shrewsbury. Rooms are still shewn, called the Queen of Scots apartments, in which are several curious specimens of needle-work, in chair-covers, &c. performed by that ill-fated princess during her long confinement. Marshal Tallard, when entertained by the noble owner of this palace, observed that when he returned to his native country, and reckoned up his days of captivity in England, he should omit those he so pleasantly spent at Chatsworth. Proceeding farther in the country the rough stone walls, and dreary prospects (already mentioned) evidently increase—these flinty barriers are used in lieu of hedges for the division of property, and are raised in some places breast-high; scarce a leaf is to be seen, and in the distance the black mountains of the Peak rise majestically to the view.

Buxton, though situated in a cold barren country, is notwithstanding a sociable, and pleasant residence for invalids; and artists may here find ample scope for the powers of their pencils, if admirers of the truly sublime in nature. The springs are remarkably *warm*, but within a short space of one of them a *cold* spring arises, which has been found difficult to account for. The baths are handsomely enclosed with every accommodation for bathers. The hot springs when mixed with a chalybeat, with which this place abounds, is said to answer all the qualities of the Bath and Bristol waters; they are principally recommended in scorbutic, rheumatic, and nervous disorders. The Crescent, erected at the expence of the Duke of Devonshire, is an elegant pile of building, and a great ornament to the place. The principal inns are the Hall, White Hart, and

Subterraneous Guides.



W. H. Sturt

W. H. Sturt

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and Eagle and Child, all of which have daily public dinners, and alternate assemblies; in short, there are few places where temporary visitors can pass their time more agreeably than at Buxton. Few persons visit this part of the world without viewing what is generally termed *The Wonders of the Peak*: They of course consist of the mystical number *seven*! and in the enumeration I believe are included Buxton, and Chatsworth. I shall however, without paying attention to number or order, describe some of the principal curiosities usually shewn to strangers.

The stupendous mountains, called the *Peak*, are said to derive their name from the Saxon word *Pæland*, signifying a wild eminence.

A double ridge of variegated rocks, overlooking a frightful precipice, though not usually ranked amongst the wonders, is nevertheless well worthy the inspection of the naturalist; it lies within a short walk of Buxton, and is called the *Lover's Leap*, I suppose from the poetic and amorous nymph Sappho, in whose time *leaping from precipices to CURE LOVE*, was undoubtedly more in fashion than in the present degenerate times! Still nearer to Buxton is a lofty mountain called *Coitmoos*, at the foot of which is a cavern called *Poole's Hole*, very narrow at the entrance, but soon becomes extremely spacious. The crystalline drops on the roof produce a pleasing effect from the candles of the guides, which are in general placed in the front of their hats, and by the elevation produce rays innumerable. (Two of these *subterraneous conductors* are represented in Plate 92.) On the sides of the cavern are large ridges of rock, which the travellers are obliged to pass, and by the constant dripping of water on the surface are very dangerous. The crystallizations form in many pla-

ces the appearance of fret-work, and by long accumulating in other parts, lions, bears, dogs, organs, &c. are produced by the effect of strong imaginations.

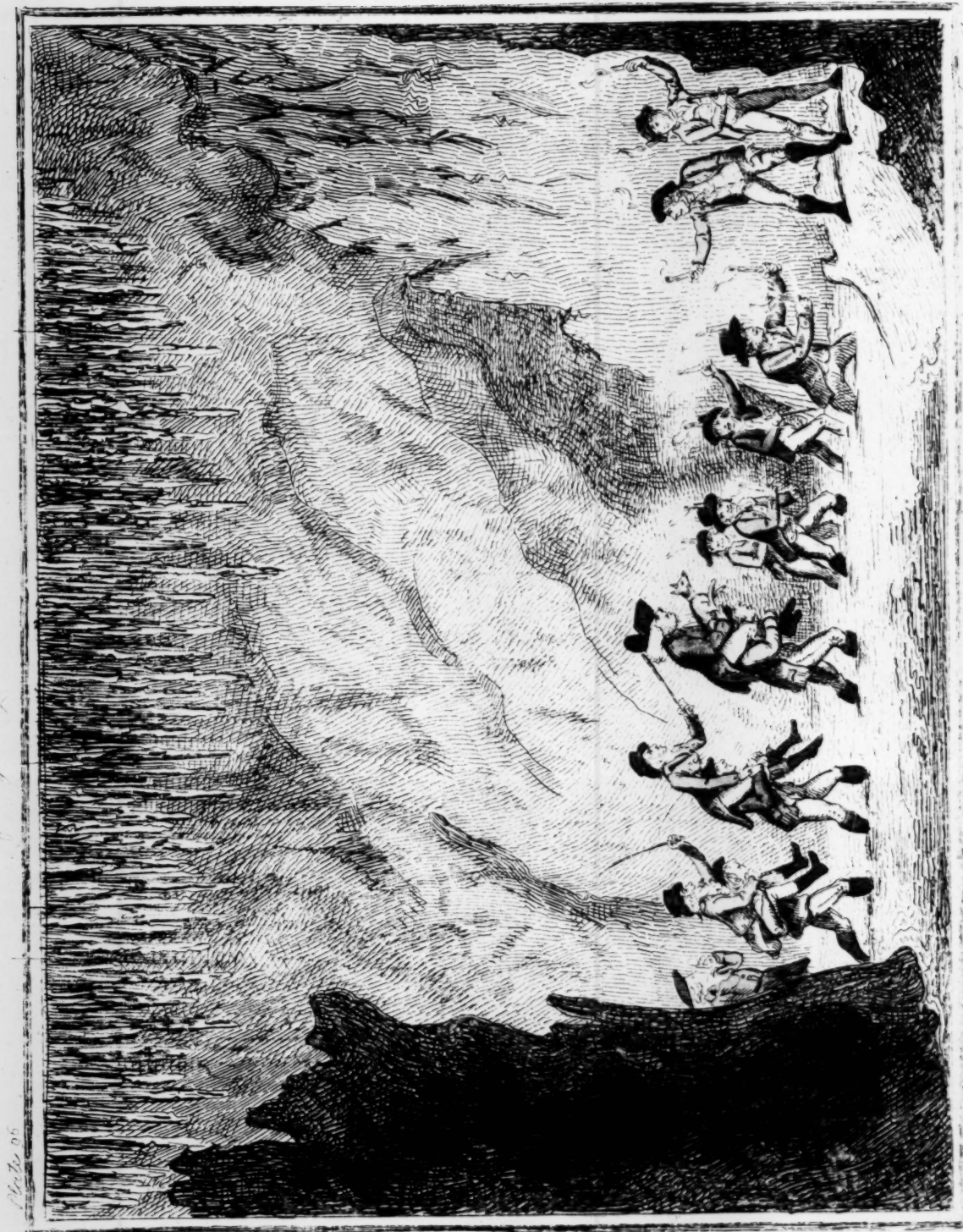
Elden Hole is situated near a town called Chapel-in-the-Frith, and is a tremendous chasm; the appearance is that of a huge rock torn asunder by some violent convulsion of nature; a plummet once thrown into this terrible abyss drew 884 yards, which is something more than half a mile; eighty yards were wet, but no bottom was found. Several attempts have been since made, but the plummet has in general stopped at about half the above depth, owing to the protuberances issuing from the sides. These protuberances are not only visible to the eye to a great depth, but are farther demonstrated by the guides, who throw in large stones, which are heard to strike against the irregularities till the sound is gradually lost. Till within a few years this horrid chasm was left entirely open; it is now enclosed by a brick wall. Before this necessary precaution it was extremely dangerous to benighted Travellers, and the cattle of the neighbouring farmers.

Mam Tor, or the *Shivering Mountain*, is usually described as continually scattering particles from its summit on a small hill beneath; the former never diminishing, nor the latter increasing. The truth is, Mam Tor moulders very much in *damp weather*, and has in the course of time evidently decreased; and what is asserted to be a hill, is in fact a large pit, that receives part of the scattered fragments, while others lay about the base in dispersed masses. But the grandest display of nature in her most awful form is at Castleton, at a cavern called Peak Hole, but generally

nerally known by a more vulgar appellation; it runs under a steep hill, by an horizontal entrance, sixty feet wide, and somewhat more than thirty feet high, forming on the top a regular arch, chequered with various coloured spar formed by the continual oozing of water from the roof, and when reflected by candles has a dazzling and beautiful appearance, similar but superior to Poole's Hole, already noticed; and here, as at that place, Guides meet strangers with *lights*, in order to conduct them through the *gloomy recesses* of the *cavern*. On the summit of the hill are some curious remains of an ancient castle, of which there is no tradition. Small huts are built within the arch, inhabited by poor people, many of whom are employed in a rope-walk, which business is carried on with great vigour in these subterraneous regions. The Cave after becoming extremely narrow, opens again at the extremity of the first entrance: the ground is very slippery, by reason of a current of water crossing the path. The curious visitor must here lay on his back, in a small shattered boat, (as the lowness of the rock will not admit of his sitting upright) a guide on the opposite side pulls the boat through by means of a rope. To a poetic imagination this gloomy passage will nearly realize the river Styx, and old Charon. Having again landed, the scene is truly majestic, and has the appearance of the interior part of a lofty cathedral, crowned by a venerable Gothic roof spangled with innumerable stars. The area is extremely spacious, and the ground firm and even. To aid the sublimity of the general appearance, men and boys in white surplices are usually stationed in a niche of the rock, at a prodigious altitude. These people chaunt select pieces of music, which are again repeated by numerous echoes; in short, the whole has such a surprising effect on the senses as not to be described by words. Proceeding some yards farther another ri-

vulet presents itself, but as the rock is here very lofty, the usual method of passing is on the *broad shoulders* of the *guides*, who wade through with their cargo in strong boots provided for that purpose. The river is knee-deep, and about six yards over. Soon after landing, a gradual descent takes place to a great depth. On the way various imaginary figures are pointed out, particularly Roger Rain's house (from a continual dropping on the roof, having a sound similar to that of a hasty shower)—a fitch of bacon—the rim of a large bell—and a set of Gothic arches. The bottom of this descent is called the *Devil's Cellar*, where is a spring of beautiful transparent water, and a narrow rivulet: in this rivulet trout are frequently taken. Here the company and guides usually refresh themselves, provided care has been previously taken to bring necessaries for that purpose, as it is bad dependence on the host's hospitality, his cellar affording nothing but the simple element unmixed with baser matter. Proceeding some yards further, *another river* crosses the path, and here the rock closes. This was formerly considered as the utmost extent of the cavern, but within a few years, to the left of this last river, another spacious cave has been discovered, nearly as large as the grand one already mentioned, and still farther discoveries in this part are daily making. If the Traveller has curiosity to extend his subterraneous inspections, by viewing these new apartments, he must follow the guide on his hands and knees through a narrow passage in the rock, which may be thought by many somewhat troublesome. Returning again to day-light, the illuminated conductors frequently entertain their company by shewing them marks of water on the sides of the rock occasioned by recent floods, which from their height in some parts, are not very prepossessing; and whatever pleasure Travellers may have received during their journey, there are few
returning

Manner of Sinking the Second River in Peake Hole.



Manner of crossing the great River in Pack Hole

Plate 94.



Gravestock, N.Y.

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Gravestock, N.Y.

VIEW OF ELDEN HOLE

photo 23



W. H. H. & Co. Lith.

Lith. by Allen & Co. 15, Northampton Row. April 1, 1877.

returning faces seen at the mouth of the cavern, but seem pleased to hail again the invigorating rays of the sun.

Mr. Hobbes and Mr. Cotton have both described the Wonders of the Peak, and this cavern in particular; the former in Latin, and the latter in English verse. The best representations in painting, are by the admirable pencil of M. De Louthburgh, and exhibited some years since at Drury-Lane Theatre, in a pantomime prepared for the occasion called the Wonders of Derbyshire, or Harlequin in the Peak*.

At the bottom of several mountains in Derbyshire, are cavities, called by the inhabitants Swallows, because many streams run into them, and are apparently lost. Some are of opinion, particularly a Dr. Leigh, that the subterraneous rivers in Peak Hole, and those springs that come out of the mountains near Castleton, are formed from the conflux of waters in those cavities.

Sketches from memory of Elden Hole, and different scenes in Peak Hole, in order to convey to the reader some faint idea of the foregoing subjects, are represented in Plates 93, 94, 95, and 96.

Dr. Franklin when making the Tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c. was much pleased with the following observation of his negro servant,—
 “ Every thing, Massa, *work* in this country; *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *smoke* work, *dog* work, *man* work, *bullock* work, *horse* work, *ass* work: every thing work here but the *bog*! he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day; the HOG be the only GENTLEMAN in England.”

* It is a singular circumstance that this splendid Pantomime has not been represented since the first and second season of its appearance.

C H A P. XXII.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

*Bretby—Description of the County—Tutbury Castle—Burton upon Trent—
 Litchfield—Its Antiquity—Explanation of the City Arms—The Cathedral
 —Doctor Johnson—An humble Attempt at the Style of Modern Biography,
 replete with important Information!—Garrick—Miss Seward—Modern
 Muscs enumerated—Mr. Green's Museum—Itinerant Dealers in Stafford-
 shire Ware—The Author prepareth the Reader for a short Tour through
 Part of South Wales.*

BRETBY Hall, on the borders of this county and Derbyshire (though I believe usually placed in the latter county) was once a place of great splendour, and the favourite residence of the late Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, particularly at the time of his unfortunate deafness. The beautiful pleasure-grounds, &c. *are now*, or at least *were* within a few years, a solitary heap of ruins; at that time most of the elegant ornaments of the place lay scattered in promiscuous heaps, among which were vases and

and other marble sculptures that once pour'd forth innumerable fountains, of every description, for which exertion of art, Bretby was *unrivalled*.—Several well chosen engravings from *Rubens*, and other masters, particularly the Battle of the Amazons—a dead Christ—and hunting the wild boar—with several statues and other casts, from the first productions of Italy were disposed of greatly beneath their intrinsic value and carried off the premises.

Staffordshire is situated near the middle of England, and has excellent corn and pasturage; it has many valuable coal mines; iron, copper, lead, and alabaſter are alſo found in many parts of the county. The Trent frequently overflows the adjacent meadows, which renders them extremely fruitful, particularly when floods happen about the month of April. The north-eaſt parts of the county are mountainous, where are large tracts of ground called the Moor-Lands.

Tutbury Caſtle was formerly a place of great ſtrength: it was given by William the Conqueror to Henry Earl de Ferrariis, who built a priory contiguous to it, where he was buried. This caſtle was alſo a place of confinement of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The ruins are remarkably pictureſque, moſt part of the outer walls remaining; in the interior part of the building an old ſtair-caſe leads to ſeveral remains of formerly magnificent apartments, in many places nearly perfect; fronting theſe ruins is a very ancient well of conſiderable depth. The town of Tutbury is ſmall, and ſtands near the Dove, which river ſoon after falls into the Trent.

Burton has a well built bridge over the last mentioned river, about a quarter of a mile in length. The town principally consists of one long street, in which are many cloth and other manufactories. A Mr. Sketchly, who carried on an extensive brewery at this place, built some capital houses that are a great ornament to the town. One of the principal inns is the Three Queens. *Burton* is famous for its ALE, which is much improved by water-carriage.

Litchfield is in many parts a neat built city, the Bishoprick is joined with Coventry. It stands low near three miles from the Trent, and is divided into two parts, by a small rivulet, called the City, and the Clofe. The Clofe is so called, because it is inclosed by a wall, and a deep trench on all sides, except towards the City, where it is defended by a marsh, formed by the above-mentioned rivulet. *Litchfield* was anciently called *Licidfeld*, and *Campus Cadaverum*, from the massacre of upwards of a thousand Christians, the disciples of *Amphybalus*, whose bodies were afterwards exposed to wild beasts. This barbarous assassination took place in a clofe called Christian-field, under the persecution of the *Emperor Dioclesian*. To this event the arms of the city bear a reference; they represent a landscape, on the left of which is a mount, with two trees, planted on the summit, and near the base is a dagger; in the fore-ground three bodies appear to be recently slain, said to represent three kings, but for what reason I am at a loss to discover.

Litchfield is a county of itself, twelve or thirteen miles in circumference, and annually surveyed by the sheriff, &c. on the 8th of September. The Cathedral is an ancient pile of building founded in the year

1148,

1148, and has a lofty steeple in the middle: from the top of the portico are two corresponding spires, and above the entrance in gothic niches are six and twenty statutes, representing the Prophets, Apostles, and Kings of Judah, with many other antique pieces of sculpture, some of which are monumental and placed on the outside of the Cathedral. This venerable edifice suffered much in the civil wars, in the reign of Charles the First, but was thoroughly repaired at the *Restoration*. The choir is paved with alabaster, and canal coal, in imitation of black and white marble, and has behind it a neat chapel. The prebendaries stalls are likewise of excellent workmanship.—There are three other churches, the principal of which is St. Michael's. The streets are kept tolerably clean, but not so well paved as they have frequently been represented by different authors. Litchfield is a great thoroughfare to the North and West counties, and has several good inns. On the whole the streets are very dull, and a kind of languor not uncommon in provincial towns, especially about mid-day, is a striking characteristic of the place.—Dr. Johnson in his youth considered Litchfield as the first city in the world! but after an absence of some years he fancied the houses were lower, and the streets much narrower than when he first left it! This great man both in mind and body, was born in this place, the *minutiæ* of whose virtues and follies are carefully gleaned by that indefatigable matter-of-fact Biographer the late Mr. Boswell. In humble imitation of that gentleman's incomparable style I shall take the liberty of laying before my readers some additional facts of that great Colossus of learning (Johnson) never before made public, which I flatter myself will be found, in every sense of the word, *perfectly interesting*.—"The favourite walk of this blazing luminary in the republic of letters, during the time he honoured Litchfield with the magnitude

“ of his presence, was *positively* in the Close, whatever may have *ignorantly* been advanced to the contrary. I would not make so *daring* an *assertion*, had I not *positive evidence* of the *fact*, but *whether* he put the *right* or the *left leg foremost*, in *descending* the steps of his *own house*, I wish I could as *positively determine*: however two other *equally knotty points* I am *superlatively happy* in having it in my power to clear up to the *learned world*! When this *illustrious character* eat *cherries*, he *DID NOT swallow the stones*, as generally reported, nor did he confine himself to *THREE cups of tea*, according to the idle stories of the *unenlightened multitude*.”

Litchfield also gave birth to our justly admired English *Roscus*, the late David Garrick, Esq. and is still the residence of one of the modern muses (*Miss Seward*). It may with justice be said, that if we select the British Females entitled to that distinction, particularly Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Radcliff, Mrs. Barbould, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Williams, &c. &c. the English catalogue will greatly exceed that of *ancient Helicon*!—The public sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Green, whose unique and valuable Museum was many years the boast of this city, and from the known taste of the proprietor, constant additions were daily making. Staffordshire is famous for its pottery-ware;—a group of *itinerant dealers* in this *brittle article* are represented in Plate 97, sketched from Nature, in a road near *Litchfield*.

Having *concluded* my present remarks in *England*, I shall crave the reader's indulgence to *bear with me* during a *short Tour* through part of *South Wales*, by way of APPENDIX.

APPENDIX,

Illustration of a scene in Haffordshire Nov.



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Illustration of a scene in Haffordshire Nov.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

PART OF SOUTH WALES.

Monmouthshire, very abruptly restored to its original Station—Chepstow—Chepstow Bridge—Antiquities in the Neighbourhood—Chepstow Castle—Cats Ash—Newport—Glamorganshire—Cardiff—Cowbridge—Remarkable Well in the Neighbourhood of Pile—Margram—Neath—Dylais Fall—Melincourt—Gnoll Castle—Morris Town—Rail Roads, Coal, and Copper-works—Swansea—The Burrows—Antiquities—Beau Nash—Savage the Poet—Great Deference paid to Welch Quality—Bathing-house—Pottery—Brewery—Ancient Castle—The Mumbles—Oyster-mouth Castle—Gastwell Bay—Several romantic Titles given to different Places in the Neighbourhood—Vessels trading to Bristol—Mail Coach—New Passage—Characteristics of the Welch in general—and Clerical Equestrian Characters delineated.

MONMOUTHSHIRE was formerly considered as part of WALES, and as such described by Camden and others, nor was it ever ranked among the English counties till the reign of Charles II. when it was added to the Oxford Circuit, and the assizes held by the same judges. Taking the advantage of my privilege for being sometimes eccentric, I shall in this place restore Monmouthshire to its original situation, as not

only the face of the country but the people and manners are absolutely Cambrian, however a great part of the inhabitants may affect the contrary, since the change took place in the reign above-mentioned. A true-born Cambrian, is a character of which the possessor ought not to be ashamed, but on the contrary, should glory in his descent from the hardy ancient Britons, instead of imitating the enervating luxury of modern refinement. I am led to these remarks from the desire that almost universally prevails in this part of the island of Great Britain, of being thought perfectly English,—forgetting that their valiant prince Harry the Fifth was born in the chief town of their county, and proud of being considered a native of Wales, by his well-known title of Harry of Monmouth.—The eastern parts of the country are woody, and the west mountainous, yet upon the whole it is rich and fertile, both in corn and pasture.

The road to this county from Newnham in Gloucestershire is in many parts very hilly. The first town is Chepstow, to which the Traveller descends from a steep mountain, on a narrow wooden bridge, built across the Wye, upwards of seventy feet high, from the surface of the river at low water. The tide in this place flows in a wonderful manner, commonly rising near seven fathoms, and when out, the appearance of the bridge is truly dreadful to persons unused to similar scenes. The river Wye in this place, independent of every other consideration, seems destined from its origin as a partition between England and Wales. To the right of the bridge are the remains of an ancient castle, forming a venerable and picturesque pile of ruins. Vessels of heavy burthen are brought up close to the town, which is a port for most places situated on the Wye. The Beaufort Arms, lately erected, is the principal Inn, and affords very good accommodation, but the houses in general are straggling, and ill built. At the distance of about four miles was situated a Roman city, nearly a mile in circumference, called by Antoninus *Venta Silurum*; three beautiful Roman pavements were dug up in the year 1689, with several coins, and other antiquities. In the year 1602 a chequered pavement

pavement was found, and a statue in a Roman habit, which was supposed to be that of Diana, together with fragments of stone pillars, curious inscriptions, and a beautiful votive altar. Chepstow Castle was formerly in the possession of the Clare's Earls of Pembroke, the last of whom was commonly called *Strong Bow*, from his great strength and skill in archery. This valiant champion was the first person who made way for the English into Ireland, during the reign of Henry the Second. The lordship passed with this earl's daughter to the Bigot's, and after various changes, descended to the Earls of Worcester. Near the road to Newport from Monmouth are the remains of Stroggle Castle, built about the same period as that at Chepstow, and successively in the possession of the same nobility. A few straggling cottages have been known time out of mind by the title of Cats Ash, but for what reason I could never discover; on one of the houses is a rude sign representing a *cat*, under an *ash tree*. *Newport* is situated on the river Usk, over which is a terrific shaking wooden bridge, similar to that at Chepstow. Newport has little worthy notice, except the ruins of the castle situated near the banks of the Usk. One of the principal inns is the King's Head, an old-fashioned but good house, kept by a quaker, affording very comfortable accommodations.

After crossing the small river Rour, the Traveller enters *Glamorganshire*, which from the rich fertility of some parts of its valleys has gained the appellation of the Garden of Wales.

Cardiff is situated on the river Taaffe, surrounded by a rich soil, both for tillage and pasturage, and has a good harbour, open to the Severn. The principal inn is the Cardiff Arms, sometimes called the Red House, where public meetings and the town assemblies are usually held. A short walk from this inn leads to the suburbs, adjoining to the Black Friars, where a large gateway opens to the ancient and once magnificent castle, which is certainly one of the most beautiful and perfect remains of antiquity in the principality. The terrace is now converted into a public walk,

walk, and commands a charming view of the Severn.—This Castle was the favourite residence of Henry the first; and a dungeon is still shewn apart from the building, as the place of confinement of his brother Robert Duke of Normandy.

The next stages from Cardiff are Cowbridge and Pile. Cowbridge is a place of no particular note. The best inn is the Bear, near Pile. At the distance of about three miles is *Newton*, much frequented for sea-bathing; and what is very remarkable, not far from the coast is a well of *fresh water*, that constantly ebbs and flows contrary to the tide, rising (in general) upwards of fourteen feet at the time of low water. Pile has nothing to render it worthy the attention of strangers. The New Inn is a good one, lately erected on the right of the turnpike-road. At about two miles and a half from Pile is *Margram*, the beautiful and romantic seat of ——— Talbot, Esq. The sloping elevation of the extensive woods are sure to attract the eye of the passing Traveller.

Neath is situated near a river of the same name, and carries on a great trade in coals, of which the hills in its vicinity produce large quantities. The external appearance of this town is not very prepossessing. The Ship and Castle is a good inn. In this neighbourhood is Dylais Fall, and a few miles further Melincourt, two very curious natural water-falls; the latter has much less of the tremendous than the former. Gnoll Castle is a handsome modern building, about two miles from Neath, the seat of Lady Mackworth. The grounds are well laid out, and in a sequestered part of the adjoining woods is a striking and truly picturesque water-fall. Some may think it too studied, but it undoubtedly possesses great beauty, and is well suited to the surrounding scenery. The water is made to descend from an immense height in innumerable cascades, forming a silver line, gradually enlarging from the summit to the base, till it empties itself into a transparent stream, on the banks of which are a rustic seat and moss-house. The walks and woody appearance will remind the Traveller

ler of Ilam, in Derbyshire, though certainly, in these particulars, Ilam has greatly the superiority. Among other beauties of this place may be ranked the observatory, gothic tower, &c. from both of which are delightful views of the surrounding counties, the lofty mountains of Brecknockshire, the Bristol channel, Swansea bay, &c. Proceeding from Neath to Swansea at the distance of about four miles is the village of Morris Town, which has what with propriety may be stiled a *modern whimsical church*, built in a peculiar manner, yet at the same time it has a plain and neat appearance. The interior part, from its narrow dimensions, and the nature of the soil, is very subject to *damp*, which has greatly damaged the *pews*; and one might reasonably suppose it would endanger the *health* of the inhabitants who frequent it; but the *ruddy countenances* of the generality of the villagers evidently indicate the contrary. On this road are extensive coal and copper works; the flames and incessant smoke from the latter has a terrific appearance, especially in a dark evening. *Rail roads* for the conveyance of coal from the pits to the rivers and canals, are very prevalent in this part of the country, by means of which sledges containing an immense weight are carried with surprising velocity to the place of destination; yet notwithstanding the swiftness of their motion, they are stopped at pleasure by the person who guides them. These roads are edged by bars of iron having a gradual descent from the pit.

Swansea is generally considered as the principal town in Glamorgan-shire; few places have received greater improvement within a short space of time, by daily increasing in buildings, &c. The coal trade is very considerable, the smaller sort is called culm, and carried to places where fuel is more scarce. The inhabitants of those places form it into balls, with a mixture of wet clay. In the harbour at Swansea are frequently seen more shipping than in most sea-ports in Wales. This river is called the Tawye, over which is a ferry for the use of the town, leading to White Rock, and many pleasant rides, particularly Briton ferry, where is a handsome seat belonging to Lord Vernon. The public walk at Swan-

fea is called the Burrows, and commands a delightful view of the bay, (the tide flowing close to the borders at high water.) This bay is handsome and capacious. On a clear day may be seen the opposite coast of Devonshire, and on the right the prominent point of land called the *Mumbles*, has a very picturesque appearance. On the outer rock the light-house which fell down a few years since is rebuilt, on a plan that is likely to render it permanent in future. To the left of the Burrows, and immediately across the ferry, is a large mountain called Kilvay Hill, on the top of which are the remains of a stone building said to have been a windmill. It appears formerly to have been nearly covered with wood, but is at present very much blighted, and in many parts rendered totally barren, by the smoke from the copper works. This hill is what Mr. Gilpin would term *lumpy*, but the beautiful Country on the right, about Briton Ferry, and towards Pile, make ample compensation. After much time and expence being thrown away on the Burrows, in attempting to form an embankment, a handsome stone pier has lately been erected for the greater convenience of vessels of heavy burthen entering the harbour. The principal inn is the Mackworth Arms, in Wind-Street, which is not only a well built house, but its interior parts are neat and respectable. There is another ancient house in the higher town, the Bush tavern, said to have been the temporary residence of Oliver Cromwell, at the time of his expedition to Ireland. Many houses have dates over their portals, anterior to that period. It is however certain that the covering of the corn-market was the gift of the Protector. Another very old inn was the Rose and Crown, now converted into a private dwelling. At the end of Goat-street, on the left hand side, going towards the upper town, is a small poor-looking habitation, where was born the celebrated *Beau Nash*, of *polite* memory, and original master of the ceremonies at Bath, to whom that place is in a great measure indebted for its present popularity. In this town also the unfortunate poet Savage found a temporary refuge, till his departure for Bristol, where death put a period to his fine genius, habitual follies, and attendant miseries.

Swansea

Swansea is divided into the upper and lower town. The Bathing-house is much frequented in the summer, where machines, &c. are provided for the visitors, who come for the benefit of sea-bathing, for which the house is conveniently situated, but has upon the whole an unfinished appearance. The rope-walk is planted with lime-trees on each side, and forms a pleasant vista. The Pottery has lately been brought to great perfection; elegant vases, and tablets for chimney-pieces, are modelled with great taste and judgment, and impressions from copper-plates are very accurately taken off on the composition, representing some of the most pleasing views in the town and neighbourhood. The castle is a venerable pile of ancient architecture; part of it is at present used for the confinement of debtors. Respecting its origin, there are no positive records, but the Welch place it many years antecedent to the Christian æra.

In Swansea are many handsome and well built houses, particularly in the Upper Town, and the chapel of the Methodists adjoining the Burrows is a neat building. The paving of the streets has been greatly improved in the course of a few years. The environs afford many delightful prospects, particularly about the Town Hill, from which on a clear day Lundy Island may be seen very distinctly. At the *Mumbles*, about three miles from Swansea, are some venerable ruins, called Oyster Mouth Castle; and a mile or two beyond the village, a beautiful and romantic scene called Caswell Bay. Few places afford greater scope for the talents of novel-writers than Glamorganshire, particularly if the titles of villas, and particular situations can any way accelerate the production of those *moral compositions*. Among the principal are Heathfield Lodge, Mount Pleasant, St. Helens, Golden Grove, Fairy Hill, &c.—the three former are immediately within the vicinity of Swansea.

Most parts of Glamorganshire carry on a large trade with Bristol; two regular vessels have been long established, which sail alternately between that place and Swansea (wind and weather permitting), taking

goods and passengers at a very reasonable rate. In the summer months a packet sails from Lamplighter's Hall, near Bristol, chiefly for the accommodation of passengers only; and in order to accelerate the communication by land, between that mercantile city and South Wales, the London and Haverfordwest mail coach crosses the New Passage, instead of proceeding on the Gloucester road. My observations in Wales have been very limited, but before I quit the country I shall lay before my readers a slight sketch of

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WELCH IN GENERAL.

NOTHING is more illiberal than *national prejudice*; but when *truth* guides the pen, untainted by *malevolence*, improvement in society may take place from a candid delineation of striking follies, and when taken in the aggregate, no particular individual suffers from the *lash of satire*.—There is still much of the Welch national vanity remaining. A Welchman of small fortune, despising the *horrid idea of Trade*, holds his head as high at the present moment, as in the days of the great Cadwallader! Scarcely a key-stone over the arch of the most menial entrance, but bears the name of the founder, never forgetting the addition of *Esq.* or *Gent.* As to genealogies, the *family tree* may sometimes be traced from *Welch quality* down to a *butter-firkin*! Pride of birth and titles is at the best a degree of folly, but where the folly is *aped* by persons without the *smallest pretensions* to the elevation they assume, it may be pronounced *contemptible affectation*! Trade and Commerce are more truly honourable to a sensible mind than all the *gaudy quarterings of boasted Heraldry*!

The poor in Wales live in general much better than the poor in England, and are hardier in their constitutions. From infancy to old age, it is common to brave all roads and weathers without shoe or stocking, and every female is a *horsewoman* from her cradle, careless of the appendages of saddles and bridles, a wisp of straw frequently answering every purpose of the latter; and on the mountains the inhabitants seem wildly
alarmed

Whole Length Figures of Welsh Peasants



London Published by Allen & Co. 15, Paternoster Row April 15, 1797.

Coulthamke sculp.



alarmed at the approach of a stranger. The common dresses of the country people are represented in Plate 98.

A cleanly custom peculiar to the Welch it is to be wished was more generally practised in other parts of Great Britain, which is *white-washing* their houses at stated periods, both within and without; even the scattered stones at the front of their dwellings undergo the operation; some of the largest are used as horse-blocks. This neat and wholesome practice has always been held in the highest estimation by the faculty, as the best preventive against malignant distempers; and the healthy appearance of the villagers seem to give a proof positive to the assertion. The country view'd from an eminence, chequered with these innumerable white cottages, has a pleasing and nouvelle appearance. Though clean in this respect, it must be allowed they are in many others quite the reverse.

The Welch language is generally made use of throughout all the interior parts, excepting the large towns frequented by the English. The Welch language is said to be capable of wonderful expression, particularly in poetry. No people are more fond of *litigation*; every *child* at the age of *fourteen* is a *LAWYER*, in some respect or other, and *trifling disputes* are *bandy'd* about like *shuttlecocks*. As a proof (to use a jockey phrase) 'tis two to one that if *three houses* were to be erected on a *common*, two out of three would be occupied by an *Attorney* and a *Justice of the Peace*! The deplorable state of the *Welch clergy* has long been a subject of melancholy reflection; yet this wretched existence on a small annual pittance is not confined to this part of Great Britain, but extends to other parts of the island, as many English curates can testify from woeful experience. The great difference in respect to worldly comforts of our *common guides to Heaven*, has been a matter of animadversion time out of mind. I shall conclude my observations on this small portion of Wales with two equestrian sketches on the above clerical subject (Plates 99 and 100) under the titles of *Clerical Prosperity, or riding with the Wind*,—and *Clerical Adversity, or riding against the Wind*.

CONCLUSION.

The Author returneth to the Metropolis—Giveth a slight Dissertation on Country Towns and Villages—and finally concludeth the Work, with an Extraēt from Dr. Johnson in praise of London.

HAVING again mixed in the busy scenes of the Metropolis, I shall dismiss my readers with brief Observations on Towns and Villages in general. Most country towns, from an absurd affectation of the dress and manners of people termed fashionable, render nine-tenths of the inhabitants *absolutely ridiculous*. The Yearly Diary, a partial Newspaper, or a flimsy Novel, are mostly the criterions of *rural literature* (those places excepted who have entered into the laudable practice of establishing Book Societies.) The amusements are chiefly confined to cards, assemblies, and tea-parties; and even what is termed sociable meetings in private families, frequently bring to the recollection Bunbury's laughable print of *Conversation*, where every one endeavours to appear *attentive*, but are in reality all *asleep*. Villages have lost much of their ancient boasted simplicity, and the characters of Sydney's Arcadia are no more; or should this simplicity occasionally appear, 'tis similar to the beautiful lines of Burns, the late Scottish Bard, whom Dr. Moore, in his late journals, justly styles a *genuine poet*.

“ Like snow that falls upon the river,
 “ A moment white, then melts for ever;
 “ Or like the *borealis* race,
 “ That flit ere you can point their place;
 “ Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 “ Evanishing amid the storm.”

London

London is undoubtedly the most desirable situation in Great Britain, when taken in the aggregate. A more just eulogium on this extensive metropolis cannot be paid than in the words of Dr. Johnson.

“ If you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you
 “ must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but
 “ must survey the innumerable little alleys and courts. It is not in the
 “ showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human ha-
 “ bitations, which are crowded together, that the immensity of London
 “ consists. I have often amused myself with thinking how different
 “ a place London is to different people, whose *narrow minds* are con-
 “ tracted to the consideration of some *one* particular object. View it
 “ only through that medium, a *Politician* thinks it merely a feat of
 “ government, in its different departments—a *Grazier*, as a vast market
 “ for cattle—a *Mercantile Man*, as a place where a prodigious deal of
 “ business is done upon 'Change—a *Dramatic Entusiast*, as the grand
 “ scene of theatrical entertainments—a *Man of Pleasure*, as an assemblage
 “ of taverns, and the great emporium for Ladies of easy virtue ;—but
 “ the INTELLECTUAL MAN is struck with it as comprehending the
 “ whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is
 “ inexhaustible !”

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—	30.	—	7.	—	opposite,	-	—	opposite.
—	53.	—	8.	—	come,	- -	—	comes.
—	55.	—	22.	—	parts,	- -	—	parks.
—	58.	—	2.	—	of the husband,	—	—	of the late husband.
—	87.	—	15.	—	West Wickham,	—	—	Higb Wycombe.
—	100.	—	3.	—	glided,	- -	—	gilded.
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